THE ARTS
Saturday Review
MAY 20, 1972 50¢

Robbe-Grillet on the Virtues of Pornography

Money and Music: A Cincinnati Saga

THE HAIRY, KNOTTY, SLINKY NEW FORMS IN FIBER SCULPTURE

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they really d

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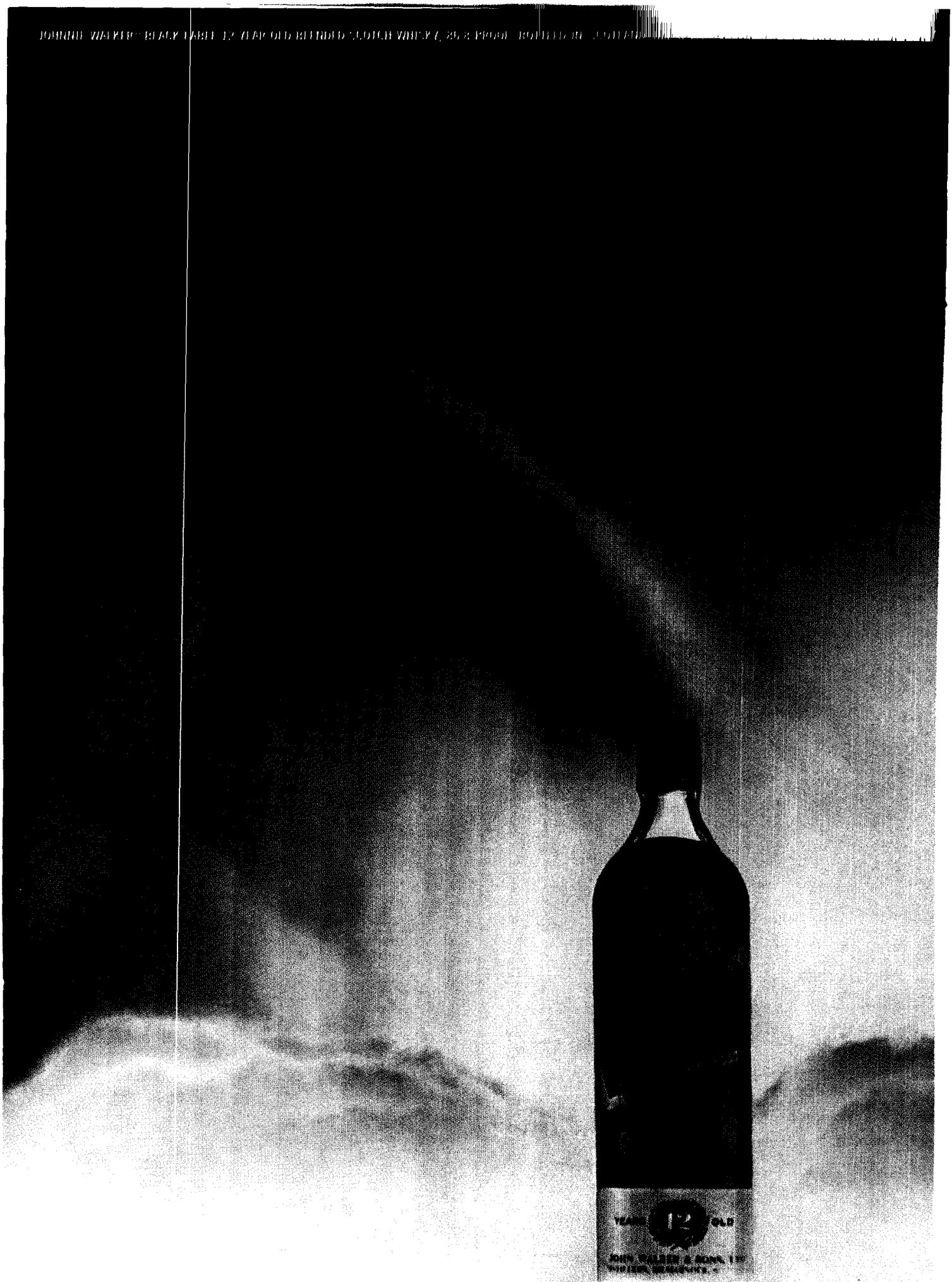

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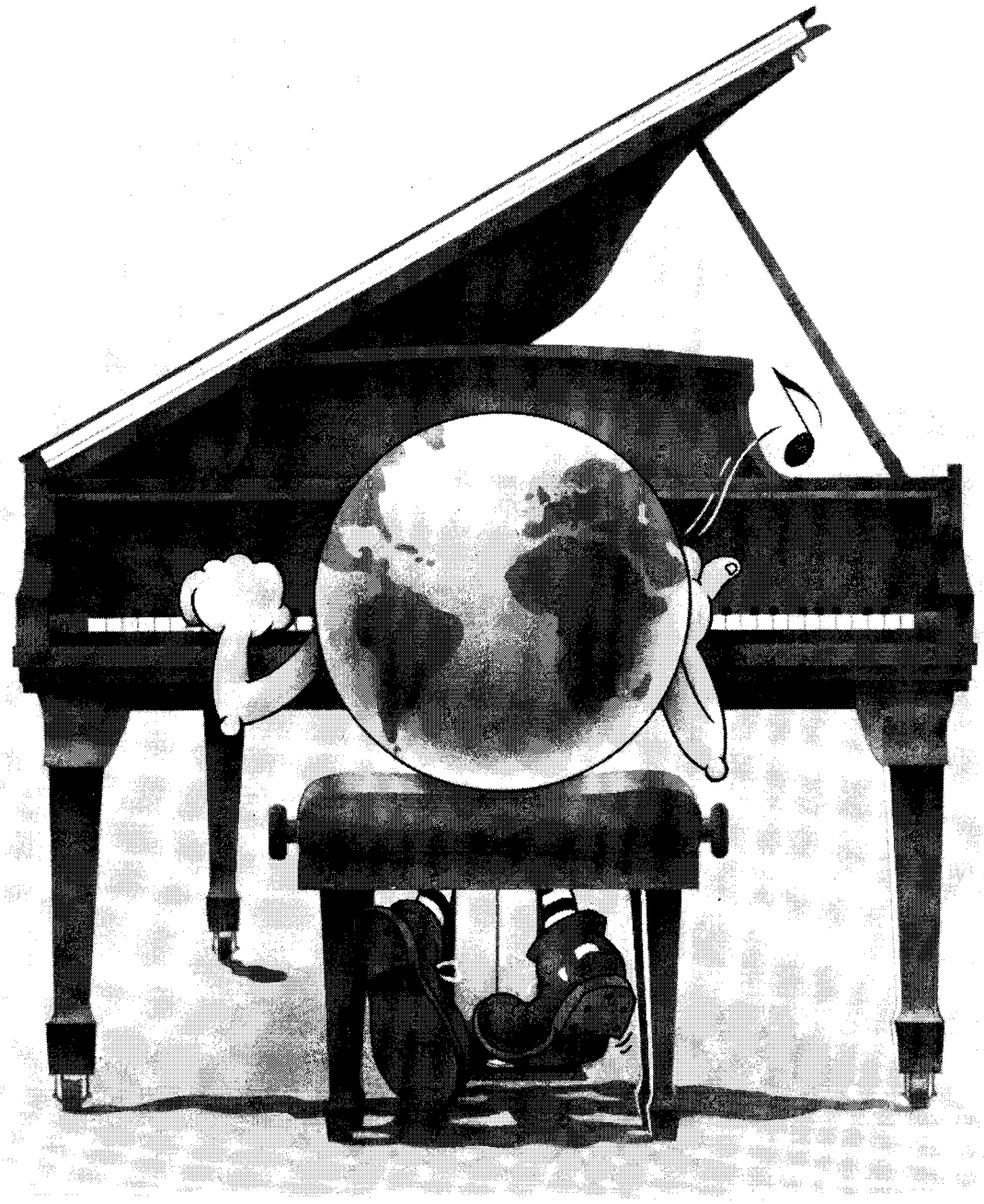

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Saturday Review

MAY 20, 1972

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Recycling the Model T

Whenever I feel like torturing antique-car buffs, I tell them about the summer of 1931, several years after the wonderful Model A Ford had replaced the even more wonderful Model T. As the Great Depression neared bottom, the car that had remade America was having hard times too, at least in southern Michigan, where Model Ts in good condition were bringing as little as $8 on used car lots. Ford Motor Company was offering more than that; it wanted them for scrap. Dealers who could move trade-in Ts to Detroit cheaply enough could make a profit and at the same time eliminate that many rivals for the current Model A's in their showrooms.

The dealer in my town solved his transport problem by hiring high school kids for a dollar a day, return bus fare, and lunch money. Once a week or so, very early in the morning, we assembled at his lot, where up to a dozen old Ts were already receiving carefully measured doses of gas—exactly enough to get them to the old Highland Park plant on Woodward Avenue, ninety-three miles away. At 7 o'clock the caravan would move out, each of us intent on learning the special quirks and neuroses of our respective mounts. Before the four-hour trip was minutes old, we could tell what kind of day it was going to be. Does this car have brakes, or will we have to stop by tramping on the reverse pedal? If it stalls, is there a starter, or will we have to get out and crank? Is the radiator steaming to foretell uncounted stops for water?

Like a wartime convoy's at sea, our speed was determined by the slowest car. One bad carburetor or weak magneto slowed or stopped the whole line, for we were on strict orders to stay together in order to push or tow a disabled car.

Four hours is more than enough to become familiar with an automobile today. Blindfolded, who can say whether he is in his own or someone else's sedan of comparable make and age? Perhaps only someone who rides horses can know what it was like to take the wheel of a Model T and to master it or be mastered by it. Its standard black paint was a deception. Beneath that skin each was an individual with a unique soul and will. To get it to Detroit took understanding, determination, patience, resourcefulness, tact, and love. By the time you got there a relationship had been established. You and the car meant something to each other.

That's why, even after ten or eleven trips, we never quite got used to the final procedure. At the plant we became part of a much longer line. Short towing chains now linked all the cars, and we could alight to watch them inch forward, pulled by some unseen power up ahead. Workmen ripped off tires, seats, and other nonmetal parts. A derrick yanked out each engine just before the car itself entered a silolike structure. The huge steam hammer's descent was part thunder, part scream. The initial blow produced a silhouette lower than that of a modern sports car. Between the several succeeding blows the remains were tipped on side and end. Finally, a great magnet was lowered to lift the roughly cube-shaped mass and deposit it on a nearby mountain of similar shapes.

When our cars had passed through these final rites, we would have lunch at a diner. Then, in groups of three, we hitchhiked home to save bus fare.

Joseph A. Bourdow

Two Children's Books You May Have Missed

Willy the Girlish Guppy
Read and Do Press
(Ages 2-4)

Willy is a little guppy whose problem is being the only boy in a family of 14,000 children. How Willy, who has lost his father in a hunting accident (accidentally swallowed by Willy's mother), manages to grow up surrounded by this large family of females without developing homosexual tendencies makes for loads of fun and excitement. (Age 2.)

love story
Remedial Publishers
(Ages 9, 11, 13)

Third-grader Billy Watson becomes fast friends with little Lorrie Simms as they sit together in Sex Education class, even though Lorrie is an advanced learner and Billy is slow. The climax comes when Billy uses his knowledge to reunite his parents, who have separated because of Mom's frigidity. Though Billy is crushed to learn his mother's problem stems from fear she'll conceive another dumbbell like him, all ends well as he passes on to his parents the secrets of birth control. (Illustrated with posed color photographs and charts.)

Glenn R. Bernhardt

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Tallu

I know enough about Tallulah Bankhead to write a book about her. But a woman named Lee Israel beat me to it with a thoroughly researched and delightfully detailed account of one of the theater's stormiest and most unpredictably chameleonic personalities. As Alexander Woollcott told it: "A day away from Tallulah is like a week in the country."

I caught up with Tallulah—or was it the other way around?—in the 1950s when she had been engaged by the National Broadcasting Company to do a weekly hour-and-a-half radio broadcast to be known as *The Big Show*. What it was, was the last big gasp to save radio from the oncoming onslaught of television. My job was to capture her character on paper.

Our first meeting with Tallulah came after the first script had been written, based on what we had heard or read about her volatile life-style. It was not one of your most propitious get-togethernesses. My two associate writers and I had been warned to play it cool. There would be problems about the dialogue we had written. However, we had decided to stand firm against any demands by her for script changes.

But it didn't quite work out that way. I remember vividly her first entrance into our small office. She was in black shirt and slacks at half-mast. She had a white caracul coat in her arms, and her lipstick had missed her lips by a chin. We stood as she came in, and she stared at us briefly.

"Are you gentlemen the authors?" she asked.

Having been elevated suddenly from gag writers to authors, we felt our firm resolve dissolve. We accepted the knighthood humbly as Tallulah sat, put on her glasses, and, turning to line 1, page 1, complained about the very first joke.

"I don't think it's funny," she said.

"Well, we think it will get a big laugh," I said quietly.

"What? Speak up," she said.

"We think it's funny," this author spoke up. "I'll bet you a dollar it gets a big laugh," I added, hoping to introduce a small bit of gaiety and abandon into the suddenly charged atmosphere.

"Oh, sure," replied Tallulah. "You and your little claque here will be sitting in the audience laughing it up."

"Not me," I remonstrated. "I'll be home listening to *Our Miss Brooks*."

"What the hell is that?" she asked.

"A radio show starring a funny comedienne named Eve Arden."

She stared at me over her glasses. And how she could stare over glasses! "Now this next joke," she continued.

At this point I realized that a dollar bet on every joke in a fifty-eight-page script could wipe me out, although it might ensure me a considerable tax loss next tax time. But I wasn't certain if I was insured against a hurricane that stared over its glasses.

Fortunately for all concerned, Tallulah did get the laughs we promised her. And from then on she was like putty in our hands. Or was *that* the other way around, too? For two seasons she accepted and was pleased with the material we wrote for her. So effusively pleased that one day she phoned to inquire about a rehearsal schedule and my wife told her I was not home. Miss Bankhead said, "Your husband has captured me so completely that people are saying we must be sleeping together." To which Jane quietly replied, "I'll tell him when he comes in."

Actually, we hadn't captured her; it was she who had captivated us. She was a constant source of effervescent and enchanting trivia, delivered breathlessly. All one had to do was to say, "Good morning, Tallulah," and she was off and running. It was during one of these chats that we discovered she was a rabid baseball fan—knew all about the game and told us her "darlings" were the New York Giants.

We wrote that into a script. A guest on the show remarked he had seen a Giant pennant in her dressing room. "Why is the flag at half-mast?" he asked. She replied, "My darling Giants lost the game today." The guest said, "I didn't know you were that interested in the national pastime." To which Tallulah replied, "Darling, I *am* the national pastime."

She fielded that one like an all-star shortstop. But the joke following betrayed the superficiality of her technical knowledge of the game. She asked me at a rehearsal what it meant.

"Tallulah," said the guest, "suppose you are on third base, it's the ninth inning, the score is tied, there are two outs, it's beginning to rain. Would you try the suicide squeeze play?"

"Suicide?" thundered Tallulah. "Never! Life is too sweet."

"But remember, it's raining very hard. How would you get home?"

"I'd call a taxi, darling," replied our Miss Bankhead.

I miss her. Two years with Tallulah went as quickly as a short weekend in the country. ☐

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Advertisement of the Week—from J.V. Wilson of Naramata, British Columbia, who found it in the Kelowna *Daily Courier*:

We regret to announce that our Topless Luncheons have been discontinued for 3 weeks due to kitchen renovations which will enable us to serve you better.

Talk about proof of the way to a man's heart.

Etiquette Note of the Week—found by Betsy Spenar in the Keene, New Hampshire, *Sentinel*:

Q. I am a girl who has no father, brothers, or near male relative to give me away at my wedding, and my fiancé has suggested that his father perform this rite. Would this be all right?
A. No, it is unfolded in the lap.

We're looking forward to the performance.

Political Note—contributed by Gertrude Hammond of Carlsbad, California, who discovered it in the Oceanside *Blade-Tribune*:

Republican National Chairman Robert Dole was expected to return to Miami today for a speech, after meeting with party and municipal officials at a temporary headquarters in the Fontainebleu Hotel on Miami Beach Saturday and Sunday. The defenders fled into the jungles, front dispatches reported.

But the question is: Did he first get their attention?

Column of the Week—as located by Claire Hensley of Choteau, Montana, in Sydney Harris's column in the Great Falls *Tribune*:

You know, the irony of the whole capitalist-communist confrontation is that neither scide really strikes at the vulnerability of the other. We don't really understand what's wrony with the Russian system any more than they really understand what's wronf with ours.

Two wronies, in other words, don't make a righty.

Urban Note—discovered by Mrs. John T. Fields of Philadelphia in the *Evening Bulletin*:

In an address often pessimistic, the consumer advocate said no city in the country is safe from pollution. Philadelphia, for example, will have to clean up its oil refineries before it can invite hundreds of tourists here shot before a sailing trip, he said.

Bicentennial opening gun?

Foreign News—from Mary Cook of Worcester, Massachusetts, who located the following observation in the Worcester *Sunday Telegram*:

In Europe the headache is hardly if ever mentioned. There, it is accepted as one of the minor nuisances of living, like burssell spouts and trousers that get babby in damp weather.

Well, now, at least we know *why* it isn't mentioned.

Outdoor Department—noted by Judy Kaplan of Lynn, Massachusetts, in "Campers Corner" in the Boston *Globe*:

Q. My reflector over has badly discolored over the years. It does not seem to bake as well as it used to. Is there a remedy?
A. Common sense, a sharp axe, and a few dry matches. "Survival" is being overemphasized these days. Keep your cool in the puckerbrush and you'll be home for supper. The secret is to start surviving when you leave camp, using a map and compass before you get into trouble. If you get "turned around," start a smoky fire. You'll be rescued within 24 hours. But stay put by the fire.

We've got it now. Stay put, stay warm, stay cool. But stop beating about the puckerbrush. What about that reflector?

Interview of the Week—as spotted by Mrs. J. M. Goretzka of Ionia, Michigan, in the Detroit *Free Press*. The interviewee is Dr. Elizabeth Penrose of the British Medical Association, author of a new book about brides.

Dr. Penrose also had a spot of advice for the bridegrooms. "Isn't your wife going to contribute as much to your life as lover, friend, mother, helpmeet and housekeeper as you will do to hers? You surely don't want her just to be a sleeping panther.

No, *we* want to wear the panths.

This will be our last column. We have been writing regularly for *SR* since 1958, and we would like to say, at the end of the road, that never could any columnist have a more exciting audience to write for. We also hope it's *au revoir* rather than good-by inasmuch as we will, from time to time, be writing reviews and articles. We shall, meanwhile, be devoting an increasing amount of time to The Fund for Animals, which was first announced in this column in December 1967, and which since that time has grown to be one of the largest and most active animal conservation societies in the world. For those of you who are interested, please let us remain in touch at least in this way. Our main offices are at 140 West 57th Street, New York City—and we also have offices in Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, New Orleans, and West Palm Beach.

If you want to help us by joining The Fund or by becoming a volunteer worker, please let us know. Clippings concerned with animal abuse are always most welcome. We may not have a chance to answer all your letters, but we know you would prefer to have us spend our time and your money working on the problems rather than the letters.

And, frankly, these problems are endless. Take, for example, the story this spring of 20,000 foxes being slaughtered from the air in just one state—South Dakota. How, one asks, could it happen—particularly when The Fund for Animals and other societies were responsible for a bill prohibiting the shooting of animals from the air, and President Nixon signed that bill on November 18, 1971?

Well, it happened because there was a last-minute amendment to that bill stating that individual states could issue permits to shoot predators from the air. And so last winter, when the "fur" craze was on and fox went to $16 per pelt, the weekend hunters, in small planes, went out and got themselves some phony permits. The result was perhaps the worst aerial animal blood bath in history. This is the kind of irony that we mean—in a mean business—to do something about.

Finally, for our last Trade Winds, we have a trade last for you. We shall miss you. □

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1988)

JACK FINNEY:
TIME AND AGAIN

The organ was . . . a little more ornate than the Taj Mahal. It was . . . jigsawed, lathed, and carved beyond belief: Apparently an entire family of demented woodcarvers had gone berserk and would have carved it to a mound of chips if they hadn't been forcibly dragged away.

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An open letter to readers

Norman Cousins

My purpose in writing is to tell you that my colleagues and I have decided to launch a new magazine. The magazine will be published every two weeks. It will be called WORLD. It will be a world review of ideas, the arts, and the human condition.

Ever since I resigned from the Saturday Review, I have been thinking and dreaming about starting a magazine that, in a certain sense, would belong to its readers and editors.

Usually, new magazines call for a prodigious investment. The reason is that magazines are sold to the consumer at less than the cost of manufacture. What compounds this problem is that the standard way of building a subscription list is through sharply reduced introductory offers.

Little wonder that massive investment has usually been necessary to see a new magazine through to the point where introductory-offer readers can be graduated to full-rate subscribers. But outside investment can mean outside control—and this is something we want to avoid if we possibly can.

Our hope, therefore, is that we can find enough readers who are willing to take a chance on us by becoming long-term subscribers from the very outset.

We decided to put these hopes to the test. I am delighted to say that the responses thus far have been favorable beyond even our most extravagant expectations. As a result, we are scheduling our first issue for late Spring.

What about the magazine itself?

We believe that a magazine is essentially a reading, rather than a viewing, experience. In this sense, we will publish for a readership rather than a flippership.

We will address ourselves to people who attach high value to ideas and the creative arts. Our arena, however, will be the world. We will do more than report on books, plays, movies, music and the arts in just the United States alone. We will attempt to review and report on cultural events on a world scale—"cultural" being defined in its broadest sense.

We will write about the human condition at a time when the ability of human intelligence to meet its problems is being tested as never before. Our hope is to see the world as the astronauts saw it—a beautiful wet blue ball possessing millions of factors in the delicate combination that makes life possible. Our dominant editorial concern, then, will be the proper care of the human habitat—protecting it against war, world environmental poisoning, overcrowding, or any of the things that indignify and humiliate human beings.

In this connection, I am pleased to announce that U Thant, former Secretary-General of the U.N., and Buckminster Fuller, architect-philosopher-innovator, have joined the Board of Editors. They will preside over a major section of the magazine to be called "Planetary Management."

We will also give major attention to what we believe will be one of the most compelling issues in the years ahead—the squandering of human resources, far

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of the Saturday Review

more costly than the waste of physical resources.

There is no point in talking about conservation of land unless we also talk about conservation of life.

I think I have said enough to indicate that the new magazine will direct its central editorial energies both to the enjoyment of creative living and to the pursuit of vital ideas. It is an error, however, to try to be too detailed about a magazine in advance of publication. A magazine has to describe itself, issue by issue.

The only thing we can be sure of at this point is that we are going to make plenty of mistakes. If we are lucky, they will be fruitful mistakes and the magazine will change for the better because of them. New magazines are not really invented or created in one piece. They evolve. They are the product of creative interaction between editors and readers.

It may be irresponsible, therefore, to try to tell a reader everything he may want to know about the nature of a magazine, its underlying philosophy, or its capacity for growth. What we can try to do, however, is to tell you something about our hopes, philosophy, and our approach – and to seek your help in achieving our aims.

Some specifics: The rates will be $12 for one year; $20 for two years. For pre-publication Charter subscribers we propose a special three-year rate of $25.

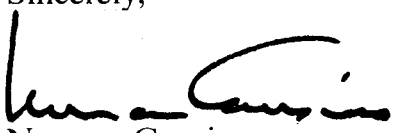
The reason we emphasize three-year subscriptions is that they reduce sharply the astoundingly high cost of processing renewals.

Even more important is the fact that long-term subscriptions will free us to do our main job – which is to try to publish a magazine you will read and respect.

We ask no money now. That can come later. What we do need right now is an expression of your interest.

As I said earlier, in inviting you to join us in what we hope will be an exciting adventure in ideas, we realize we are asking you to take a chance on us. We have high hopes of justifying that confidence. The process begins with the Charter Subscription form attached.

Sincerely,



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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Counter/Measures: X. J. Kennedy on Form, Meter, and Rime

The publication of *Nude Descending a Staircase* (1961) established X. J. Kennedy as a clear, new voice of American poetry. *Growing into Love* (1969) reminded readers that Kennedy was taking his time at making good poems. Last year, to bestow a well-earned accolade, Oxford University Press published a British edition of his new and selected poems, ***Breaking and Entering.***

Kennedy's latest project is *Counter/Measures, a Magazine of Rime, Meter, and Song.* C/M is an annual, edited by X. J. and his wife, Dorothy, and subsidized out of devotion and the Kennedy family budget. Number One/1972 was published last October. Number Two/1973 will appear next October. (Subscription $2. Box 431, Bedford, Massachusetts 01730.)

The first issue's statement of purpose is refreshingly undidactic in an age when conviction seems to run to manifestoes and proclamations:

> We have no quarrel with any poet who seriously practices the difficult art of honest open verse. For the sake of fruitful argument, though, we won't print free verse. We aren't greatly afraid that meter and rime are dying, but if in fact we are wrong, at least we'll provide a respectful convoy to the cemetery.

Delighted by my reading of *C/M* and persuaded that the Kennedys are defending a necessary faith, I went to Boston to interview X. J. *SR* readers, I believe, will find his views worth pondering at a time when so many poets are calling for a sort of untutored spillage of raw emotion.

Ciardi: Why the title Counter/Measures*?*

Kennedy: We thought of calling it "Last Ditch," but we decided that was too negative, as if rime and meter were about to be wiped out by the Indians. We are countering a trend—a new sort of establishment—by demonstrating the validity of measure. Ergo, *Counter/Measures.*

Is there a name for your opposition?

We are not *against* anything. We are *for* the made poem. [Robert] Lowell speaks of "raw" and "cooked" poems. We don't mind seeing raw oysters on the menu. If they're good, we like them. But we are for cookery.

Many poets around the early Sixties got turned off by the old forms. They saw rime and meter as parts of a whole traditional order that they found necessary to reject. They came to associate iambic pentameter with a dead aristocracy and to see open forms as more democratic, more fluid, more honest—more honest for them, that is.

Just possibly their sense of honesty was affected by the fact that they had not mastered stricter forms to the point of feeling free within them. Certainly, such a poet as [Richard] Wilbur feels honest within form and would probably feel dishonest if he broke out of formal containment.

The tendency today is to adulate spontaneity. I wish the younger writers would ponder what Yeats said about spontaneity in rewriting as well as in writing. I think they do not understand Yeats because they have not let themselves experience containment and the power it can confer.

I once had a student who would show her poems to people just once, then throw them away. She didn't want them to become fixed and permanent—as if a poem were a Kleenex.

We have two questions going, haven't we? One has to do with spontaneity; the other, with the idea of art without artifact, as in the happening. Would you say that formality labors to make and leave an artifact?

That has to be the end in view.

Then would not the refusal to leave an artifact imply a belief that there will be no world to leave it to? If that is the case, doesn't such art imply a sort of dance of death?

I see it as part of the whole attack on the notion of the responsible individual who labors with his poem until it is in the best possible shape and who then takes the blame or praise for it. The faith in an accidental arrangement that can be asserted as a work of art has helped many writers to justify to themselves a kind of poetry in which no particular human voice is to be heard. To me, poetry has to offer such a voice and to control its cadences, its inflections, and its emphases in some indestructible order.

The fact that so many are writing from other principles makes the real poetry harder to find, but it's there. Poetry always has room for every kind of excellence.

Let me push you a little further on the business of the artifact. I am trying to relate some literary views to some social attitudes. To reject the idea of the artifact, I submit, seems to imply that there is no world to follow, or none worth addressing. To labor at the artifact, on the other hand, seems to imply some faith in a continuity of human experience that will value the artifact. Might it be said that the poets you publish in C/M *are those who have faith in some sort of future?*

In one sense, I suppose. We do have to believe there will be a world to respond to what we have tried to make permanent. But I couldn't say that the formalist poets are the only ones to affirm some hope of the future. Gary Snyder, who writes in open forms, looks to a continuity of human experience based on Oriental patterns of thought and on a sort of primitivistic closeness to nature. He writes to a conceived continuity. The formalists are not alone in that.

How do you answer the poets who declare that we are all going to be polluted, atomized, or crowded off the planet?

They may be right. There is still no reason for not writing as if no one will read. Every act of writing involves some conceived reader, whether he exists or not. Even if it all goes blooey tomorrow, the act of trying to write a poem as well as possible is a good way of living until then.

Writers of open poetry often seek to justify their way of writing because they are convinced of the value of the social statements they utter. They seem to feel that the social message is enough to carry the poem and that formality interferes with the directness of the manifesto. That was meant as a question.

Yes, it seems to go that way. There is even an implication at times that if you write a sonnet you must be reactionary and in favor of the war in Vietnam.

But such assumptions are nonpoetic impositions on poetry. They assert that if a poet is saved enough, by the slogans of a new orthodoxy, anything I say is poetry. I can't believe it is that easy—not if a writer has a poet's love for language and for shaping it.

Let me turn the question around: What good can formal poetry do? Has it any social purpose?

To give joy and, through joy, wisdom is certainly a social good. Those who object to form and meter seem to view them as an arbitrary and unreal thing imposed from the outside. If you write in quatrains—so goes the assumption—you are taking a lot of empty boxes and shoveling them full of words that are stifled by such artificial containment. I have to think of that as a simple-minded notion of form. The tightest formal poem still has to discover from inside itself what it wants to be and has to be.

The poem finds itself in an exercise of the poet's total ability. I hold that exercise to be one of man's most human engagements. What can be more socially useful than an example of man at his best exercise of himself?

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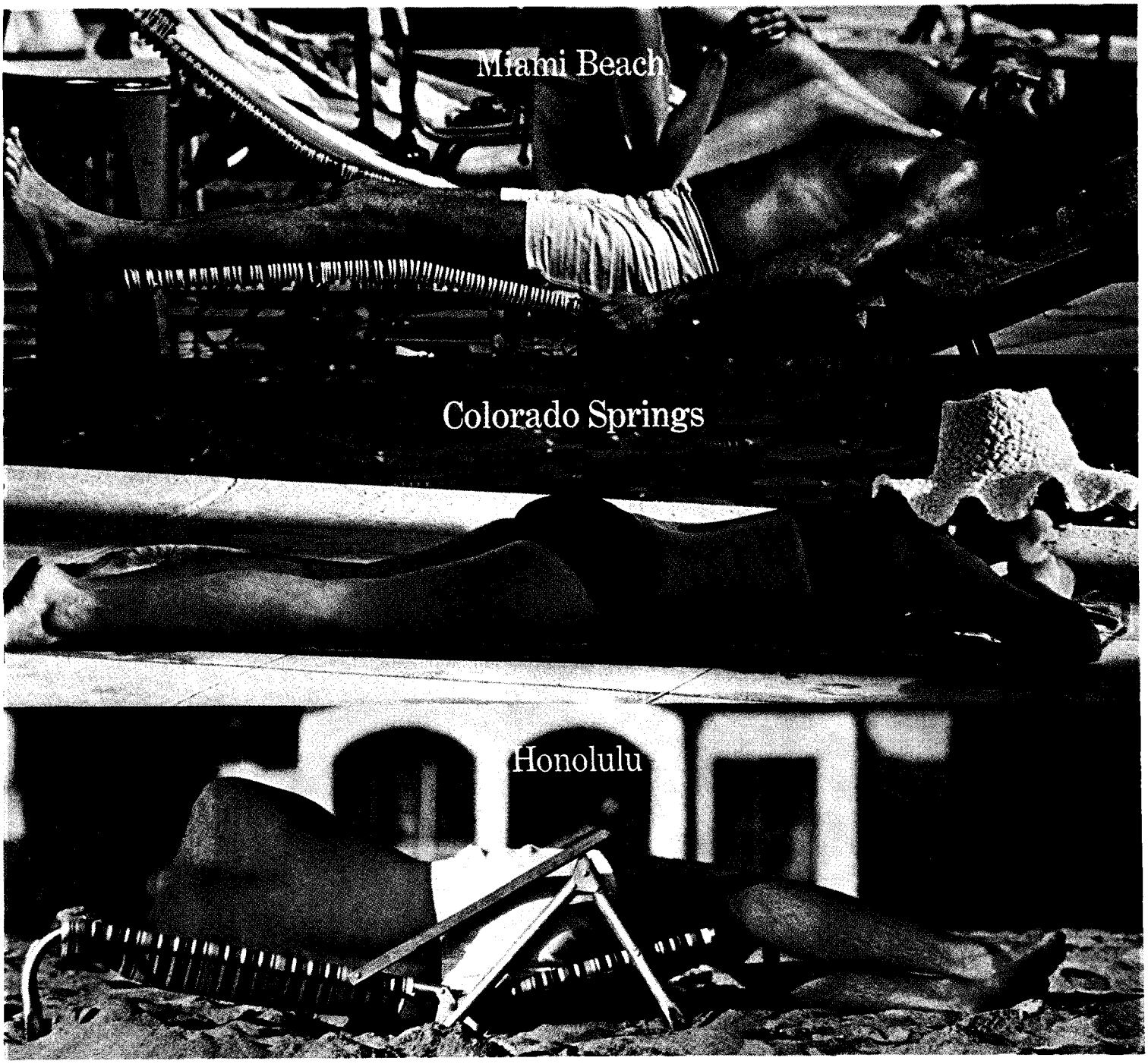

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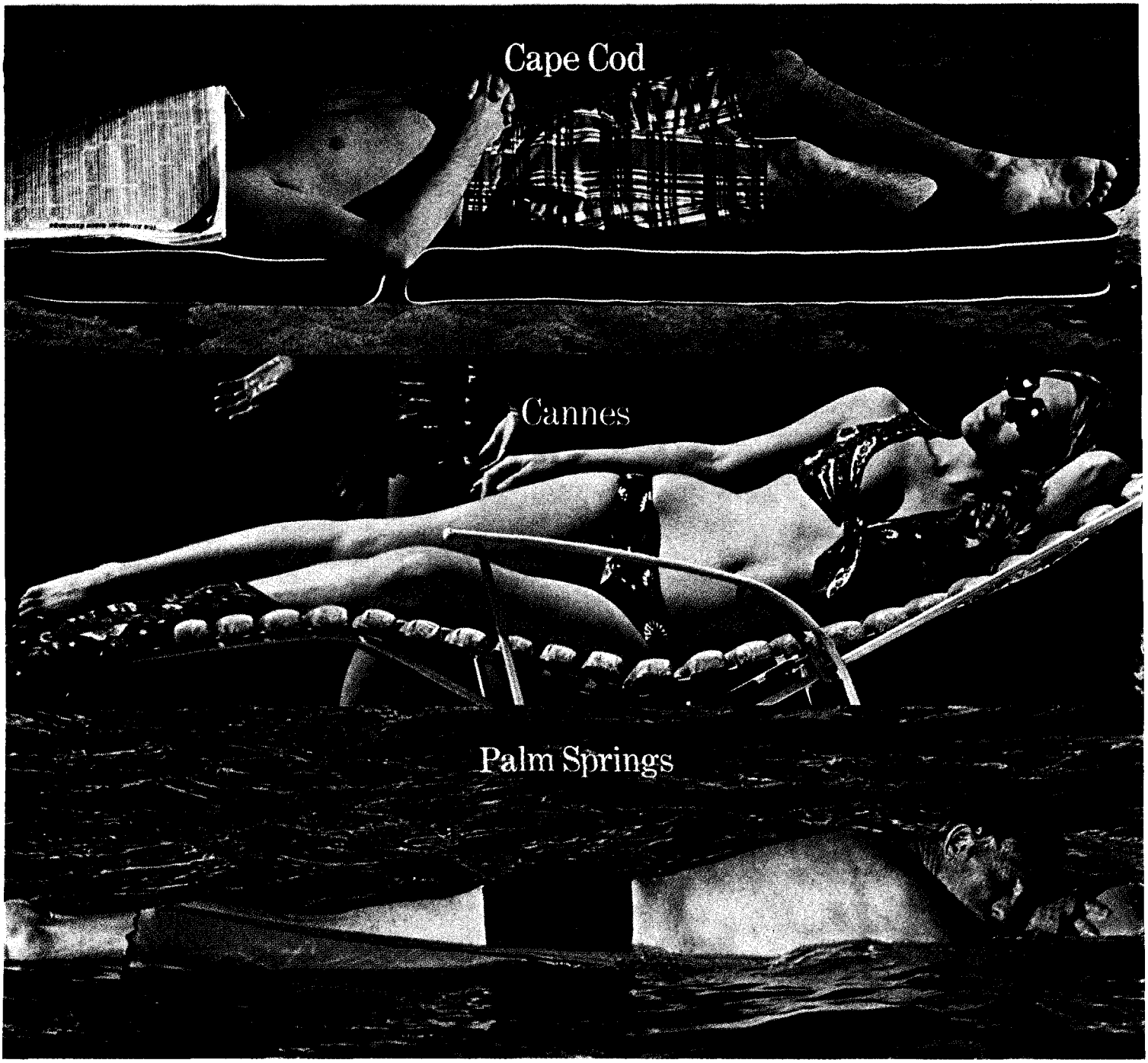

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Are such notions—as some would call them—"elitist"? Aren't you insisting on a kind of preparation not immediately available to the socially underprivileged who yet have strong feelings and who might never get them expressed if they had first to learn the formalities?

The kind of preparation that makes a man a poet is not immediately available to anyone. A poet labors hard and long to prepare himself and finds joy in his labor. Form is his aid. It is important because it tells him, among other things, when his writing is going wrong. When the rime stumbles or the meter starts going ticktock, he is being told that he has shallowed out and that he must go back and make himself feel harder what he is reaching to say. Those untutored and underprivileged you mention will never really learn what they want to say until some sort of form leads them to it.

[W. D.] Snodgrass says that in travailing over the poem he gets closer to what he really feels and did not know at the start that he felt. Formality is a way of achieving sincerity. But it can be sincerity only for a man who has made formality his true medium. If such a requirement excludes those who have not worked to shape their abilities—the would-be musicians full of passion who never learned to play an instrument—then that is a necessary exclusion. No man gets to be a poet except by preparing himself to be one.

But what about the social good of poetry as, say, therapy?

Yes, it is useful in mental institutions and drug clinics, for instance. Language has power to heal. I couldn't possibly object to such a use of poetry until people begin to assume that everything that emerges in such a fashion is admirable and ought to be venerated.

Let me ask a nasty question about the specific purposes of C/M. *Would you have published William Carlos Williams?*

Regretfully, no. We have deliberately limited ourselves in order to make a point.

A devil's-advocate question: What if it turns out to be the open (or raw) poetry that survives and the formal stuff that is forgotten?

I have no doubt that a lot of open-form poetry will survive. *C/M*'s only purpose is to demonstrate, by publishing good formal poetry, that rime, meter, and form—and songs, let us not forget some lyrics—are still able to produce true—and, we think, enduring—poems. We proscribe nothing. We simply refuse to join a lot of current poets in their willingness to throw away those formal elements that have been the glory of English poetry from its beginnings. □

SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

Odds and Ends with Middles

The accepted definition of an old-fashioned movie is one that has a beginning, a middle, and an end, and in that order. But it is not only form that dates a film. There is also the question of subject matter, and—perhaps above all else—the viewpoint or attitude that the film-makers assume toward their material. A picture can be concerned with the world of the future, but its outlook may still be essentially nineteenth century. Or, as in the current *Slaughterhouse-Five*, it can look back to World War II with a philosophy rooted in the Sixties. Neither form nor content wholly determines whether or not a movie is "with it." The film-maker has to be "with it" as well.

Ralph Bakshi, the youthful (thirty-one) writer-director of *Fritz the Cat*, is almost frighteningly precise in his timing of his feature-length, unsparingly satiric animated cartoon; even though it was two years in production, its attitudes are completely of today. It takes a long, hard, and frequently hilarious look at the drug-oriented counterculture of the Sixties and finds it wanting. Specifically, what the counterculture lacked was any sense of perspective. It demanded freedom of speech for itself but denied it to others. It was action oriented but set up anguished howls of "police brutality" whenever the action was initiated against themselves. Under symbols of "peace" and "love," it fomented fierce hatreds—and blinked in wide-eyed innocence whenever one of its targets hated back.

This may have been the youth scene a few short years ago, but in our increasingly volatile society, it has changed abruptly. The campuses are no longer ablaze, political action is replacing direct action, and even hard drug use has degenerated from an issue to a satirical target. This is the situation as viewed by Fritz, a cool cat created by West Coast artist Robert Crumb. He is seen first as a dropout from NYU—a guitar-playing radical with one eye constantly peeled for the available chicks. His liberal conscience carries him to Harlem, where he promptly—albeit innocently—instigates a race riot in which his black friend, a crow named Duke, is killed. He flees to Haight-Ashbury, becomes involved with the Hell's Angels, and ultimately—and ineptly—with some campus dynamiters.

Obviously, this is a pretty heavy trip that *Fritz* has undertaken, and its distributors have done it a distinct disservice by billing it as "the first X-rated animated cartoon." Not that its "X" isn't thoroughly deserved, both for its scatological language and its several scenes in which Fritz gives vent to his sexual predilections. But by stressing the "X" in the advertising, the Cinemation people stir memories of such ancient porno comic books as *Maggie and Jiggs* and *Tillie the Toiler*, with all of their anatomical improbabilities, rather than of Crumb's own *Keep on Truckin'* and its pop art view of contemporary culture. The film is vulgar (just as Chaplin's early comedies were vulgar), and the language is generally dirty (just as Lenny Bruce's used to be); but while the sexual activity is fairly explicit, the broad humor with which Bakshi handles these sequences prevents them from ever becoming pornographic or even erotic. They're part of the scene, man! And if you want to see how the Sixties scene shapes up today, you can't afford to miss *Fritz the Cat*. A driving rock score, movingly interrupted by an old Billie Holiday record for the Harlem sequence, and backgrounds of watercolors derived from actual photographs, enhance the validity of the entire experience. Bakshi's inspiration is not unflagging, but the vitality and originality of his point of view are more than compensatory. They—not the "X"—are the whole reason for going.

On the other hand, screens currently are more than ordinarily clogged with "business as usual" movies, and the fine line between TV's *Movie of the Week* and the offering at your friendly neighborhood theater or drive-in is growing slim indeed. *The Groundstar Conspiracy* and *Puppet on a Chain* have in common a contemporaneity of setting. In *Groundstar* it is a governmental installation that has been undermined by person or persons unknown, and governmental investigator George Peppard pursues the case to the extent of ordering a frontal lobotomy on Michael Sarrazin in order to track down the highly placed offender, a United States senator. In *Puppet on a Chain*, which makes admirable use of its Amsterdam settings, the ultimate conspirator in the drug ring that U.S. agent Sven-Bertil Traube sets out to bust wide open is also a government man. It's paranoia time, and the movies are doing nothing to mitigate our fears that big government is taking over to dominate all our lives. □

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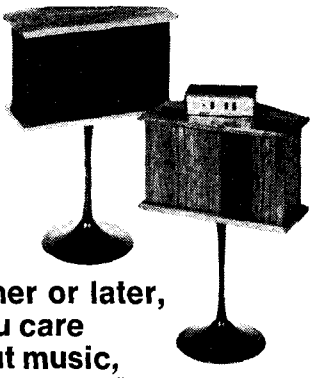

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Operas New-Old and Old-New; TV "Gala"

Two stage works by well-known composers were performed recently for the first time in America. The freshness and novelty they contained were curiously inverse to their dates of composition. Honors in interest went to the new-old pre-World War I *A Village Romeo and Juliet* by Frederick Delius, which was heard in the opera house of the Kennedy Center under the auspices of the Washington Opera Society. The old-new work was Virgil Thomson's just-completed *Lord Byron*, introduced to the world by the American Opera Center in The Juilliard Theater.

Delius's score has long been admired for the quality of music he wrote for Gottfried Keller's tale of pastoral love in Switzerland. "Walk to the Paradise Garden," one of its orchestral interludes, has achieved a separate identity in the concert hall. But it has, since its Berlin premiere in 1907, been equally deplored for a slow-moving, almost actionless text. In deciding after sixty-five years to venture the first American production, the Washington Opera Society elected to put its money on the music. It reaped the gambler's reward of a handsome success.

The conversion of a leisurely tone-poem-with-words into an absorbing theater piece was due less to the discovery of new dramatic values in *A Village Romeo and Juliet* than to the use of contemporary technics to enhance old ones. It has been said of Edgard Varèse that he was writing electronic music before the means of performing it had been invented. In *A Village Romeo and Juliet*, Delius conceived a multimedia experience long before the category was created.

Frank Corsaro, who staged the Washington production, and Ronald Chase, who gave it scenic life, have had the insight to see it this way, and the professional skills to persuade the audience that this is the way it should be seen. From the first scene, depicting the Swiss counterparts of Shakespeare's "star-cross'd lovers" in childhood, to the last, in which they prefer a quiet death to a troubled life, the subject matter was enhanced, vivified, made real by the marvelously flexible scenic scheme devised by Chase. It escalated to half-light what Delius had restricted, for the most part, to semishadow.

By a clever use of rear projections onto a screen, and front projections onto a scrim, with film clips displaying moving patterns in the middle distance, Chase created multidimensional effects both in depth and in color. Repeatedly, the colors and shapes, whether realistic or abstract, told the audience more about the action than the libretto did. Together they clarified the motivations of the feuding parents and revealed the reasons why Delius was impelled to write the kind of music he did.

The Chase projections (executed in conjunction with Skip Palmer and Staging Techniques, Inc., of New York) survived with truly flying colors the most critical of challenges. That was to reserve for the work's dramatic climax a visual illusion that topped anything previously seen. As the lovers stepped into the rowboat for their journey to Eternity, a faint flicker of moonlight played across the little craft. Light-reflecting "waves" rippled into the distance as the boat moved away. As it disappeared into darkness, the music lapped over the still, empty stage. The combination of light and movement fulfilled to the eye exactly the implied, understated intent of the music.

It is better than good news that the underwriting by the Gramma Fisher Foundation of Marshalltown, Iowa, provides for future use of the production by opera companies in St. Paul, Minnesota; Seattle, Washington; and San Diego, California. Good craftsmen that they are, Chase and Palmer have designed elements that are readily transportable. In addition, Palmer will participate, wherever the production is seen, as "technical coordinator" responsible for cueing the ever changing projections.

Whether what is heard elsewhere will equal the well-sounding, supple performance of Delius led in Washington by Paul Callaway is another matter. As Sali-Romeo, John Stewart had the opportunity to use his flexible lyric tenor to better advantage than in some other roles in which he has recently been cast. The fresh good looks of Patricia Wells and her attractive soprano sound were just right for Vreli-Juliet. Together they gave conductor Callaway the means to implement Delius's always fastidious orchestral writing with vocal means as responsive to his direction as clarinet or flute tones. In the role of the Dark Fiddler, a sinister figure disenfranchised by bastardry from sharing in the ground over which the parents of Sali and Vreli quarrel, John Reardon added illegitimacy to the human conditions of which he is an artful exponent. In all, the Washington Opera Society has put beside its prior success with *Koanga* another major

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plea for reconsideration of Delius as a theater composer.

Virgil Thomson's treatment of a libretto by Jack Larson titled *Lord Byron* was completed in recent weeks and is, by the measure of Delius, a contemporary work. By the measure of Thomson's own *Four Saints in Three Acts* or *The Mother of Us All*, it is hopelessly retrogressive. The composer's skill in weaving English words into a musical fabric of which it remains an intelligible, expressive part is his strongest asset. Illusion was not advanced by the choice of Grayson Hirst, a tall, good-looking man with a very light tenor voice, to embody the compulsively masculine Byron.

The work begins and ends in Westminster Abbey, where a group of friends are debating their obligation to the recently deceased Byron. Particularly at issue is a memoir describing his affair with a half-sister, Mrs. Leigh, and the child she bore him. The scenes between are devoted to a résumé of his life and loves before and after Mrs. Leigh. There is also a dream sequence in which a balletic Byron shares a romantic *pas de deux* with a Terpsichorean Shelley.

The subject is not unsuitable for musical treatment, but the music Thomson produced was lacking in vitality or dramatic character. It was a clever conceit to identify Tom Moore, one of Byron's close friends, by references to his "Last Rose of Summer" and "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms." Sweet tunes these are indeed. But they were not complemented by music of the passion or impulsiveness to identify the Byron of legend. John Houseman performed a directorial miracle in molding young Carolyn Val-Schmidt into a plausible Mrs. Leigh and in guiding the talented Lenus Carlson to a staunchly believable impersonation of Tom Moore. But an equally devoted effort by conductor Gerhard Samuel did little to improve each nonshining hour of the score. David Mitchell's settings added to the evolving reputation of the American Opera Center, a Juilliard affiliate, for professionalism.

The TV version of the Metropolitan gala commemorating Sir Rudolf Bing's farewell as the company's general manager fell short of distinction on almost every possible count. By juggling the sequence of happenings (Luciano Pavarotti and Joan Sutherland, who came on almost an hour after the concert began, were shown first), it voided consideration as a documentary. By truncating much of the musical content, it violated artistic credibility. Worst of all, a random sampling of opinion suggested that the low level of sound heard on my TV was a general condition of the transmission itself. □

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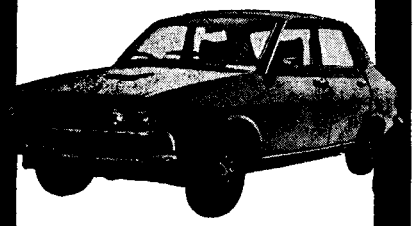

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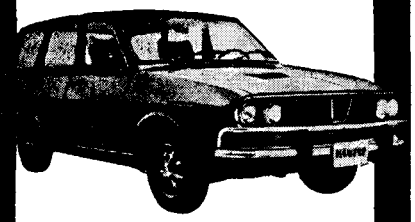

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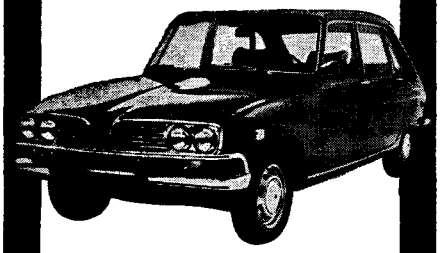

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Letters to the Editor

Workers Alienated

Re: Abraham Ribicoff's "The Alienation of the American Worker" [*SR*, April 22]. Every single one of Senator Ribicoff's "reforms" would involve increased government expenditures, with more government control and more bureaucrats taking their cut from increased government spending. This, I suggest, would mean either higher taxes (which must come, primarily, from the worker) or increased deficit spending (with more inflation that robs the wage earner). The worker would bear most of this increased burden because there simply are not enough rich to pay the bill. (Incidentally, to the extent that we confiscate the limited savings of the rich, do we tend to destroy the investment capital that creates jobs?)

I doubt that this is what the alienated American worker wants. He wants lower rather than higher taxes. He wants less rather than more inflation. He wants less rather than more government. He wants to "make it" on his own without federal grants. He thinks he can if the politicians will get off his back with their higher and higher taxes and more and more government spending for the benefit of troublesome minorities. He doesn't want government to require a larger investment in Social Security (i.e., payment of higher taxes) by working people. He is tired of paying constantly increasing taxes to support professional "reliefers" who won't work so long as politicians provide them with welfare.

The diagnosis is excellent, but the suggested treatment may be dangerously out of touch with working families.

Eldon Martin
Wilmette, Ill.

One area of anguish that Senator Ribicoff did not discuss was skilled labor and unions. We have tried frequently and in vain to enter my husband into the apprentice program for the printers' or the carpenters' union. Government-sponsored programs are open only to minority-group persons. My husband must either be a legacy to the union or pay money under the table—to the tune of several thousand dollars. So he remains unhappily at his present employment, truck driver, as his father was before him.

Nan Strain
Chicago, Ill.

Does Senator Ribicoff designate "working-class" people by job title, by their financial woes, or by their place of residence? His main thrust appears to be their financial inadequacy, and if that is the criterion for inclusion, he has missed a lot of us.

My husband is a college professor, we both have master's degrees, we have two children, and we have never, in our "best" years of two salaries, gone beyond $10,000. My father was a "white-collar" type all his working years and never, to my knowledge, made more than $7,000. The "working class" has no monopoly on inadequate salary.

Beverly R. Piper
Snyder, N.Y.

New Populism

Just as the politicians are beginning to understand the new populist movement growing around the country, academicians and political writers are rising to the defense of discredited liberal elitism. In his recent article "The New Populism and the Old: A Matter of Words" [*SR*, April 8], Richard Reeves tells us that the new populism is the work of "ambitious politicians with speechwriters who know a good thing." According to Mr. Reeves, "Shouting at the Rockefellers and making them pay more taxes is fun, but that isn't going

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to bring a black family in Marianna, Florida, into the society. . . ." That's simply not true. Consider Reeves's own example.

The major reason that the black family in Marianna isn't in the mainstream of society right now is that family's lack of income—money to pay for decent housing, medical care, food, and education. And income is what the Rockefellers have—lots of it. Their income is protected by such tax loopholes as the oil-depletion allowance and the capital-gains break.

Reeves tells us that, if the black family is to get a better share of the good things in our society, some $10,000 welder is going to help pay for it. That's the kind of fallacious reasoning on the part of the liberal elite and conservatives that has always kept the heat off the rich. The fact is that, if poverty is to be eliminated in America, it is the rich who will pay the bill. Simple statistics on income distribution tell the story.

The poorest one-fifth of the population gets 5 per cent of the national income. The second-poorest fifth—the "lower middle class"—earns only 13 per cent, and the richest one-fifth gets over 40 per cent of the income. After taxes, thanks to the loopholes, these percentages remain almost exactly the same. Obviously, if we are going to stop the vicious cycle of the poor getting poorer, the income is going to have to come from the richest 20 per cent of the population, which collects 40 per cent of the national income each year, and not from working people, whose 20 per cent of the national population earns only 13 per cent of the national income.

GM President Richard Gerstenberg should have to shave his $600,000 annual income before a $10,000 worker is asked to cut his. That's not cheap politics or irrational romanticism, it's simple justice.

Senator Fred R. Harris
Washington, D.C.

A Discouragement Policy

Re: Lester Grinspoon's "Half a Loaf: A Reaction to the Marihuana Report" [*SR*, April 15]. It is apparent that Dr. Grinspoon suffers from one of the problems the Commission on Marihuana and Drug Abuse found nationwide: the penchant to oversimplify and press for an immediate "solution." Countrywide, there is a tendency to identify individual events as causes of the larger malaise. The rational, dispassionate analysis of complex issues is frustrated by this desire for simple answers. For some, "marihuana" is a catchword, a slogan, a symbol. For others, it is a red flag. The problem is that marihuana signals different things to different people and most of these signals have nothing to do with the drug itself.

The commission has sought to evaluate the real rather than the emotional impact of marihuana. It is not a prime force for social change. Its use or nonuse will not fundamentally make things better or worse in this society.

Any psychoactive drug is potentially harmful to the individual, depending on the intensity, frequency, and duration of use. We focused first on the drug itself not only to determine its effects but also to learn whether the drug is capable of living up to its much-touted reputation—both desirable and undesirable. Then we considered the total social impact of marihuana's use in American society.

The commission's findings and conclusions were reached in an honest, inquiring fashion. We firmly believe that it is prudent social policy to discourage marihuana's use. We also firmly believe that criminalizing the vast majority of users based on what we know about marihuana as a drug is unjustified and unwarranted. We look to the school, the churches, the family, and the medical profession to internalize the values underlying the discouragement policy. All institutions in our society should cooperate in this general social effort to come to grips with the problems of drug abuse.

Raymond P. Shafer, Chairman
National Commission on Marihuana and Drug Abuse
Washington, D.C.

IMPACT

Re: Walter Terry's World of Dance [*SR*, Feb. 5]. It may be of interest to note that the artists mentioned were funded principally under the joint U.S. Office of Education-National Endowment for the Arts Artists-in-Schools program to work on project IMPACT. The program will soon be funding such residencies in all fifty states to work with children and teachers in school situations.

One of the artists involved in this program, Thomas W. Taylor, former artist-in-residence in Ohio, in his report summed up his observations this way: ". . . It is the responsibility of society to initiate approaches to children that emphasize individual growth and that do not prescribe preconceived plans and schedules that the children are asked to fit into. The need is to fit the system to individual children. The Artist-in-Residence program and the Arts IMPACT program are good gestures toward offering children meaningful occasions for self-discovery. The programs are helpful in reassuring children to be themselves, naturally and at ease, and not fearful, defensive, and on guard."

John Hoare Herr, Director of Education
The Council on the Arts
Washington, D.C.

Adrienne Rich

David Kalstone's "Talking with Adrienne Rich" [*SR*, April 22] was an interesting feature of that issue and should help to bring the poetry of Ms. Rich to the wider audience it deserves. For those who might wish to read an earlier interview with this poet, one can be found in the Fall (October) 1971 issue of *The Ohio Review*, entitled also "Talking with Adrienne Rich." Our interview series with contemporary poets is a continuing feature of *The Ohio Review* (already published or forthcoming interviews with Mark Strand, William Matthews, Joyce Carol Oates, and Galway Kinnell—in addition to, of course, Adrienne Rich).

Stanley W. Lindberg
The Ohio Review
Athens, O.

One Point Too Many

Editor's Note: *Apologies are due the late Clifton Blake for a misprint at the end of line 2 in Wit Twister No. 268* [SR, *April 29*]. *No period should have been included.*

This man is running for his life!
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Barbara Gordon

Everyone Should Have a Summer of '72

"Miami Beach is where neon goes to die" was Lenny Bruce's terse assessment of America's ivory coast. Senior citizens wishing to flee sleet-filled winters opted to spend their remaining years in Miami Beach, not for the strip of neon-shrouded hostels that block any sight of the Atlantic for miles, but for sun-filled days and mug-free nights. Urged on by their children and doctors to avoid arterial sclerosis and retard the coming of that day that awaits us all, the senior moved south. While this immigration was taking on mammoth proportions, young couples also became emigrees for a life that provided "an easy way to bring up children" minus racial strife.

This summer Miami will be swamped with conventioneers grappling with the dilemma of picking a candidate and finding a place in the sun. Come July, Miami Beach will fill its 20,000 hotel rooms with ease, as delegates pour in for the Democratic Convention. During that time, Miami will affect a Woodstockian aura. If Senator McGovern's guidelines are followed and state delegations are truly representative of the population, the city will be filled with youth, women, blacks, Chicanos, and white ethnic minorities in surprising numbers. These are not the sort of people who would ordinarily choose Miami Beach as a research site for "What I Did on My Summer Vacation."

As a convention site Miami Beach is perfect, as the Republicans noted in 1968. In addition to enormous hotels and swimming pools, it has other advantages. It is an island. Should protesters be lurking about, the various bridges and causeways that umbilically connect the city of Miami Beach to mainland Miami can be barricaded to stop the flow of the troublesome into convention central. The innkeepers complained in 1968 that the Republicans spent little money in the city; they didn't drink with their meals, nor buy presents for the folks back home. Rather, they brown-bagged it—a dollar here, a dollar there. The delegates and would-be presidential staffmen sat in their rooms with store-bought booze and watched the events on the tube. Restaurants and stores that stayed open throughout that summer did not fill their coffers as hoped. So this year merchants are optimistic, but not convinced that all those delegates and media folk will give Miami Beach a shot of adrenaline during Phase II of Nixon's economic plan.

Twenty-five years ago, Miami Beach was America's "in" watering hole. The hotels ranged—and still do—from garish to lavish, with a handful that can be called really posh. Restaurants outbid each other for fine chefs, and illegal gambling casinos flourished until the syndicate was told to change their trade. Then the casinos were closed, and the mob moved into more respectable lines of work. But there invariably was the call to the race track, swimming, and always, always the sun. So the island of Miami Beach prospered as the winter enclave for the jet set—before "jet set" became part of the lexicon. The coming of the jet age, combined with the discoveries of twentieth-

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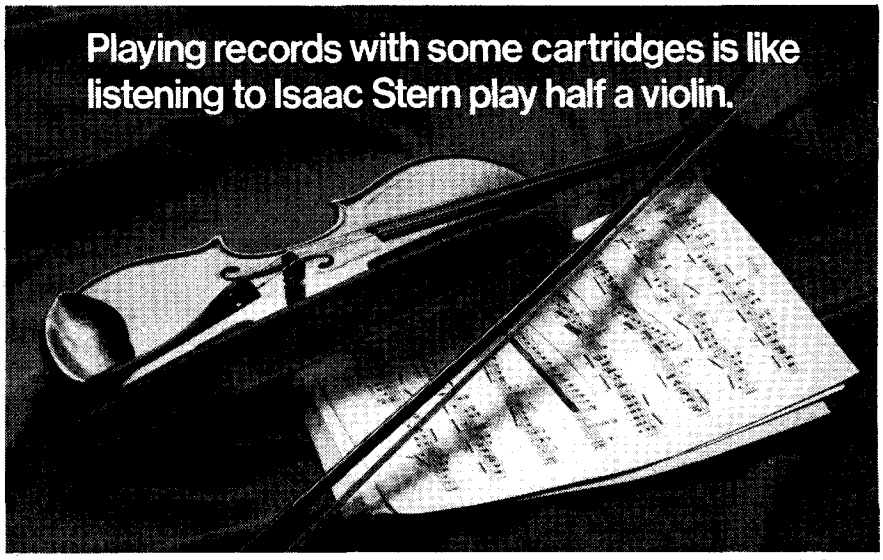
century Magellans with large bankrolls and Nostradamus-like minds vis-à-vis tourism, led to the discovery of "the islands." When Castro's revolution closed Havana, the portals of the Caribbean opened. Those well-healed tourists soon discovered that for almost the same amount of money needed for a Miami excursion they could go to a new spot, gamble, and explore some place primordial. Miami's penchant for concreting with astonishing rapidity every conceivable piece of land on the Atlantic grew in direct proportion to the discovery of some primitive island in the Caribbean "where you could truly get away from it all." Miami's carriage trade changed to family trade, family plans, package deals, and fun-for-the-whole-family campaigns. Restaurants with voluminous histories of serving fine food closed, and the new Miami Beach tourist was happy to dine in his hotel. Today Miami Beach is still a resort with year-round residents who want the mob out and who keep the city safe for their children. Periodic fights to legalize gambling, which would help the city lure the high rollers back, are systematically fought by residential and church groups. It yearns to be the spa with a soul.

Presently, Miami blatantly advertises itself as a base for further explorations into the Bahamas and outward islands. See a bit of Florida and then by half-hour plane hop or short cruise see someplace new. It seems to be working. The trips are cheap, and from Miami in no time you find yourself in tax-free shopping havens, near the whir of the roulette wheel, or sipping a banana daiquiri in Dutch or French ambience. Fly Debbie to Miami, then split and take a cruise to Nassau, St. Thomas, or Freeport. When Miami couldn't fight them it joined them, bringing in the tourists for a while and then welcoming them back for the trip north.

Should you decide on a summer vacation in Miami Beach in between conventions, you can expect blistering sun, a hotel or motel with its own pool, and a narrow stretch of private beach. The hard-hatted *cognoscenti* of Miami Beach rarely venture into the ocean; the chaise by the pool makes the walk to the beach or the discomfort of sand affixing itself to your well-oiled body entirely unnecessary. And what Lourdes is to healing, Miami Beach is to air conditioning. Unless you are a Finnish sauna expert—resilient to drastic temperature changes—the trauma of the outside sun combined with inside air conditioning may be too much for your system. You will be forced to visit a Miami Beach doctor to fight the flu you escaped all winter in the snowy North. RX: Bring a sweater, and immediately upon your arrival turn down



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the air conditioner in your room to a less frigid temperature. Though your rented car will undoubtedly be air cooled, do not feel it is a breach of any ethic to open the windows and let a bit of the unpolluted ocean air drift in.

While delegates from fifty states ponder the Muskie/McGovern/Wallace race and wager side bets of a Teddy draft, there are other places to gamble in Miami should the caucusing and voting at Convention Hall get dull. Horse racing, once a strictly winter event for the monied Florida visitor, now takes place at the new Calder race track in Miami about forty-five minutes across the causeway from your hotel at the Beach. For two dollars your bet at Calder may be safer than the odds on Humphrey making it on the third ballot, or whether Teddy will heed the call. You can also bet at the dog track and watch greyhounds chase a rabbit, which may remind you of the presidential aspirants chasing Mayor Daley for his nod.

If during the day pool sitting or horse racing begins to pall, for about $175 you and some friends can charter a boat and go deep-sea fishing for the day. It's a good bargain, and you can be assured it can be arranged without an informant from the ecological caucus causing you grief. Beyond that, there are two public golf courses in Miami Beach—Bayshore and Normandy Isle—a short hop from any self-respecting Miami Beach hotel. Since most of the resident golfers will be away exploring the wonders of Greece, France, or Yugoslavia, the lines should not be as long as those experienced by winter vacationers. If you are part of the tennis renaissance—and tennis courts abound in Miami—check out the courts at hotels and the public courts at Flamingo Park in the southern part of Miami Beach. For just browsing around, there is Coconut Grove, a lovely little enclave in the city of Miami, or the autoless and bench-lined Lincoln Road Mall.

Most children are content to jump in and out of the pool mindlessly and joyfully throughout the day. Should they tire of this, or exhaust your patience, the city of Miami has some flora and fauna worth your time. There is a Parrot Jungle and the Monkey Jungle where it's the visitors who are enmeshed in wire cages while hundreds of arboreal ancestors run wild—which may offer no escape from convention central after all. There is the fine Seaquarium on Rickenbacker Causeway, one of the best aquariums in the world, where two killer whales are in captivity and a brave man daily performs the miraculous feat of riding on their backs. Children are delighted. One hour from Miami in West Palm Beach is a mini safari where beasts of

Miami Beach—". . . the spa with a soul."

the jungle cavort about in a simulated African landscape. Of course, there is always the phantasmagoric Disney World in Orlando, about a three-hour drive from Miami.

Choosing a hotel is really not difficult, though the travel advertisements in your local newspapers boggle the mind. There are big hotels and small hotels. All have pools. They differ only in lobby styles, which range from neogothic to Louis XIV to astonishing combinations of marble, wood, frescoes, and fountains. Lobby sitting is a very important pastime in Beach hotels. You can go farther up the beach to motel row, which is a bit more swinging, and stay at a sumptuous motel like The Castaways, where rock music and discotheques flourish and the swingers would rather die than be seen in the more garish downtown extravaganzas like the Fontainebleau or the Eden Roc. If you go for the American plan, which is a good deal financially, the food will be good but uninspired, save for a few hotel dining rooms that try harder. In the Carriage House Apartment there is a superb restaurant called Bernard's, which has the best and most interesting continental food in Miami Beach. The Embers, a long-time favorite of tourists and residents, has the best barbecued ribs and duckling in town. Cuban restaurants are popular and good, such as El Baturro, the more exotic Les Violins, or The Flamenco, which offers mediocre Cuban fare but lavish floor shows. The Pub restaurants in several Miami locations and on the Beach serve sturdy American steaks at reasonable prices and are very popular with Miamians. Many of the famous French restaurants will close for the summer, so check on arrival if your interests lie in French cuisine.

Perhaps the sanest way to select a hotel this summer is on the basis of where your choice candidate or state delegation plans to reside. Neon is neon, a pool is a pool, so what makes one hotel different from another?

George McGovern is staying at the Doral, which is perhaps the most tastefully decorated hotel on the beach and sports a handsome, late-night dancing and drinking room on its starlite roof. It also offers limousine service to its sister hotel in Miami, the Doral Country Club, which is about an hour-and-a-half away and has a first-rate golf course, tennis courts, and a true country-club atmosphere.

George Wallace won't be in Miami Beach, but across the causeway in the city of Miami at the Dupont Plaza. Most tourists avoid the Dupont Plaza. It is popular with Miami businessmen for lunch. The governor will have to cross one of the causeways for convention activities, if they aren't roadblocked. Senator Humphrey will reside at the Carillon—an oceanfront, neonesque delight. Shirley Chisholm will put up at the Deauville, a nondescript hotel contrary to her style. If noncandidate Ted Kennedy is a delegate to the convention, he will sojourn with his Massachusetts delegation at the Beau Rivage near the huge and charmless Americana that will house Senator Muskie and his diminishing entourage.

Most of the California delegation will be at the Doral Country Club in Miami with its golf course and tennis courts that match their life-style. New York is staying at the Diplomat—large, comfortable, nothing exceptional. Michigan delegates are lodging at the Playboy Plaza, a recent acquisition of Hugh Hefner's from the Hilton people. The Texas delegation is so large that part of them will be at the Marco Polo, the rest at the Chateau. For some strange reason Ohio delegates were placed in the city of Miami at the beachless and businesslike McAllister close by Mr. Wallace's digs. Conspicuously absent thus far are the two monolithic structures that are the essence of Miami Beach—the Fontainebleau and the Eden Roc. The Fontainebleau is convention central, and all the delegates, staff, and media people must pass through there as well as the Eden Roc.

Since the Republicans are also going to Miami, use the same guidelines, although it is likely that the President will not be hotel bound but in his villa at Key Biscayne, where he can hole up, or just go home for lunch should the tensions rise uncontrollably at convention central.

Whatever your preference, Miami will offer a political smörgåsbord for every taste this summer. □

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Dear Paul,

You wondered why we turned our backs on all the usual places and went to Canada last year.

Easy. We wanted a hell of a lot more than just a sun tan out of our vacation. We wanted to sample new people, new points of view, a new environment. We wanted to soak up ideas as well as sunshine. (We figure their effect lasts longer!)

About a third of the country (numerically, not geographically) is French-speaking. Montreal is, in fact, the second-largest French-speaking city in the world. English is very much a second language there - and in some small towns in Quebec, it's a virtually non-existent. No problem. They're very patient and good-humored, with each other as well as with visitors.

We found, incidentally, that people living in other parts of the country have been just as tenacious as French-speaking Canadians in hanging on to their own identities.

Lunenburg ship-builders still practice the same crafts and sing the same songs their ancestors brought from Germany. And the city of Victoria (on the west coast) is surely the only place outside England where afternoon tea is still a formal and rather gracious occasion. Even Toronto - for all its bustling North American airs - is home to a dozen different ethnic groups, all of them politely determined not to be absorbed.

We found, too, that Canadians have a deep sense of history. (Something they brought from Europe?) They respect it and (more to the point) they resist the temptation to pull bits of it down to make way for new expressways. It's hard to travel through Canada without being constantly reminded of the past. Old traditions as well as old buildings are still intact.

In the fishing villages of Newfoundland, for instance, we heard accents and a vernacular that has more in common with 18th century Ireland than with 20th century North America. At the Highland Games in Nova Scotia, we saw a festival that hasn't changed in form in hundreds of years. And at Upper Canada Village (in Ontario) we found a beautiful piece of 150 year old history - authentic right down to the sassafras candy on sale in the village store.

Canada showed us the world from a different vantage point. And you know something, Paul? I'll swear it was turning a little more slowly.

Regards,

MSRW.

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Editorial

The Culture Wars: Steps Toward Coexistence

The author of the following editorial is a professor of English at Amherst College and educational consultant to Florida's New College in Sarasota. He is a leading social critic. His books include Surviving the 70's *and* Supergrow.

For years bickering about the "decline of culture," mob taste, mass audiences, elitism, etc., has ranked as the most wasteful activity on the contemporary intellectual/artistic scene. Pundits of one school ritually condemn "mass culture" as a force for mediocrity and dilution. Pundits of another school damn elitists and ritually puff "popular culture" because it "turns kids on."

People who take firm positions about standards do not necessarily become fools or monsters. To be sure, the "party" of the cultural left includes some mindless populists and some members dim enough to regard taste and tradition in the arts as a plot against blacks and Chicanos. But it also has a wing of generous and caring optimists, people committed to the steady enlargement of possibilities for citizens to participate in wide ranges of esthetic experience. A generation or so ago these optimists were hailing the advent of book clubs, LPs, new subscription orchestras, and the like as evidence of the "grading up" of the cultural aspirations of ordinary Americans. More recently the optimists have been heartened by the rage for creative participation—the practice of pop music groups each to invent its own songs, the new eagerness of the young to design their own costumes for daily wear, the extraordinary growth of demand among "amateurs" for training in creative labor (poetry workshops or filmmaking schools), and a score of other developments. Implicit in the welcome of a "participation ethos" in the arts is an awareness that the activities of representing and ordering human experience, and of creating one's own forms, ought to be part of the common life of men, not reserved to genius or talent alone. The optimists of the left have various paradoxical, hard-to-digest truths to transmit—among them, that anything worth doing well is worth doing badly. But their allegiance to these themes is a sign of belief in the uses of individual expressiveness, and, like every kind of openness, it's not without moral weight.

By the same token, the right wing—the conservers—can't in every case be dismissed as mean-minded or cowardly. Granted, some who prattle about the "death of standards" are mainly alarmed by the prospect of finding trespassers inside the gate, characters who haven't mastered the proprieties of the club. But among the conserving pessimists are many people whose criticism of permissivism—i.e., the notion that all art is good art, etc.—isn't selfish or defensive. This criticism has at its root the conviction that work capable of enlarging conscience and refining feelings simply will not be preserved or produced if hierarchies of esthetic achievement are banished.

Of course there are honorable voices in both major cultural camps. Yet the expression of intelligent arguments in both camps doesn't alter the fact that cultural debate in this country is in a shambles. What's needed is a way of addressing high culture and popular culture in terms that focus, not alone on the gap between them, but rather on likenesses among the human activities they both make possible. We need reminding, in other words, of the centrality of acts of esthetic discrimination at every level of human development. And we need to renew awareness of the truth that practice in discrimination, if carried on at all cultural levels, can be an agent of unification—a means by which divergent levels of taste can communicate with each other and learn from each other.

The worst barriers to this renewed awareness at the moment are two widespread assumptions: first, that acts of discrimination belong to high culture only; and, second, that standards within highcult are permanent, inviolable essences "taught" to educated people, "passed on" like goods and money instead of being created and re-created by individual men and women from age to age. On all sides nowadays the world of Good Art, or Serious Art, is perceived as a place wherein important distinctions exist among books, poems, pictures, and songs, distinctions that can be defined and justified. The world of pop, on the other hand—from TV commercials to the Top Forty, from Archie to *As the World Turns*, from Wayne to Brando, Como to Sinatra, Lena Horne to Aretha Franklin—is perceived as a place of entertainments about which people can register preferences but can never offer up "reasons" even remotely resembling those advanced for valuing Leo Tolstoy, say, above Jane Austen.

The harm done by such assumptions flows in part from the tacit endorsement of passivity at all levels, in part from plain blindness to the reality of distinctions in pop, in part from denial of the function of articulate experience in choice making and choice justifying in human development. To work with popular culture in a non-elite classroom is to grasp instantly that people at every cultural level are not only capable of, but intensely interested in, explaining preferences—and the acts of explanation are themselves the ground and growing points of enlarged cultural ambition. To say it again: The right use of the popular arts isn't to "turn on" those who are bored with Shakespeare but to provide an arena for serious acts of discrimination, acts intrinsically as valuable as "appreciating"—docilely—a "great play."

Given the nature of the media in contemporary society, there can never be a parity, in terms of exposure, between high and popular culture—and the hope that someday popcult will be "displaced" is unrealistic. The center of cultural concern for the country as a whole can only be, therefore, the quality of the audience's relationship to whatever is offered. Developing full awareness of the self as created in and through acts of choice, achieving a sense of personal responsibility for cultural decisions in the living room, shedding passivity before the Box—these are primary goals, and one-shot "culture programs" cannot go far toward meeting them.

In sum: Committing ourselves to *use* what we have now—not to loathe, or mock, or drown in it—doesn't mean throwing away "the tradition." Neither does it mean accepting the view that some part of the population must forever live without beauty and without art. It means embarking on a project beyond cultural gimmickry or handouts: an effort to change the concept of full cultural rights for all from the status of a piety to that of a set of living possibilities. Only when the energies of active discrimination are discovered and released within individuals can we begin to build the great audience defined in Whitman's still moving dream—"a nation of supple and athletic minds, well-trained, intuitive, used to depend on themselves."

Benjamin DeMott

A NOTE TO THE READERS

Norman Cousins, our former associate, has announced his decision to launch a new magazine to be called *World*. Undoubtedly, a number of *SR* readers will also want to keep up with Mr. Cousins's new publishing venture. An announcement appears in this issue. We at *SR* offer Mr. Cousins and his associates our good wishes and congratulations.

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THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT—

TOKENS VS. OBJECTIVES

BY AMITAI ETZIONI

As far as recognition is concerned, Women's Liberation has made it. Although the movement is a relatively new one, most Americans have at least a vague idea of its demands and aims. In a media-oriented society, such public notice is a substantial and meaningful measure of success. Now, however, the movement must focus on the more difficult business of getting its demands met. Unfortunately, the piecemeal victories it has won so far are almost liabilities, for with them goes the danger of losing momentum and perspective. Will the women's movement be able to keep token achievements in their proper place and to focus its eyes on more distant, more substantial objectives?

Before attempting to answer these questions, let me discuss the achievements of the movement thus far.

To begin with, in the matter of employment, the press has been quick to banner "firsts"—the first female chairman of the U.S. Traffic Commission; a woman appointed to serve on the President's Council of Economic Advisers; four young women serving as pages in the U.S. Senate, and so forth. Each instance shows that women can now achieve high positions in heretofore exclusively male domains. But, in fact, such isolated achievements are really only symbolic, for they do little that is concrete for the hundreds of thousands of women affected by job distributions on the basis of sex. A woman jockey—another "first"—will not open doctor's jobs to thousands of nurses, or allow hundreds of thousands of secretaries to compete on an equal footing with men for assistant-manager posts, or alter the fact that while most primary school teachers are female, most high school teachers and most principals are male.

Nevertheless, women now hold a larger proportion of desired "male dominated" jobs. The progress is impressive when compared with the situation in the past, but it falls far short of liberationists' goals. Thus, while the proportion of women scientists has grown over the last five years from 8 to 10 per cent, a 25 per cent increase, parity is still a long way off.

The number of women doctors in the United States increased by 1.6 per cent over ten years, but they still represent only 7.6 per cent of all doctors. The proportion of female doctors is higher not only in the U.S.S.R. but also in Sweden (15.4 per cent), Denmark (16.4 per cent), and West Germany (20 per cent). The number of female medical students is slowly rising, but not at a rate that outstrips that of population growth, thus suggesting that medicine will continue to be an almost exclusively male domain for at least the next decade.

Among teachers, from 1920 to 1945 the ratio of women increased, but since 1945 it has slowly declined. By 1967 it had reached a level similar to that of 1866! Seven out of ten women teachers continue to serve in elementary education while only two out of ten teach in secondary schools.

According to U.S. Department of Labor statistics, the median wage for women, as compared with that for men, has been *declining* in recent years. It was 63.9 per cent of the men's average in 1955 and 60.8 per cent in 1969, having fallen to as low as 58.2 per cent in 1968. (More recent data, which would cover the years in which the movement became more active, is not yet available.)

Probably the most dramatic development in the area of employment thus far has not been in actual reallocations of jobs, but in the fact that the women's movement has found in the federal government an unexpected ally. The Office of Civil Rights in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare has been actively aiding the fight against sex discrimination and is pushing hard to make colleges and universities open all departments and faculty ranks to women. Emotions have run high, debates have been ardent, but the new hiring and promotion of women have been quite limited in both numbers and scope.

In dealings with the law, women have been treated as less competent than men for centuries. In March 1972, Congress approved a constitutional amendment that declares that "equality of rights under the law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of sex." The amendment has yet to be ratified by the necessary three-fourths of the states. If ratified, however, the amendment would greatly ease the legal battles women must wage when discriminated against. So far their legal base for action has often been shaky, especially when compared with that of litigations involving discrimination based on race or creed.

For this reason, HEW previously found it necessary to rely on administrative directives and sanctions rather than on court actions. Presumably, once the Twenty-seventh Amendment is ratified, there will be greater reliance on the courts as well as a more vigorous application of the full range of federal sanctions.

The need for litigation, new administrative rulings, and new state laws is still great. For every state in which progress has been made, there are four in which little has been done. Even in such relatively progressive states as New Jersey and Arizona there are still many "sexist" laws. For example, California recently empowered teen-agers to buy and sell stocks in their own right, but husbands still control the disposition of their wives' holdings. Although the California Supreme Court invalidated statutes prohibiting the employment of women as bartenders and excluding women from jury duty, Missouri still prohibits women from working with moving machinery. New York State sets the maxi-

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A first woman jockey will not open doctor's jobs to thousands of nurses or allow secretaries to compete on an equal footing with men for management posts.

mum weight a woman can lift in a foundry at twenty-five pounds.

The age of consent (at which a person can marry without parental approval) is lower for women than men in most states. Often women cannot keep their maiden names on official documents such as driver's licenses. In four states married women must prove their "fitness" to a court if they seek to set up their own business.

But some progress is being made. A new HEW directive rules that any exclusion of women from work because of pregnancy is a violation of the 1964 Civil Rights Act and requires that miscarriages, abortions, and childbirth be covered, like other temporary disabilities, by health and insurance plans. On November 22, 1971, the Supreme Court held that an Idaho law giving preference to males as executors of estates was invalid under the Fourteenth Amendment. There will be numerous local litigations before these new interpretations are widely followed, and, according to one recent overview, "there are still more than one thousand state laws that discriminate against women's rights to property, inheritance, guardianship, management of earnings, and the control of the family's wealth."

In the matter of elected office, the press (especially New York City publications) is rich in pictures of and quotes from the hyperactive Bella Abzug and presidential candidate Shirley Chisholm. (Ms. Chisholm got a trifling 4 per cent of the primary vote in Florida.) In Boston there is Louise Day Hicks for the press to tout, and in Maine there is Senator Margaret Chase Smith. However, when it comes to a hard count of numbers and power, the total is far from encouraging. Ten years ago there were two women in the U.S. Senate and eighteen women Representatives; now there is only Senator Smith, and there are but eleven women in the House. According to Evelyn Cunnungham, the head of Governor Rockefeller's special women's advisory unit, only thirteen of the sixty-three separate agencies in the New York State government have women in jobs above the rank of secretary. The situation in most other states is no more attractive. It seems that it will be a long time before the United States has a woman president as India and Israel have. In fact, a 1972 poll showed that 40 per cent of all Americans would be less likely to vote for a female presidential candidate than for a male, even if the woman had equal qualifications.

The newly formed National Women's Political Caucus encourages women to play active roles in support of candidates, identifies and promotes feminist issues, attempts to gain the support of male candidates for feminist platforms, and has tried to get women to run for office.

The major effort currently being made by the caucus is an attempt to have at least as many women as there are men in each state's delegation to the two major conventions. A significant success was scored toward this end when Larry O'Brien, chairman of the Democratic party, pledged that the national committee would instruct all state parties to show "reasonable representation" of women in their ranks. Any delegation that does not include at least 50 per cent women could be subject to challenge at the Democratic convention in Miami. The delegations would then have to prove that the delegates were chosen openly and without discrimination. A national Democratic convention that is 50 per cent female is highly unlikely, but delegations have been notified that the burden of proof for compliance with party rules lies directly on their shoulders.

The male presidential candidates have paid at least lip service to the movement, and one of them, George McGovern, has gone so far as to espouse some feminist policies, such as national legalization of abortion. In a recent ranking of the candidates by a feminist newsletter, Senator McGovern received a 100 per cent rating for his Senate votes on women's issues. Senators Humphrey, Jackson, and Muskie did not score as well—not because of votes they cast but because they were absent for two or more votes that involved feminist issues.

In the division of household labor, very significant changes have occurred, but chiefly within a small circle of those who are in one way or another close to the movement. In these families, if both spouses work and there are no children, household duties tend to be divided almost equally. At least some changes have penetrated more deeply into society. In traditionalist family circles, for example, husbands will, more often than in pre-Liberation days, lend a hand with diapering, shopping, washing the dishes, and many wives now seek employment outside the home.

In matters of sex, the movement's opposition to women's playing a passive role in the sex act may have found a relatively mass following, or, more exactly, may well have caught on with an unrelated movement toward sexual freedom and experimentation. Far less popular is the notion advanced by some extremists that all heterosexual genital relations are a form of exploitation of women. It is unlikely that many American women have turned to each other or to masturbation for their sexual gratification.

In symbolic issues some rather de-

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ceptive progress has been achieved by the movement. The Liberationists' desire for women to be addressed as Ms. (a title equal in ambiguity with Mr. in that it does not indicate whether the person addressed is single or married) appears to be gaining slow acceptance. Nevertheless, it is used today mainly in metropolitan centers and by a few government agencies, and even the fashionable mass media have not adopted it. *Time* magazine recently explained that it had decided not to switch to Ms. because Miss and Mrs. convey valid information. But *Time* recognized some justice in the feminists' complaint and is ready to consider the use of a more precise appellation for men, if one is devised.

The movement seems to realize that men need to be liberated, too, that their fate is not to be envied or imitated. Like blacks, women wonder what happens when their struggle is won.

Women reporters are now allowed into some locker rooms, fewer men seem to hold doors for women or tip their hats, fewer women are referred to as "girls" or sent to talk to each other after dinner, but even these changes are limited largely to thin layers of upper-middle-class, college-educated, chiefly white, urban groups. A recent study shows that only 12 per cent of women and 15 per cent of men think that men should not hold a door open for a woman or give her a seat on the bus. Even in the highly sophisticated Northeast, only 22 per cent of the men say they would like to drop the old forms of courtesy.

Such, then, is the snail's progress the movement has achieved to date. The next question is: How are militant women accepting this state of affairs? The answer seems to vary from one women's organization to another. It shifts with the seasons, too (most protest movements slack off in July and August), and it varies among leaders. Gloria Steinem, for example, is less moderate than Betty Friedan, while Bella Abzug is more radical than both. The straight, or heterosexual, and the gay, or homosexual, leaders naturally have separate answers, and black and white "sisters" fight out their differences in, among other places, the Op-Ed page of *The New York Times*. But one theme is common to most of the concerned groups and individuals—a preoccupation with mannerisms, titles, and symbolic issues. Actually, it seems that the more the movement is frustrated in its efforts to change the socio-economic-legal structure of America, the more it concerns itself with images.

I am not suggesting that these efforts are wasted or senseless. Far from it. Women's Liberation ideologues and strategists have advanced some fine, sociologically refined arguments to explain why there is a good deal more to image remaking than meets the eye. For example:

Redoing images helps "raise consciousness." That is, it makes us aware that built into our habits and expressions are hidden assumptions that we tend not to review consciously and that we can change only if they are continually flashed before our eyes. More self-awareness helps women overcome internal hangups that render them passive or inferior. Women are being alerted to the fact that they need no longer pass themselves off as "dumb" in order to please a date; that they no longer need to accept courtesies that are actually veiled humiliations; and that they, as well as men, can initiate a relationship.

The new symbols, feminists also argue, help create solidarity among the oppressed sex; they prepare women for united action. Call one woman a "girl" and you will generally have a lot more than one woman to contend with.

Image remaking, it is also maintained, is an effective way to mobilize the mass media. No cogent petition, measured speech, or well-documented brief will ever get the press coverage that a radical demonstration or a mass rally will receive. Witness the Miss America contests: Who gets the greater share of the attention of the press, the contestants or the protesters?

Nevertheless, it should be pointed out that the politics of imagery is also the easiest way, consciously or unwittingly, to buy off a movement. Calling every black man "Mister" as opposed to "nigger" and having a black person in every executive front office and on each powerless committee does not significantly advance the cause of civil rights. Such symbolic gestures leave unchanged the basic economic, legal, political, and social realities of society. While the gestures—the title "Ms." the symbolic job openings, and the suspension of so-called "courtesies"—are of considerable value in the reconstruction of interpersonal relations, they are still essentially symbols. But there are significant interactive links between gestures and reality. While it is true that the right imagery will help women achieve their due share and status, it is also true that one of the best ways to correct images is to correct the reality. No one calls the boss "boy" (or "girl") and if they do, it matters little. A woman senator, mayor, or bureau chief will not be sent to the end of the table to talk of babies and cooking.

The question Women's Liberation now faces is this: Will the movement's energy be channeled ever more into the business of image manicuring, or will it parallel these efforts with a more intense drive to gain equal employment opportunities, equal pay, proportional representation in politics, and blanket repeal of discriminatory laws for the millions of women it represents? Every

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movement has to achieve a balance between symbolic gesturing and socio-political-economic action. I think that the Women's Liberation movement—partially because a significant thrust of its purpose is to achieve interpersonal changes and also because it is still forming a base—will continue to put more emphasis on these non "bread-and-butter" issues. Although it will work harder to achieve total parity for its members than did, say, a union of coal miners in the 1830s, the movement still seems, at least to me, excessively entangled in image politics. It too often seems to confuse token achievements with major breakthroughs, gestures with societal changes, and changes in titles with changes in entitlements.

The interminable debates about policies, positions, and pronouncements ("Should we kick out the lesbians?" "Is Gloria Steinem ripping off the movement?" "Should we work with black and red liberation movements?") that absorb a large part of the movement's energy tend to disregard an iron law of sociology that states that the fate of all popular movements is determined largely by historical forces they do not control. Several forces have affected the rise of Women's Liberation and will continue to shape its future. One of the most important is the improvement in and the public and personal acceptance of birth control techniques. This technical and scientific breakthrough increases a woman's opportunity to achieve equality in sexual freedom and to limit the number of her children. Another force is the automation of household services, which frees women to invest more time in other pursuits. Increased automation of work reduces the role of muscle power in more and more jobs, and this opens them to women. Finally, the spread of college education and the heightening of political awareness have helped consciousness raising (most Women's Liberation members are college educated). These aids to the movement cannot be credited *to* the movement. They represent the forces of historical change.

Equally important for the future of the movement is the increased concern among Americans with the quality of life. A "feminization" of society—a greater concern with esthetic, moral, educational, cultural, and interpersonal aspects (as against quantitative economic growth and international power) will tend to reduce the sectors in which men traditionally have been strongest, and it will build up those areas in which women have been more deeply involved. Factories and armies will become less central; schools, family life, theater, art, and books will become more so.

There is one feature of the movement that sharply distinguishes it from any move for social change that has preceded it. Unlike movements sparked by radical minorities, youth, the aged, the "gay," labor, regional groups, and others, the potential base for Women's Liberation is a *majority* group. As a group, women are rich in resources of every kind. For example, women have always been more in favor of peace than men have, as polls from World War II to Vietnam show. Should our obsession with nationalism decline, feminine sensibilities will count for more. And as their tastes, talents, and judgment become more accepted, so should their role as public leaders, in both elective and appointive office.

The greater the concern for beauty and quality, the greater the likelihood that women will play a more important role in shaping our future society. If, on the other hand, a reaction sets in, demanding that all "nonsense" about "hippie" and feminine values be discarded and efficiency again be given first priority, then concessions to social justice, willingness to make up for past discriminations, and readiness to experiment would be curtailed rapidly and sharply.

The attitude of the women's movement toward the forces seeking to transform our modern industrial society into a more humane one is complex and often ambivalent. The cross currents arise out of the movement's involvement in both a "class struggle against men," and the genuine liberation of both women and men. Thus, on the one hand, the movement wants all women to have the same rights and opportunities that men have. It demands that women be allowed to do any job (the movement is running numerous courses for carpenters, mechanics, welders); that conditions be created so that women have the same opportunities to do fulfilling work as men now have (hence the demands for day care centers, equal division of household duties between husbands and wives, and removal of barriers to women's *careers*); and that women should have the same sexual freedoms as men. (Recently, a feminist wrote, "If your husband has a mistress, or mistresses, aren't you entitled to have a lover, or lovers?")

On the other hand, the movement seems to understand that men need to be liberated, too, and that the male fate is not to be envied or imitated. Like blacks, women are wondering what happens when their struggle is won. Will they all end up dashing to work in a competitive world, seeking some illusive status and measuring their success against their take-home pay, to finally collapse at the end of the day in a neurotic exhaustion, using liquor and the television set as psychiatric first aids for winding down?

Let me draw a parallel.

The essence of our society is consumption as the source of meaning for life. To buy products and services is *the* reason we are supposed to work and work at the routinized jobs that are needed for mass-produced consumer goods. If most Americans, at least the affluent half, would say, "Enough is enough," and buy a new car only once every ten years, or ride a bicycle or walk, and *share* appliances, and get out of the fashionability game, *all* Americans could live quite comfortably working three hours a day, *and* cease to allow work and consumption to absorb most of their energy.

Similarly in the realm of personal conduct, rather than seeking to eliminate the double standard by applying "traveling salesman standards" to both sexes, Women's Liberation might seek a new basis for the family, one that can survive at least the years essential to child rearing. It is easy to declare that "women are entitled to all the orgasms they are capable of" or that, with opportunity for employment secured, they may divorce a man as easily as a man may divorce a woman. But it seems mistaken to assume that out of the destruction of all taboos and a freeing of our biological desires, a wholesome and, indeed, tolerable society and life will arise. From the pursuit of maximum biological satisfactions, there arises first a restless fatigue and then pain. From the destruction of the traditional family comes interpersonal anarchy. It is easy to talk about stabilizing meaningful, voluntary, interpersonal relations, but without some institutionalization, they are difficult to achieve. And while the frequent rotation of partners spells freedom to some, it also spells misery to many others.

At this early stage, it is acceptable and natural for Women's Liberation to be much clearer about what it does not wish; yet eventually new desiderata will have to be fashioned, or the reaction to normlessness will most certainly not please any liberationists, male or female.

As I see it, we are not faced with a question of whether Women's Liberation will soon evolve into a major societal force or merely ebb, leaving behind a few token changes, worn-out slogans, and die-hard movement activists. No, the major question seems to be in what direction will this force apply itself? Will the women's movement inadvertently have the effect of propping up the old sexist order, or will it become a partner in transforming America into a more humane, just, civilized society for all? That is a question worth pondering. □

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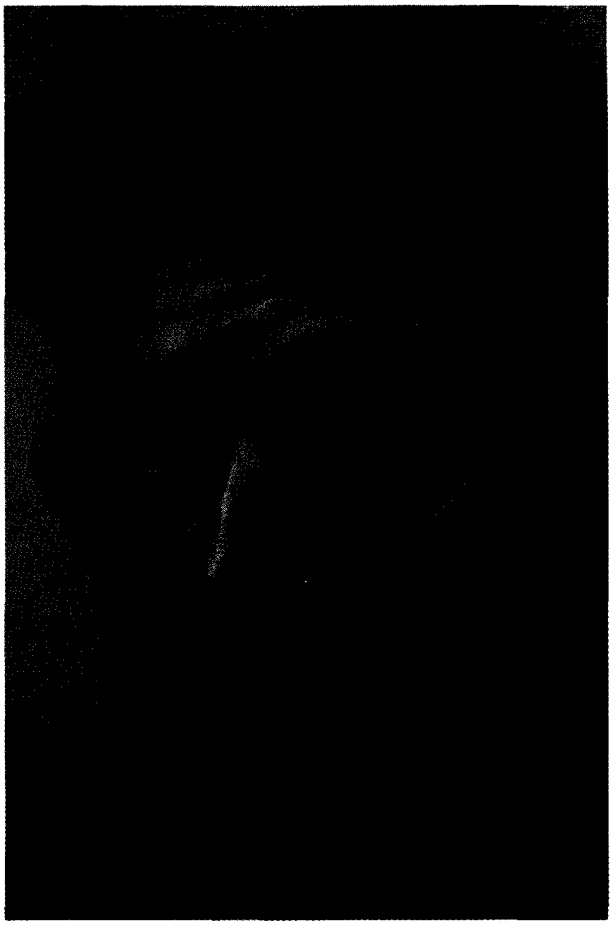
Saturday Review of
THE ARTS



Alain Robbe-Grillet

Sex is not dirty, but pornography is. Well, perhaps not all pornography, but the sadistic kind, or the kind that is obsessive and life denying, that turns the act of love into a repetitious ballet for robots, or that insults women by presenting them not as lusty people in their own right, as individuals with their own erotic needs, but solely as objects of a degrading male lust.

In such terms many Americans might discuss pornography today, but it is precisely this cautious, qualified attitude that Alain Robbe-Grillet—the celebrated French novelist, film-maker, and literary critic—attacks in this month's arts supplement. He begins his essay with a brightly lit image of the cruelest eroticism imaginable and proceeds to a reasoned defense of all that is imaginable and of the imagination itself, no matter what its intent or content. The "voluptuous tomorrow" he envisions is a garden where even the rankest flowers of evil will flourish.

Robbe-Grillet is not the only French intellectual who has taken such an extreme position. In fact, France has a long tradition of literary figures who have championed pornography, starting with the Marquis de Sade himself in the eighteenth century and continuing into this century with such novelists as Georges Bataille *(Madame Edwarda)*, Jean Genet *(Our Lady of the Flowers)*, and Pauline Réage (a pseudonym for the author of *The Story of O)*. These other writers, however, take a much less cheerful and optimistic view of pornography—and of sex. Writing about French pornographers, Susan Sontag has said, "There is, demonstrably, something incorrectly designed and potentially disorienting in the human sexual capacity —at least in the capacities of man-in-civilization. Man, the sick animal, bears within him an appetite which can drive him mad. Such is the understanding of sexuality—as something beyond good and evil, beyond love, beyond sanity; as a resource for ordeal and for breaking through the limits of consciousness—that informs the French literary canon I've been discussing." Robbe-Grillet, by contrast, regards even the most hair-raising pornographic horrors as harmless, as cathartic. "Instead of repressing his impulses in a dim unconscious that will someday oblige him to commit some quite material atrocity," he says of the typical visitor to a dirty book store, "he gradually learns to name them, and to take pleasure in them. In a word, he achieves a catharsis of his own violence."

The point is debatable, and we hope our readers will debate it in these pages. Some psychologists will question whether there is such a thing as catharsis. Moralists may object to practicing or preaching any form of abnormal sexuality. Certainly, many women will be disturbed by the perpetuation of a humiliating view of themselves, for, while books may sometimes purge us of vicious feelings, occasionally they may also engender and nourish such feelings. Political radicals will disagree with Robbe-Grillet's assumption that the Chinese Communists are prigs and may argue that what appears to Westerners to be puritanism is actually part of a necessary reform. In China women were always second-class citizens or prostitutes (in cities controlled by Europeans); now they seem to be equal members of their society. Pornography of the kind Robbe-Grillet defends could have jeopardized this fundamental change in Chinese attitudes.

Nonetheless, the strong line Robbe-Grillet has taken against puritanism must be read with respect. Paradoxically, it would have commanded at least the respect of the man who is generally considered the greatest Puritan poet in English, John Milton, who in his famous essay "Areopagitica" opposed censorship of any sort. He astutely and wittily observed "that a wise man like a good refiner can gather gold out of the drossiest volume, and that a fool will be a fool with the best book, yea or without book. . . ." □

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A FORESIGHT SAGA IN CINCINNATI

Where Music Is Alive and (Almost) Well

BY IRVING KOLODIN

Among American cities, Cincinnati may not be the oldest or youngest, biggest or smallest, but it is one of the proudest and most communally minded. Both outgoing and reserved (in some circles persons who have lived in Cincinnati for thirty years are still regarded as "newcomers"), it responded to musical involvements long before "vibrations" became a synonym for a potent life force.

To the people of Cincinnati, the annual choral festival now in progress is advertised as the Ninety-ninth of May, a way of saying that 1973 will bring the hundredth anniversary of its founding. In a city where, it is said, celluloid collars may still be purchased and the retail sale of pretzel salt argues that there are still those who twist their own, it is hardly surprising that the traditional Summer Opera is also moving toward the century mark.

This year, for the first time, both are occupying the same quarters. That doesn't mean the May Festival is giving up its famous old Music Hall on Elm Street. It does mean that the opera is giving up its wooden pavilion in the zoo to move into a reconstructed, refitted, and air-conditioned Music Hall. Just as it upgrades Summer Opera's production capacity, the move gives promise of a new year-round opera activity in Middle America. It will also bring peace at last to the peacocks whose nocturnal cries from a nearby cage gave back to the Zoo's opera singers as good as they got, sometimes better.

Music Hall is also the traditional home of the Cincinnati Symphony, now under the vitalizing whip of its new music director, Thomas Schippers. So the building's rebirth has a threefold meaning for Cincinnatians. But Music Hall is only the most conspicuous cultural symbol of a regeneration that has permeated the city. Taken together, recent changes—sociological and economic, recreational and educational—characterize Cincinnati as a community confident in its future rather than a prisoner of its past.

There are those who objected to the inclusion of Bernstein's *Mass* in the Ninety-ninth of May on the premise that it uses the Roman Catholic liturgy for secular, not to say profane, purposes. On the other hand, there are those who wished to clear the huge block on which Music Hall stands and start afresh with something else. The forces of sentiment were on the side of reconstruction, but what prevailed was more financial than emotional. When it was pointed out that the building seating 3,634 could be modernized for ten times its original cost but that a new one would run to nearly fifty times as much, opposition subsided. Besides, nobody dared to guarantee that the famous resonance of the plaster-walled, wood-floored Music Hall could be reproduced in a new auditorium, no matter how much was spent.

As of 1950, Alvin F. Harlow could publish an engagingly colorful dissertation on the city's history and call it *The Serene Cincinnatians*. These, presumably, were the remaining fraction who could look back to Cincinnati as the home of *McGuffey's Reader*, to its fame as "Porkopolis" when it packed more meat products than any other American city, to its celebrity as the birthplace of William Howard Taft, Theda Bara, and Adolf Ochs. Their presumption was that the tides of history on which Cincinnati rose to the rank of sixth-largest city on the continent in 1840 would continue to keep "The Queen City" afloat. The Fifties and Sixties changed all that. Anyone writing such a book today would, at the least, have to call it "The Sensitized Cincinnatians."

The early Sixties saw the resolution of a controversy over the future of one of Cincinnati's most prized educational assets. This was the College-Conservatory of Music, a merger of two institutions created more than a century ago.

For decades the conservatory, founded in 1867 by Clara Baur of Stuttgart, Germany, was renowned as the most estimable musical institution south of Mason and Dixon's line. Ohio being in most respects a firmly "northern" state, Cincinnati's association with the South may startle some. But it is readily explainable. Dr. Jack Watson, now dean of the College-Conserva-

(Top) Tyler Davidson's famous fountain, framed by the new DuBois Tower. (Right) The restored Music Hall lobby, with statue of Theodore Thomas, founder of the May Music Festival, cast in bronze by Clement Barnhorn.

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tory and an alumnus of the school, can speak personally to the point.

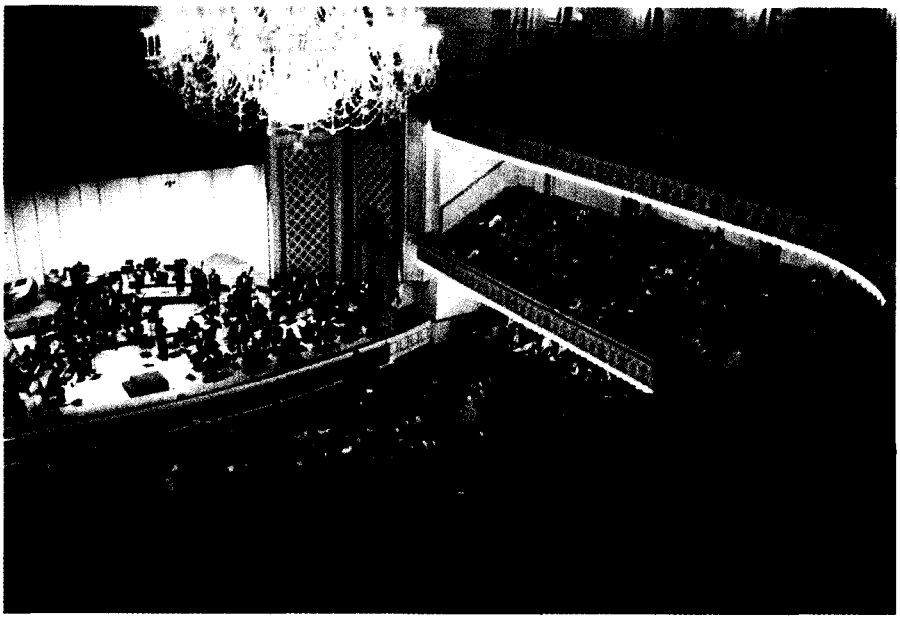
"Of course, New York was the ultimate objective when I was growing up," he recalls, "but it was a long way off for a boy born in Dillon, South Carolina. Cincinnati had that particular appeal because it was almost in the South, right across the Ohio River from Kentucky, and also because it had the Cincinnati Symphony conducted by Fritz Reiner, the May Festival, of which the great Frederick Stock of Chicago was the director, and the Summer Opera. In fact, the Summer Opera emanated from the conservatory, where we would think nothing of putting on d'Albert's *Tiefland*, in which I sang as a student."

Among those who were drawn to Cincinnati to gather strength before they stormed "the ultimate objective" were such persons of present note as "Johnny" Alexander of Meridian, Mississippi, now one of the Metropolitan's leading tenors, and his colleague Clifford Harvuot. James Levine, at twenty-eight the youngest principal conductor in Met history, is a native Cincinnatian who did not enroll in the conservatory but profited, as a piano prodigy, by working with members of its faculty. Al Hirt, son of a New Orleans policeman, acquired his "legitimate" trumpet technique at the conservatory; Suzanne Farrell, of Balanchine and Béjart fame, practiced at the *barre* there; Julian Patrick, a valued member of the New York City and other opera companies, went through its curriculum as did Ward Swingle, creator of the Swingle Singers.

Forming up for future attention are huge-voiced Annie Walker, a black soprano now in Düsseldorf; tenor Arthur Herndon of the Kassel State Opera; sopranos Donna Woodward in Darmstadt and Linda Cook in Krefeld.

By the mid-Fifties the college had come in with the conservatory to share its better housing. But plainly even that housing, an old mansion that had served well and long, would have to be replaced. Worried trustees of both schools pondered the question: Was it worth going on, or should college and conservatory be terminated?

Help arrived with an offer of shelter at the University of Cincinnati. The College-Conservatory would have a plot on Gym Road, not far from the baseball field on which Sandy Koufax struck out thirty-four batters in his first two college games and brought scouts on the double from every major league club. On it would be erected a modern building with teaching studios, practice rooms, and rehearsal halls. Part of the money to build all this came from the sale of the valuable property formerly occupied by the school. College-Conservatory trustees, glad to be free of ongoing obligations, participated in fund raising with the university and their friends.



Plans for the new building were ambitious. Students would get training in TV techniques, Cincinnati Symphony musicians would continue training future specialists on their instruments, and the old curriculum would be expanded to include aspiring young conductors also under C. S. auspices.

As these intentions encountered practical necessities, cutbacks and concessions threatened one needed element, then another. A floor would have to be lopped off the building, a cherished auditorium dispensed with, other schemes abandoned. That the building on Gym Road now stands not only as planned but with several additional facilities can be attributed to the involvement of one man.

In much the same way that the Tafts (Vermont), the Longworths (New Jer-

Recent changes show that Cincinnati is confident in its future, not a prisoner of its past.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON NEWLANDS

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sey), Harriet Beecher Stowe (Massachusetts), and Stephen Foster (Pennsylvania) have become part of the Cincinnati tradition, J. Ralph Corbett was born someplace else. A native of Long Island, New York, trained as a lawyer, Corbett digressed to radio, in which he found opportunity to develop latent talents for promotion and marketing. These brought him to the attention of the late Powell Crosley, operator of the powerful WLW transmitter heard in places far distant from Cincinnati. Corbett agreed to become a consultant for Crosley; he has lived in Cincinnati for most of the last forty years. One of his program ideas brought him into communication with a man who had invented an electrically operated door chime.

Corbett took a look at it and thought it could be merchandised as a melodious replacement for the irritating buzzer, if the price were right. Redesign and more economical engineering brought the sale price down from $59.50 to $4.95.

Under the trade name of NuTone, the door chime (of the "Avon Calling" type) became the basis for a home appliance business in which Patricia Corbett participated as consultant, stylist, and partner in general. As the Corbetts prospered, their musical involvements expanded. Together they sponsored causes, became involved as board members in Cincinnati's musical institutions (Corbett was chairman of the board of the symphony in the mid-Sixties), created grants to enable young singers to pursue abroad the operatic career to which Mrs. Corbett aspired but which she never achieved.

"In those days," says the benefactor (known as "Mr. Ding-Dong" to some in Cincinnati musical circles), "what I could give came out of my salary, or from dividends, not very much, fifty or sixty thousand dollars a year." However modest—by the measure of millions—these were sums that argued a commitment and qualified him for inclusion among the long-term, generous givers to the support of the arts in Cincinnati.

A turning point both for the Corbetts and for the contemporary musical life of Cincinnati came in 1967 when he sold his interest in a firm employing 2,000 people for $30-million in stock. "I put half of it into the foundation," he confides, "the rest into trust funds."

(Top, left) The new Patricia Corbett Pavilion on the campus of the University of Cincinnati. (Bottom, left) Preconcert view of the reconstructed, refitted, and air-conditioned auditorium of Music Hall. (Below) The Corbetts in the Clara Baur Room of "Ralph's Place."

Mr. Ding-Dong quickly made possible a College-Conservatory building on the University of Cincinnati campus worthy of comparison with the nation's best. As the result of contributions totaling almost $9-million, the Corbetts may be the only philanthropists on the American scene with "His" and "Her" pavilions. To the original Corbett Center for the Performing Arts ("Ralph's Place"), with its hall seating 800 for concerts and large operatic productions, has recently been added the new Patricia Corbett Pavilion. "Patty's Place" was opened last month with the first performance in America of Pier Francesco Cavalli's baroque opera *Callisto*. The intimate amphitheater designed by Ming Cho Lee seats 400 in perfect proximity to the thrust stage and can also be used for chamber music or recitals on the fine two-manual Casavant organ. Surrounding it are studios and rehearsal halls in which the upsurging Cincinnati Ballet can benefit from the presence on campus of a very special "Professor"—Dame Alicia Markova, the artist-in-residence.

The Corbetts' involvement with the College-Conservatory satisfied their mental commitment to education, but the rehabilitation of Music Hall fed even deeper ties to opera and the symphony. Like Reuben Springer, a native of Kentucky who prospered in Cincinnati and gave a substantial share of the money to make the original building a marvel of its time, Corbett saw a new incarnation of this vast installation as central to the aliveness of Cincinnati's musical corpus.

"Vast" applies not merely to the spacious, cheerfully decorated auditorum, whose design radiates sound with remarkable clarity. The surrounding broad foyers have lent themselves to conversion into comfortable dressing rooms with amenities long denied the orchestra's personnel. Music Hall also contains a ballroom (still in use) and flanking exposition areas. One of the latter (last used for wrestling matches) has been converted into a magnificent rehearsal hall equal in floor space to the auditorium's great stage. Another will soon be made over into office space for the Symphony, Opera, and Music Festival personnel now scattered around the city.

Reconstruction became possible when the city administration agreed to contribute $2-million if the balance were provided by private donors. Corbett made an initial gift of $1-million, the Cincinnati Symphony raised $800,000, and the Music Hall Association $300,000. As of spring 1972, the Corbett investment in the reconstruction of Music Hall had passed $3-million. A dressing room here, a green room there, each bearing a plaque identifying a loyal Cincinnati cultural underwriter, are testimonials to the widening circle of support generated by Corbett's initiative.

Few American cities could afford to argue civic improvement in terms of the ancient formulation of Agora, Forum, and Acropolis. But Cincinnati can, with the beautifully reconceived Fountain Square as the Agora, or market place, of that trinity; the Music Hall as the Acropolis, or cultural center; and the Riverfront Stadium for the baseball Reds and football Bengals as its Forum, or gathering place.

Some may wince at the adaptation to present realities of these ancient concepts. But the redesign of Fountain Square and the construction of the imposing new high-rise DuBois Tower have caused everything around that ancient watering place for horses to be improved or rebuilt. The city fathers resisted pressures from some sources

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A member of the orchestra leaves no doubt that she, as well as all musical Cincinnati, loves Thomas Schippers.

to build the new stadium on cheap land outside city limits. Instead, they seized the opportunity to clear the waterfront of wharves and warehouses for a stadium site. This decision stimulated business downtown for night and weekend, as well as day, games. Emerging, too, are new park areas on the ground flanking the stadium. The Music Hall is contemplated as a focal point for a "town center" of small dwelling units to provide housing for musicians who work nearby, also studios for artists and craftsmen.

It would be fallacious to suggest that Cincinnati's reconstruction is anything more than well begun. Mayor Tom Luken says: "Sure, we've done some things, but we still have all the problems, racial, sociological, educational, residential, that every other big city has to contend with."

And if it is demonstrable that music is alive in Cincinnati, it would be a distortion to suggest that it is more than almost well. The saga of foresight that has made over Music Hall into a property to serve well into the twenty-first century commands admiration, but it remains a property improvement. What has been done, collectively, to regenerate those who provide the human spirit to animate its spacious halls?

A recent orchestral strike was terminated, after five weeks' layoff, as much to accommodate Schippers's return for a late season's sequence of concerts as to register satisfaction with the outcome. In 1970 the Cincinnati Symphony joined a choice group of others (Boston Symphony, New York Philharmonic, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Cleveland) in recognizing the justice of its musicians' demand for fifty-two weeks of employment. To fund such a year-round payroll, management has had to improvise tours in the nearby tristate (Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky) area, invent such devices as mini-festival programs for summer engagements utilizing the ballet, and promote in-school concerts. Some of these involve bus travel and other drudgery that the musicians claim is physically exhausting and spiritually depleting. And it is only very recently that a move has been made in the direction of a respectable pension plan.

Symphony president Thomas Klinedinst, a true Cincinnatian who comes from York, Pennsylvania, appreciates assistance from the National Endowment for the Arts, the United Arts Fund of Cincinnati, and its parent group, the Cincinnati Institute for the Arts. But he still thinks the burden is too heavy on the private patron. "The city gives us twenty-five thousand dollars a year, which is woefully inadequate. The stadium runs a deficit of more than a million a year, and Cincinnati's convention hall costs almost as much. I don't say we didn't need a stadium, and the convention hall is certainly an asset. But the council swallows a camel and gags at a gnat. The gnat is us."

Cincinnati has dropped from sixth to twenty-ninth among American cities. The taxpaying population numbers less than 500,000, with the remainder of Greater Cincinnati's 1,400,000 residents out there in separate small communities with tax rolls of their own.

What is the answer to the dilemma? Four or five more J. Ralph Corbetts, determined as he is to give away the rest of his foundation's holdings of $16-million within five years, would be helpful. But Cincinnati can count itself fortunate in having *one*. The new facilities Corbett and others have brought into being should stimulate Cincinnati and surrounding Hamilton County to greater effort.

What to do? Well, how about a toll on the bridge from Kentucky over which traffic streams into and through Cincinnati? Long ago the city built a railroad—the Southern—which to this day produces $1,350,000 a year that goes into highway bonds. The same kind of ingenuity applied to current problems in the arts could add a new chapter to Cincinnati's foresight saga. □

SCHIPPERS!

A conductor comes home to the heartland.

Recently a group of young people lined the sidewalks of downtown Cincinnati handing out blue-lettered tracts and preaching about Jesus. The action itself was not extraordinary, but the costuming was: They were wearing "Schippers!" sweat shirts.

When Thomas Schippers came to conduct the Cincinnati Symphony two years ago, musicians everywhere felt that the city had pulled off something of a miracle. But former orchestra manager Lloyd Haldeman tells everyone that it was easy. "We flew to Milan, put a contract in front of him, and said, 'Sign or die.' " It is a mythic story, but it indicates that, like it or not, Thomas Schippers, at the age of forty-two, is Cincinnati's musical Zorro.

The private Schippers likes this image not at all. Sitting in his Manhattan apartment—a Mediterranean room in blue and white with a barful of cut glass and an array of eighteenth-century antiques and paintings collected on his many trips abroad—he recently said he had tired of the Hollywood aura surrounding his career. "I really thought they'd get over that and start taking me seriously someday. That's why I get out so little. I'm always accused of being a Dorian Gray."

He began talking at a breathless pace about his life. "I was born in Kalamazoo, Michigan. I don't know how I could've done all the things I did as a child. I started touring when I was six and missed weeks of school every year. I practiced the church organ late at night and often so exhausted myself that I slept in the chancel. At school the teachers liked me, but the kids didn't particularly since they thought of me as a mama's boy. To combat that, I joined the baseball team and the basketball team. It was all calculated on my part, but it worked like a charm. Soon they didn't care how many weeks I was away from school as long as I got back for the sports season.

"Then at fifteen I went to the Curtis Institute. While I was there, I developed a special theory about the years of ten to fourteen—that it's the most difficult time for one's talent to survive. I saw so many people who just could not make that pubescent bridge. I remember one of my teachers brought back a young boy with him from Italy—we all became very jealous because the teacher stopped paying much attention to us. Anyway, this

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Schippers brings the Cincinnati Orchestra to a fortissimo in a recent rehearsal of a Schumann Symphony.

boy was ripping off motets and very complicated canonical things that we had to work at very hard. Then, one year later the boy couldn't even write the C-major scale. He was completely finished. I don't think people realize how often this happens."

Schippers sprinted through the four-year course at Curtis in two years. At sixteen he became a part-time vocal coach for Metropolitan Opera singers. At nineteen he was conducting Menotti's first opera, *The Consul,* on Broadway. At twenty-one he became a conductor for the New York City Opera, and four years later he made his conducting debut at the Metropolitan.

"Actually, I was asked first when I was twenty-three," he said. "I went for my interview with Bing—it was *Mister* Bing then—and I complained about not having enough rehearsal time. I asked Bing, if Mitropoulos had so many rehearsals, why shouldn't I? He said, 'Excuse me for saying so, Mr. Schippers, but you are *not* Mr. Mitropoulos,' and that was the end of it. Then I don't know what happened, but a year later he wrote and offered me *Don Pasquale.* He put me in a corner like a schoolboy and said, 'Since you're so interested in casting and so suspicious of the Metropolitan, please write down who you want,' and I did. While I was writing down my list, he wrote down the names of the singers the Met wanted to give me, and fortunately the two lists were exactly the same."

The telephone rang, and the conductor leaped up and ran into the next room. After a few minutes he returned, all smiles. "I'm very excited. I have just accepted a chair at the College-Conservatory in Cincinnati. I won't be able to give it much time; they know that. But I want to do it because I think that teaching in music schools is at an all-time low. Anyone who comes out of a music school and is extraordinary is doubly so having survived it. For instance, I get up at five-thirty in the morning. I have since I was twenty. We're all built differently, and I don't need much sleep. But I get more done from six a.m. to ten a.m. than most people do during an entire eight-hour work day.

"Nobody realizes how hard you have to study to be a conductor. They really think you're standing up there and throwing your arms around, showing off. If I put it all together, I'm sure I've worked for about three months solid on *Meistersinger* alone, just learning and relearning it. That's a lot of time. I really wish the audience knew their music better."

Schippers worries about the general population as well. "So much is falling apart in this country—the discipline, Americanism. Americans don't seem to believe in America anymore, and since no one else in the world does, either, it's a very dangerous state of affairs. If there were something I could do to hold the pieces together, I would. If they were to ask me, which they won't, I would join the CIA. I would do anything I could to help."

Schippers is known for his eclectic tastes and his eagerness to perform seldom-heard works. His next season will feature such pieces as Jacques Ibert's songs from *Don Quichotte,* Gardner Read's *Toccata Giocosa* (a new work), Paganini's Violin Concerto No. 4 (recently discovered), and Act I of Rossini's opera *Le Comte Ory* in a concert version.

"My audience loves it," he says. "Their sophistication and charm amaze me at times. We sold out fourteen subscription concerts last season, which means a lot in our huge theater. You know, there's so much of the South in Cincinnati that the audience is very different from audiences in cities like Detroit, Pittsburgh, and Cleveland, where the symphony is dying. They know their music so well it's scary. They are a wonderfully acute and exciting audience, and that makes it quite pleasant to work there."

Jim Gaines

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FOR A VOLUPTUOUS TOMORROW

BY ALAIN ROBBE-GRILLET/TRANSLATED BY RICHARD HOWARD

Stark naked, a lovely girl is kneeling on the ground, bent over a cubical cage to which she is tightly lashed by chains encircling her arms and the upper part of her body from waist to shoulders; her hands are wrenched behind her back, the wrists bound together; her thighs are kept wide apart by four rings set in the floor and confining her knees and ankles. In the top of this iron cage, made of heavy bars interwoven in a coarse grid, are two round openings side by side, their diameter just large enough to allow the captive's beautiful breasts to fit into them, the firm, curving forms projecting downward, the pearly skin already stained by drops of blood seeping from a number of tiny wounds.

Inside the cage, as it happens, there are rats—three large, gray rats of the fiercest kind, standing up on their hind legs in order to reach this appetizing flesh exposed to their depredations; one of the creatures has just managed to seize the left breast and is now nibbling at the aureole of darker skin around the nipple.

The young woman must be screaming, for her mouth is wide open and tears are streaming from her wide, innocent eyes. But her pretty covergirl's face is not in the least distorted by the agony she is enduring: Quite the contrary, she displays that mildly ecstatic expression of Christian martyrs as religious imagery represents them at the climax of their torments.

Moreover, the scene is arranged to emphasize both the girl's agony and the charming features of her face between the very decorative strands of her skillfully disordered hair. Behind her stands a man in black boots, his leather fly unbuttoned; he is standing right next to the low platform that supports the iron cage and the kneeling captive; judging from his position—pressed against the girl's buttocks—and the black-gloved hands with which he is clutching her fleshy hips, he must be taking his pleasure even as she is being molested by the rats.

The man who for some time has been holding the booklet embellished with this crudely drawn picture must also be doing so for his own pleasure. Doubtless he desires not only to gain instant pleasure from the scene represented on the cover but also to buy the promising work, which, according to the caption, contains twelve more illustrations in which episodes of the same kind may be discovered: the same blonde slave, her face invariably ecstatic, beaten in various ways on curious devices that impose the most elaborate contortions upon her inexhaustible body, then burned at certain points by a cigarette and a candle, offered to huge phallic snakes, gripped by instruments invented in some frenzied Middle Ages, her mouth monopolized by the master who at the same time makes his police dog devour her sex, and ultimately nailed upside down on a St. Andrew's Cross, bleeding to death before the eyes of her finally satiated executioner after a long series of further tortures—undisclosed for the moment because of the cellophane wrapper that makes it impossible to leaf through the little work. . . .

Naturally, this particular use of rats is of some interest to me as well. It belongs to an old literary tradition extending from the Marquis de Sade to Georges Bataille, and it occupies a prominent place among the New York fantasies of my latest novel.

But this is the first time that I have found it in one of those pornographic book shops on 42nd Street, to which I have always been attracted—like most European writers passing through the city, moreover—each time I make a stay in New York. From this point of view, not much has changed since my last visit five or six years ago. The establishments in question are merely more numerous and larger, the customers more numerous, too, their activities less furtive, less guilt-ridden as they stand around the various sections where the specialties offered to their concupiscence are more specific, where full-color photographs display the male and female sexual organs in slightly more varied situations. . . . Yet not so varied, after all, for creative invention seems all too often to be lacking within each category of specialization. The scene with the rats attests to an imagination that is unfortunately still exceptional, just as the figuration of the human substance that serves as model (the face particularly leaves much to be desired) still corresponds all too seldom to the aspirations of a sensitive soul. There is no time to lose: These professions must be improved.

Once again in any case, I am faced with the eternal problems that in France as in the United States disturb our moralists, our police, our priests, and our other censors: Who (aside from European novelists) frequent these shops? For what reasons? Are such starving creatures to be given that particular nourishment they seem to need so badly, or are they not? What consequences will this have for the future of our society? etc. . . .

I am not, in principle, against censorship as such, for I am not at all attached to principles for their own sake. Here, moreover, is where we find the drama of our moralists of the Left. They are opposed to censorship *in principle*; but since they, too, have principles—i.e., moral values inherited from the past—they soon find themselves opposed to the pornographers and on the side of the censors.

It remains practically impossible in our liberal France to champion pornography in a leftist publication—particularly a Communist one, of course. Perhaps matters will change, for this paradoxical position is in fact an untenable one. But the middle-class value that possesses the most tenacious vitality is certainly virtue. And it would be no surprise if the first concrete agreement to be signed by President Nixon and Chairman Mao were a protocol of united opposition to vice.

I hate virtue, not on principle, but because I have encountered it too

DRAWING BY ETIENNE DELESSERT

Alain Robbe-Grillet is probably best known to Americans for his screenplay *Last Year at Marienbad.* His sixth novel, *Project for a Revolution in New York,* will be published soon by Grove Press. He is now teaching at New York University.

Richard Howard is a Pulitzer Prize-winning poet, a literary critic, and the translator of a great many works from the French, including Mr. Robbe-Grillet's forthcoming novel.

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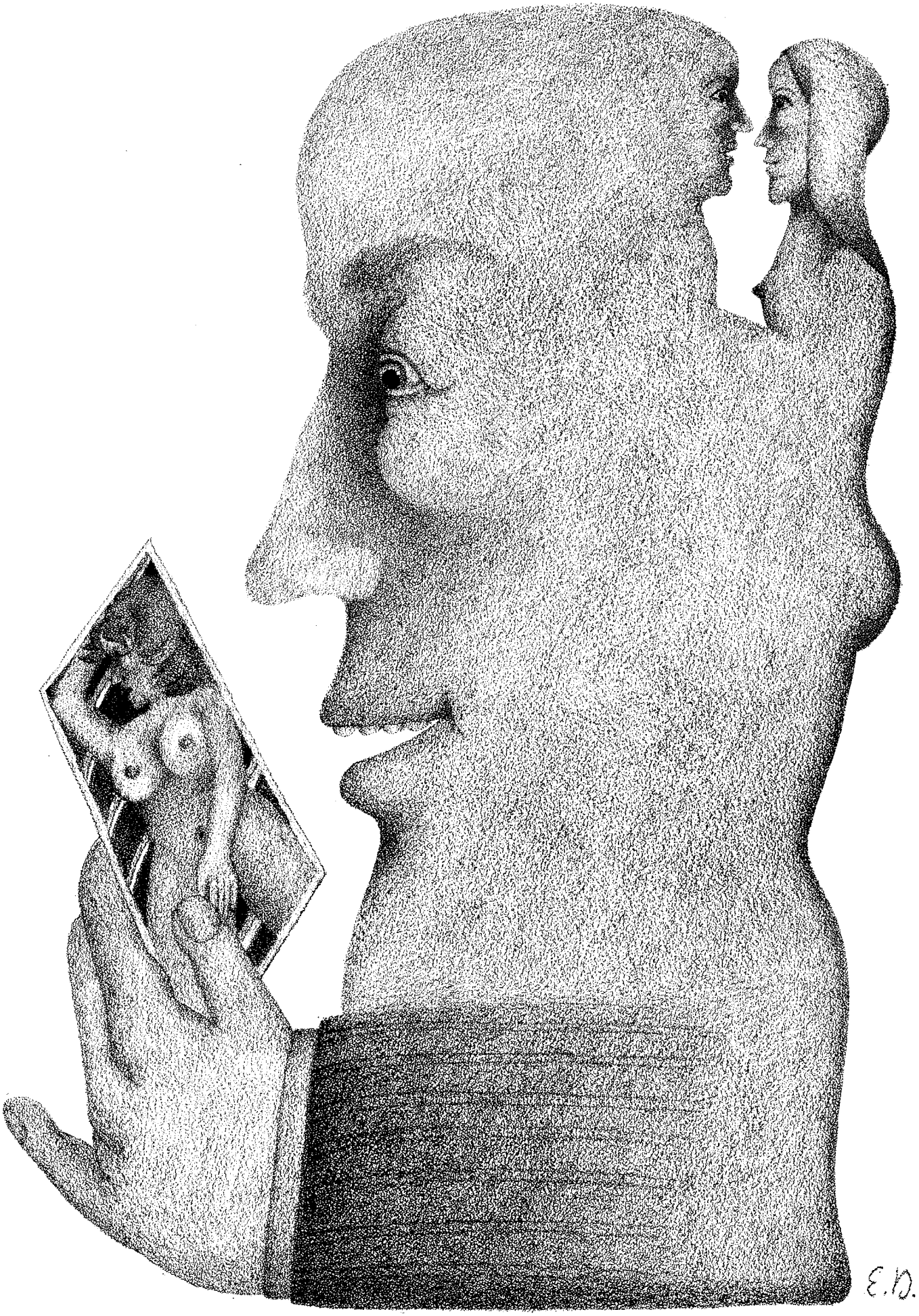

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often, and because I know, historically, what it leads to. Let us never forget that Hitler and Stalin were pre-eminently virtuous men, and that they made virtue (socialist, bourgeois, or Aryan—ultimately, what is the difference?) the armature of their entire political structure and the justification of their massacres. For, of course, virtue means repression. If you believe in virtue, you must make certain virtue is respected!

Therefore, let us not judge according to morality, but with pragmatism and a little good faith. What harm does it do—to anyone—if the customer with sadistic tastes whom I have just mentioned lingers over such images? None to me, in any case (you may even have noticed with what adjectival complacency I described the young woman with the rats). None to you, no doubt. At worst, it could merely force you to consider your own tendencies, an obligation that is never without its value. None, in fact, to the man himself. On the contrary, this activity affords him pleasure; you may be sure of that! This pleasure, unlike the effect of alcohol or drugs, alters neither his blood nor his brain; and if he sometimes experiences a certain shame because of it, if he may still have the impression that he is degrading himself, that is on account of the champions of virtue, and on their account alone.

But I know very well what the next objection will be: This pleasure you are describing is not harmless for its future victims. Lured still further into his "perversion" by the attraction he feels to this kind of scene, yielding to the encouragement he is thus afforded, this poor wretch will now decide to stage similar scenes, not by drawing pictures of rats, snakes, or dogs in his turn, but by enlisting, for example, in an army that is waging—protected from any indiscreet scrutiny—some remote colonial war where he can doubtless find splendid opportunities to materialize his dreams. . . .

The troubled conscience of a nation may indeed shrink before such a possibility. But let us be reassured on this point. For—alas, thrice alas for our moralists!—every serious study undertaken in this realm (apropos of erotic images and their criminal realizations) has proved precisely the contrary: Circumstantial torturers—police, soldiers, religious inquisitors—are never the habitués of such establishments. Indeed it is the others, those who are unaware of their secret passions and have occasion to find themselves in an exceptional situation, who suddenly discover, like Macbeth, "Strange things in head, that will to hand,/Which must be acted ere they may be scanned."

Who would seriously claim—after all the experiments on sexual criminality conducted throughout the Western world—that our fascinated reader will soon start searching for *real* rats and *real* breasts in order to expose the latter to the former? The moralist, moreover, does not destroy the passions he judges to be unhealthy (indeed, how would he manage that?) but merely imprisons them behind a wall of silence, a blindfold over the eyes: a system even more pernicious than that of judiciary condemnation, for it has been shown to lead to underground proliferation and uncontrollable outbursts. What the habitué of our book shop does, on the contrary, is to bring out into the light of day images that are already, in any case, inside his mind, in order to examine them at leisure, to unmask them, to challenge them, and to learn to live on good terms with them—that is, to dominate them. Instead of repressing his impulses in a dim unconscious that will someday oblige him to commit some quite material atrocity, he gradually learns to name them and to take pleasure in them. In a word, he achieves a catharsis of his own violence.

No, the book shops on 42nd Street are not an academy of sadistic murder and "unnatural" fornication. Rather, such places are a kind of great national theater of our passions, more or less excessive, more or less specialized, but indeed the passions of this society. And it is in such places, provided we are eighteen or over, that we can at last contemplate quite openly our hidden faces, thereby transforming into freedom, play, and pleasure what was merely alienation and risked becoming crime or madness.

But what virtue does not tolerate, in reality, is not the presumable danger (in which no one really believes) of seeing a few simple souls perverted; what virtue does not tolerate is, precisely, pleasure. For centuries generations and generations of puritanical bourgeois and puritanical socialists have waged war, side by side, against the flesh, against the body, against pleasure, and all the more intensely if pleasure has been intellectualized. Indeed, quite recently in the United States the conclusions reached by the President's commission had to be hushed up, for they did not take the direction desired by the Establishment morality.

Unable, in the long run, to keep their ramparts unbreached, the puritans have finally countenanced, however reluctantly, what they call "honest pleasure"—i.e., the kind that remains within the grid of normality. Now, if we love freedom, it is not in order to subject it to norms. We know only too well that the notion of the normal and of the abnormal merely represents an attempt to qualify as natural the code of values promulgated by the Establishment culture.

And if we dream of a different society, it is surely not the one in which a meddlesome bureaucracy will jealously safeguard the purity of our mores and the clarity of our consciences. If we are prepared to fight for some kind of socialism, it is not for the kind we are promised, which will finally enthrone virtue by suppressing, among so many other things, pornography; but rather for the kind that dares to claim the right to pleasure for all, the right to a voluptuous tomorrow.

But walking a little farther on in the same book shop, in the section devoted to "normal" pleasures, I bump into someone I know by sight, a man whose very desirable young wife has already presented him with two fine children. This fellow is absorbed in the contemplation of a full-color photograph of an erect male member directed toward the orifice of a female organ, parted to reveal its depths, its irregularities, the gleaming reflections of its secretions moistening the membranes, with here and there more viscous outpourings that are perhaps no more than a touch of raw egg white, the entire subject shown in a close-up about a foot square. Which brings up further questions: What is an image? How does it function? What role does the image play in our civilization? Why does this man, who is free to perform an action every day, under the most favorable circumstances, *also* need to contemplate its representation? What complementary pleasure does he take in doing so? And how will this pleasure influence that other one, the one he will enjoy tonight in the arms of his wife?

Here, in short, is the whole problem of the imagination, which, as its name suggests, constantly creates images and indeed requires them in order to sustain itself. No bull, however deprived, will let its gaze be attracted by the photograph of a cow's rump. Man is fully human only if everything passes through his head, even (and especially) sex. We recall the famous remark of the mathematician Henri Poincaré: An adult needs pornography as a child needs fairy tales.

More generally, we might say that man at every age is a consumer and a producer of myths, whether they be images or narratives. As for our fellow spectator, so deliberately observing this life-sized reproduction of the exposed vulva, we understand now that this man is the most fully developed man of all, the one who has explored possibilities to their ultimate consequences: an intellectual. . . .

We are invariably mistaken if we fail to consider, with open eyes, the society we live in as well as what we ourselves have in our heads. □

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JAZZ REPORT

BY STANLEY DANCE

Gary Burton and Stephane Grappelli: *Paris Encounter.* Burton, vibraharp; Grappelli, violin; Steve Swallow, electric bass; Bill Goodwin, drums. Atlantic stereo, SD-1597, $5.98.

It was an excellent idea to couple the suave sound of Grappelli's violin with the percussive accent of Burton's vibraharp. Grappelli has seldom had so inventive an improviser to work with since the death of the great Django Reinhardt. The latter is fittingly remembered in the opening selection, a moving interpretation of his "Daphne." Reinhardt's rhythmic vitality would, of course, have transformed the performance of "Coquette" heard here, but the role of Steve Swallow's bass is to be noted throughout for its sensitivity and authority. Early French and English recordings featuring both Grappelli and Reinhardt have, incidentally, been recently reissued on GNP Crescendo 9001 and 9002.

Buddy Rich: *A Different Drummer.* Rich, drums, with fourteen-piece band. RCA stereo, LSP-4593; 8-track, P8S-1819; cassette, PK-1819. *Rich in London.* Rich, drums, with fourteen-piece band. RCA stereo, LSP-4666, $5.98; 8-track, P8S-1895, $6.95; cassette, PK-1895, $6.95.

Admiration for Rich, both as man and drummer, has helped this young and enthusiastic band considerably. It sells excitement tirelessly, and the shouting brass undoubtedly gets a standing ovation at every appearance. Besides the leader's dynamic contribution, there are capable solos from Jeff Stout and Lin Biviano (trumpets), Jimmy Mosher (alto saxophone), and Pat LaBarbera (soprano and tenor saxophones). Now that the band is established in the hearts of a devoted following, it might profitably pay more attention to color and shading. Phil Wilson's arrangement of "Chelsea Bridge" suggests an awareness of this. Healthy though it is, the relentless drive becomes monotonous at times. The recording lacks body, especially in the second album taped "live" in London.

Various Artists: *The Gospel Sound.* Blind Willie Johnson, Arizona Dranes, Rev. J. M. Gates, The Golden Gate Jubilee Quartet, Mitchell's Christian Singers, the Angelic Gospel Singers, The Dixie Hummingbirds, Mahalia Jackson, The Staple Singers, Marion Williams, The Abyssinian Baptist Gospel Choir, Dorothy Love Coates. Columbia mono, G-31086, $5.98 (two discs).

As a companion to Tony Heilbut's fine book of the same title, this is a very rewarding collection. It does not present *all* the subjects he discussed, because all the relevant artists did not record for Columbia. But it does provide the listener with a panoramic view of the gospel scene from the Reverend Gates and Blind Willie Johnson in the Twenties to the Staple Singers and Marion Williams in the Sixties. Of incidental interest is the evidence that jazz drew heavily from gospel material, as it did from the blues.

Mary Lou Williams: *From the Heart.* Mary Lou Williams, piano. Chiaroscuro stereo, CR-103. **Don Ewell:** *A Jazz Portrait of the Artist.* Ewell, piano. Chiaroscuro stereo, CR-106, $4.98.

Since the happy day when Mary Lou Williams returned to playing publicly, a record such as this has been her audience's due. In it she re-examines some of her early compositions, such as "Night Life" and "Cloudy." The results are richly rewarding—as with Earl Hines's similar retrospect in *Quintessential Record Session* on the same label (CR-107). The years have taken nothing away. On the contrary, Williams has listened to and incorporated what she found of value in subsequent jazz developments, while remaining at all times true to her innovative self. The moods she creates generally have more depth and sobriety than those of her big-band years, but they have the same underlying rhythmic authority. Ewell, another veteran, turns in a varied, sparkling program that is primarily devoted to evoking memories of the late Joe Sullivan.

Charles Williams: *Charles Williams.* Williams, alto saxophone; David "Bubba" Brooks, tenor saxophone; Don Pullen, organ; Earl Dunbar, Jr., guitar; Gordon Edwards, bass; Bill Curtis, drums. Mainstream stereo, MRL-312. *Trees and Grass and Things.* Previous personnel: Cornell Dupree replaces Dunbar, guitar; Jimmy Lewis replaces Edwards, drums; Montego Joe, conga, added. Mainstream stereo, MRL-345, $4.98.

Unlike many newly introduced musicians who have much to say about their "roots," Williams and Brooks are saxophonists who clearly know about jazz before Ornette Coleman, and even before Charlie Parker. This probably accounts for the unexpected inclusion of such standards as "There Is No Greater Love" and "Exactly Like You" in their program. Williams often suggests Willie Smith and Benny Carter in his tone and phrasing, although he also has a tendency to wail thinly in the Hank Crawford manner. Similarly, Brooks expresses appreciation of tenor saxophonists with a more mellow tone than has been fashionable in the last two decades. Pullen, who plays piano as well as organ on the second record, is a consistently positive element throughout, and Cornell Dupree takes several brilliant guitar solos. Curtis and Montego Joe together are too busy on the second set, but in sum it is stronger than the first.

Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins: *Classic Tenors.* Young, tenor saxophone; with Bill Coleman, trumpet; Dicky Wells, trombone; Ellis Larkins, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Al Hall, bass; Joe Jones, drums. Hawkins, tenor saxophone; with Bill Coleman, trumpet; Andy Fitzgerald, clarinet; Eddie Heywood or Ellis Larkins, piano; Al Casey, guitar; Oscar Pettiford, bass; Shelly Manne, drums. Flying Dutchman mono, FD-10146, $5.95.

Bob Thiele, president of Flying Dutchman and a longtime producer of jazz records, recently announced that he was phasing out the word "jazz" from use on his label, because of the "negative response" it generates in the "industry." The response apart, it is now often hard to decide what is jazz and what is not. *Electronic Sonata for Souls Loved by Nature* (FD-10124) and *Sunshine Man* (FD-10145) on the same label are presumably examples of what Thiele would prefer to be designated as "contemporary music." Be that as it may, *Classic Tenors* unquestionably consists of nothing but jazz, most of it high quality. Several of the performances are indeed classics, with Hawkins in superb form. □

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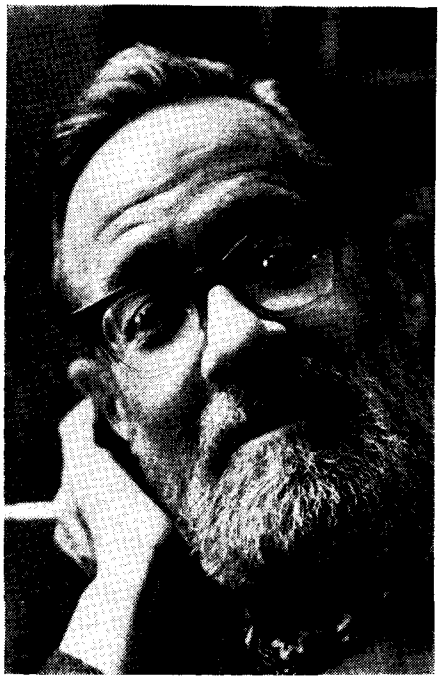

John Berryman began to publish poems in literary quarterlies in the early Forties; then he all but disappeared until 1956 when the publication of "Homage to Mistress Bradstreet" demonstrated that Berryman's long silence had not been a default but an incubation. Always a moody and a passionate man, Berryman seemed to have rejected his first poems as unworthy and to have gone into some personal desert until he had found a new voice.

The dramatic immediacy, suppleness, and multiplicity of Anne Bradstreet's inner monologue gave Berryman the elements he was to expand and embellish in achieving the voice of his Henry poems, a long series of sonnets and sonnetlike poems in which elusive Henry (sometimes Mr. Bones) plays, snarls, despairs, goes mad, but always manages somehow to be man in the agony of perception. They are difficult poems and always worth the difficulty.

On January 7 John Berryman jumped to his death from a bridge over the Mississippi River. In a sense, it was Henry who mounted the rail and waved and jumped out of time, a final jauntiness in despair, an act of style. Style is the man. Perhaps that is what Henry finally had to say. Berryman has slammed the door on whatever else the man was, but Henry remains, and readers of poetry will not fail, as Meredith puts it, to wave back no longer to the poet but to the difficult, glad, passionate, perverse, but loving and necessary book.

John Ciardi

IN LOVING MEMORY OF THE LATE AUTHOR OF THE DREAM SONGS

Friends making off ahead of time
on their own, I call that willful, John,
but that's not judgment, only argument
such as we've had before.
I watch a shaky man climb
a cast-iron railing in my head, on
a Mississippi bluff, though I had meant
to dissuade him. I call out, and he doesn't hear.

"Fantastic! Fantastic! Thank thee, dear Lord,"
is what you said we were to write on your stone,
but you go down without so much as a note.
Did you wave jauntily, like the German ace
in a silent film, to a passer-by, as the paper said?
We have to understand how you got
from here to there, a hundred feet straight down.
Though you had told us and told us,
and how it would be underground
and how it would be for us left here,
who could have plotted that swift chute
from the late height of your prizes?
For all your indignation, your voice
was half howl only, half of it was caress.
Adorable was a word you threw around,
fastidious John of the gross disguises,
and *despair* was another: "this work of almost despair."

Morale is what I think about all the time
now, what hopeful men and women can say and do.
But having to speak for you, I can't
lie. "Let his giant faults appear, as sent
together with his virtues down," the song says.
It says suicide is a crime
and that wives and children deserve better than this.
None of us deserved, of course, you.

Do we wave back now, or what do we do?
You were never reluctant to instruct.
I do what's in character, I look for things
to praise on the river banks and I praise them.
We are all relicts of some great joy, wearing black,
but this book is full of marvelous songs.
Don't let us contract your dread recidivism
and start falling from our own iron railings.
Wave from the fat book again, make us wave back.

William Meredith

William Meredith, author of *The Open Sea*, *The Wreck of the Thresher*, and *Earth Walk*, is a chancellor of the Academy of American Poets. He teaches at the University of Connecticut.

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RECORDINGS IN REVIEW

BY IRVING KOLODIN

Concertos by Frank Martin

Martin: Concerto No. 2. Paul Badura-Skoda, piano. Concerto. Wolfgang Schneiderhan, violin. The composer conducting the Symphony Orchestra of Radio Luxembourg. Candide stereo, CE 31055, $3.98.

The primary purpose of this comment was to direct attention to a first recording of Piano Concerto No. 2, whose American introductory performance (in Cincinnati) was described in *SR*, May 6. But reacquaintance with its older (1951) brother for violin takes precedence. On any quality basis this is an even better reason for recommending the coupling.

The Swiss-born Martin (pronounced màhr-tän, says *Baker's Biographical Dictionary*) may be described as a composer, well known rather than greatly loved, whose works are heard at regular, rather lengthy intervals. Perhaps the one most frequently performed is the *Petite Symphonie concertante*. This is a creation for harp, harpsichord, piano, and two string orchestras, a conception hardly likely to win a place on the Top Forty. In any case, it has not served as an icebreaker on behalf of his longer, more difficult literature in other forms.

Such a necessary function may now be served by this recording. It establishes the Violin Concerto as a work of singular melodic surge and rhythmic vitality, a more thoughtful counterpart to the lightly fanciful Second Piano Concerto. Were it a novel, the Violin Concerto might be described as an autobiographical work. It takes a backward look at the music that had been created in the first half of this century, when Martin was maturing (he was born in 1890), with threads of Debussy and Ravel, among others, woven into its textures. Schneiderhan's affection for the Martin Concerto was established years ago when he recorded it with Ansermet (London LD 9213). There is no less mastery and even more passionate commitment in this version conducted by the composer.

Those acquainted with the history of the Second Concerto will expect only the best from Badura-Skoda. It was

Frank Martin—"a work of singular melodic surge and rhythmic vitality."

written for him and draws upon the intellectual as well as physical resources for which he has become celebrated. In other words, under the glitter of arpeggios, octaves, and filigree that make up the work's surface, there is content of no little sophistication. The quality of recording serves the special needs of each work well.

Into "Laborintus II" with Luciano Berio

Berio: *Laborintus II*. The composer conducting the Ensemble Musique Vivante; with Christiane Legrand, soprano; Janette Baucomont, soprano; Claudine Meunier, contralto; and Edoardo Sanguineti, speaker. RCA stereo, LSC 3267, $5.98.

Doubtless this issue is directed, in part at least, to the audience that has come to know Luciano Berio through his *Sinfonia* for large orchestra and the voices of the Swingle Singers. A major work of the Sixties, it has brought an awareness of Berio's involvement with phonetics and musical structures to a larger public than anything else he has written. I regret to say that *Sinfonia* is not even mentioned in the annotation by Jacques Meunier.

But this is only the first of RCA's delinquencies. Not only has it denied essential information to the purchaser eager to further his acquaintance with Berio. It has turned him loose with no line of text to guide him through the maze of words by Edoardo Sanguineti that Berio has woven into his tonal discourse. Probably there were the well-known "copyright difficulties" that arise when permission to reprint contemporary verse is sought. There was a time when RCA considered itself *obliged* to overcome difficulties, not to surrender to them. In place of text, RCA offers some generalities, in Meunier's commentary, on the relationship of *Laborintus II* to Berio's earlier works. They are hardly more helpful than a map lacking a legend to tell us whether an inch equals one mile or fifty. Berio deserves better.

Heard purely as aural phenomena, *Laborintus II* is recognizably a product of the same mind that produced *Sinfonia*. Instruments erupt, voices exclaim, registers rise and fall, a speaker exhorts. Doubtless there are the "references to (not quotations from) Monteverdi, Stravinsky, and others" to which Meunier refers in his annotation. Repeated listenings have left me without a clue as to where they may be found. When Theseus made his famous foray into the labyrinth of Crete, he at least had a thread provided by Ariadne to guide him. RCA could at least have provided us with such a thread.

A Marvelously Mellifluous "Stabat Mater" by Rossini

Rossini: *Stabat Mater*. Luciano Pavarotti, tenor; Hans Sotin, bass; Pilar Lorengar, soprano; and Yvonne Minton, mezzo-soprano; with the London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus conducted by István Kertész. London stereo, OS 26250, $5.98.

Can one singer cause a reappraisal of an entire repertory, affect a reconsideration of even a great composer's reputation? When the singer possesses Luciano Pavarotti's exceptionally fluent, flexible, and exhilarating tenor sound, anything is possible, including a revival of *William Tell* in the great opera houses here and abroad.

As a quick glance at the list of performers will confirm, Pavarotti is the

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Bream (right) and Williams—"they share the same ideals as musicians and as artists."

only Italian participant in this version of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. But what an "only"! Immediate acclaim may gravitate to his brilliant proclamation of "Cujus animam," of a stimulation to rank with the great versions of Bjoerling, Gigli, and, of course, Caruso. But Pavarotti exercises a profounder effect on the shaping of the whole with his singing of the lead line in the opening quartet "Stabat mater dolorosa" and, in the later ensemble "Sancta mater, istud agas." Any colleague who did not respond to so elemental an Italian sound as Pavarotti's, and try to match it, would be a clod. And "clod" is hardly the term for Sotin, Lorengar, or Minton, each of whom makes an Italianate contribution to the most marvelously mellifluous Rossini in years.

In keeping the sound light, the temperature high, and the mood warm, István Kertész proclaims a capacity for Italian opera that could make him welcome at the Met, Covent Garden, or any of the great opera houses of the world (Spoleto and Prokofiev's *Angel of Fire* established his credentials in Italy as long ago as 1958). Some may gag at the association of a *Stabat Mater*, even Rossini's, with Italian opera. There are few greater dramatic subjects in history than Christ's Passion and the heart-piercing involvements that flowed from it. Rossini's response to Mary's phase of it may have engaged some sectarian objections in the nineteenth century, but it retains an immediacy and impact not to be found in the more "proper" pronouncements of the period on the same subject. Everything about the *Stabat Mater* is a tribute to London's engineers and their high craftsmanship.

Two Guitarists Named Julian and John

Lawes: Suite*. **Carulli:** Duo in G**. **Sor:** *L'Encouragement*. **Albéniz:** Nocturne (*Córdoba****). **Granados:** "Intermezzo" (*Goyescas****). **Falla:** "Spanish Dance No. 1" (*La Vida Breve****). **Ravel:** *Pavan for a Dead Princess**. Julian Bream and John Williams, guitars. (*Edited or transcribed by Bream; **edited by Walter Götze; ***arranged by Pujol.) RCA stereo, LSC 3257, $5.98.

Bream and Williams were Julian and John to each other before they were much of anything to anyone else. Both emerged from obscurity in London during the Fifties, as participants in the first postwar surge of interest in the classical guitar. Additionally, each owes his first prominence to the astute scouting of James Grayson for the Westminster label, which also introduced Paul Badura-Skoda, Jörg Demus, and Daniel Barenboim to fame.

To say that they complement each other perfectly is to say that they share the same ideals as musicians and as artists, as well as an almost identical sense of sonority. According to the liner comment, Bream is heard from the right channel, Williams from the left. Perhaps a guitar connoisseur could identify one from the other without such guidance; I hear a total unity of impulse and sound.

I also hear a wide disparity of quality in the music that is performed. The literature written for the solo guitar is limited enough: With the exception of Sor's *L'Encouragement* and the Carulli Duo, everything performed by the two instruments has been borrowed from some other source. Sor's lengthy (14' 15") *L'Encouragement* is pure delight, proceeding from a theme and variations to a waltz that might have been written by Carl Maria von Weber, whose career was contemporaneous with his own. The works of Carulli and Lawes (a lutenist of the seventeenth century) are more restricted in general interest.

Whatever the mode of expression in the seven selections, Bream and Williams dealt directly with its essence. The Lawes Suite had the wan charm appropriate to it, the Carulli Duo proper scholastic discipline, the Sor variations all the elegance for which his creations are celebrated. As for the opportunities provided by the engaging works of Albéniz, Granados, Falla, and Ravel, Bream and Williams left nothing undone artistically in performances of unique spirit and vitality.

Subject and Object in Liszt's Fantasies

Liszt: *Réminiscenses de Don Juan* (Mozart). *Tscherkessenmarsch* (Glinka). *Réminiscenses de Norma* (Bellini). *Grand Concert Fantasy on Sonnambula* (Bellini). Richard and John Contiguglia, pianists. Connoisseur Society stereo, CS 2039, $5.98.

Is there any remote reason for listening to such parlor pastimes of the nineteenth century as these "Réminiscenses" and "Grand Fantasy" now that all the operas (including *Russlan and Ludmila*, the source of the Glinka March) may be heard from records? To contend there is not would be to confuse subject and object. The subject may be Mozart's *Don Giovanni* or Bellini's *Norma*, but the object in every case is the extraordinary mentality of Franz Liszt, a man who in many ways personified the nineteenth century.

From 1821 when, as a child prodigy, he was kissed by Beethoven after a recital in Vienna until 1886 when he expired in Bayreuth at the age of seventy-five, Liszt did more to promote the music that interested him than any other man of his time. Much of it was his own, of course, but there were few important musicians of his time who did not benefit from Liszt's enthusiasm and sponsorship.

Certainly, there could have been few European musicians to whom Glinka was even a name when this version of the highly original and still-fascinating March from Act IV was published in 1843, only a year after the work's premiere. The Mozart and Bellini fantasies served the multifaceted Liszt in a different, virtuoso way; but there is at

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least a possibility that those who heard *Don Giovanni, Norma,* or *Sonnambula* first in this form might have been prompted to investigate the real thing.

The brothers Contiguglia have approached their undertaking in the enlightened spirit of serving Mozart, Bellini, Glinka, *and* Liszt equally well. They regard the ornaments, embellishments, and often overelaborate passage work as accessories to the main musical content. Now and then, as in the flowery arpeggiation of the all too commonplace March from *Norma,* they are hard pressed to keep a straight musical face, but they resist every temptation to excess or distortion.

Early and Late Mozart by Rudi Buchbinder

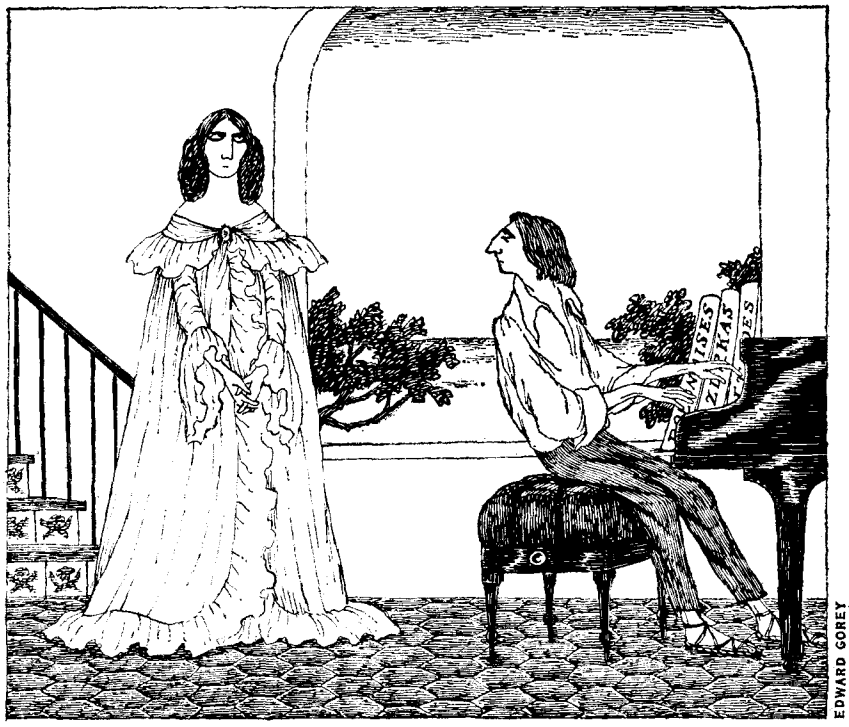
Mozart: Concertos Nos. 9 in E-flat (K. 271) and 27 in B-flat (K. 595). Rudolf Buchbinder, piano; with the Warsaw Chamber Orchestra led by Karol Teutsch. Telefunken stereo, SLT 43 125, $5.95.

Rudolf Buchbinder is a name better known in Texas than in any of the forty-nine other states. This is by reason, not of nativity, but of controversy. He went to Fort Worth in 1966 with nothing more than routine credentials for entry in the quadrennial Van Cliburn contest. He did so well that many thought he, not Radu Lupu, should have won first prize. Though Buchbinder finished fifth, he has been awarded First Prize on this Telefunken jacket at least.

If Buchbinder is responsible for the choice of the two concertos contained on this disc, he is to be complimented for perception as well as first-class performance. No. 9 in E-flat is commonly considered the first among the piano concertos of the "mature" Mozart (he had just turned twenty-one when he wrote it), and No. 27 in B-flat is the last of all. The wonder is, not how far Mozart progressed between Nos. 9 and 27, but that No. 9 has so Mozartean a character on its own.

It is a character that lends itself particularly to the soloist and his associates of the Warsaw Chamber Orchestra. Karol Teutsch is the group's nominal leader, but he is in fact the first violinist of the ensemble. Aside from indispensable cues, the sixteen strings play directly *with* the soloist rather than through the intermediation of a conductor. In No. 9 it all comes together in a frame for which Buchbinder's precisely inflected, carefully detailed tonal drawing is just right in size. In No. 27 the results are not of the same quality; this is a work for which a conductor is all but indispensable, if only for balance. □

INSTANT LIVES BY HOWARD MOSS



EDWARD GOREY

FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN

The Majorcan afternoon, streaked like a tomato tulip, enveloped the island in a beneficent blaze. Each stunted tree seemed to thrust itself up with a pert starchness, and the sea, glinting irremediably in the distance, added a touch of the mysterious to what was already a mystery. Would the "Prélude" ever come right? Chopin thought, his fingers idly straying across the keyboard. The piano was out of tune, as usual. The dampness of the island had turned the strings into veritable nerves—nerves sensitive to the slightest change in pressure, the merest alteration in the alchemy of water density. Suddenly, she was on the stairs, standing there looking down at him, the whole force of her figure concentrated in one galvanizing full-length portrait.

"Why don't you cough more, Frédéric," she said. "Then I could stay up the *whole* night." Slowly, she descended the stairs. He stared at her.

"*Again*? You're going to be like this *again*?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," she replied. "Dolcilita has prepared breakfast?" Her Spanish, he noted with envy, was improving, but it was still light-years away from the Castilian glitter.

"Am I supposed to run the house, *too*?" Frédéric asked and instantly regretted it. It could just possibly be true.

In truth, they were getting on each other's nerves. Little had George Sand reckoned what it would mean to be sequestered in a house on an island with someone who played the piano more than half the day. Its tinkle, as she referred to it, had become abhorrent to her. She was afraid that, finally, she would come to detest music, even really *serious* composers like Massé and Tagliafico. Besides, *François le Champi* was going badly. That was something she could never admit to him —she felt her powers were failing. Alas, what lack of communication exists even among the great! For her fear was, *au fond,* his fear as well. He could compose now only in A minor—he who had once been the sovereign of B-flat major, who had had every nuance of the scale so firmly under his finely pointed fingertips that it had been said of him, "Chopin breathes B-flat major." He was no ordinary Pole.

"Dolcilita!" George Sand shouted, but her voice was drowned out by a louder sound. Someone was insistently pounding on the door. They were united now in a common fear. Could it be her publisher? Or *his*? □

Howard Moss, poetry editor of *The New Yorker,* won this year's National Book Award for his *Selected Poems.* (He divided the prize for poetry with the late Frank O'Hara.)

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THE DOCUMENTARY GOES FULL-LENGTH

Bugs, kids, Bible salesmen, and the verve that once belonged only to "real" movies are reviving the oldest film form of all.

The Hellstrom Chronicle's termites swarm twenty feet high, rock anthems thunder from *Woodstock*, a Frenchman relives World War II in *The Sorrow and the Pity*, and movie audiences—who a few years ago would have emitted a huge yawn at the very mention of "documentary"—are now fascinated by the possible enormities of the future, the tribal customs of the present, the tragedies of the past. In its new full-length format, the documentary film has at last won a big following.

Until recently, documentaries were the stepchild of the movie industry. The old-fashioned documentary lasted only about thirty minutes, an unprogramable length for most moviehouses, which, understandably enough, prefer to avoid shorts and to squeeze in as many screenings of the feature—and as many customers—as possible.

The full-length documentary has changed all that. Many have amassed huge grosses in addition to landing on various "ten best" lists along with "real" movies. The range of subjects and stylistic approaches in recent examples is astonishing. Everyone from surfers to Bible salesmen, transvestites to Richard Milhous Nixon, has been processed by ingenious documentarists using a multitude of techniques.

The variety of recent documentaries simply reflects the heterogeneous history of the genre. Documentary has been around a long time; in fact, the first films were nonfiction. Louis Lumière, a pioneer French film-maker, shot *Workers Leaving the Factory* in 1894 and *The Arrival of a Train* in 1895—two-minute moving "snapshots" of unstaged events. The train film is said to have created panic among its first audiences. They forgot they were watching an illusion, just like the first Cinerama audiences who screamed at a filmed roller-coaster ride.

After fiction film came into prominence, documentary retreated into the background. It survived in newsreels, a form Charles Pathé invented in France around 1910. Newsreels were later pieced together to form "compilation" documentaries—film essays describing a certain period. One of the first of these was the *Fall of the Romanov Dynasty* (1927) by the Soviet film-maker Esther Schub. Newsreels are generally confined to TV these days, but the compilation film is very much alive. *In the Year of the Pig*, *To Die in Madrid*, and *The Sorrow and the Pity* are recent examples, though new footage was added to all of them.

The first successful full-length documentary was Robert Flaherty's *Nanook of the North*, an epic study of a man's struggle against an antagonistic environment. Flaherty became interested in the Eskimos of the Hudson Bay region when he was prospecting there shortly after World War I. He returned in 1920 with the express purpose of filming the Eskimo and his dogged search for food. *Nanook*, released in 1922, established Flaherty as a first-rate director and as the father of the full-length nonfiction genre in film. Flaherty went on to make a number of documentaries, including *Moana* (1926) and *Man of Aran* (1934), thereby establishing the "romantic" tradition—romantic because it showed the courage and nobility of man in exotic locales at rudimentary levels of civilization. Romantic films have fallen out of favor, except possibly for Bruce Brown's surfing lyric *The Endless Summer* and his *On Any Sunday*, a film-poem about motorcycle competition in America and Europe. The romantic approach is one way to deal with the problem of "heightening" film interest. Documentary doesn't have fiction's inherent resources of suspense and audience identification with a hero. Flaherty's exoticism and romantic heroism are good substitutes as long as there

Alfred Corn, a staff writer at Da Capo Press, has published interviews of such leading film-makers as François Truffaut, Bob Rafelson, and Bernardo Bertolucci.

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·AND GETS RICH

BY ALFRED CORN

still exists an unspoiled Eden to film.

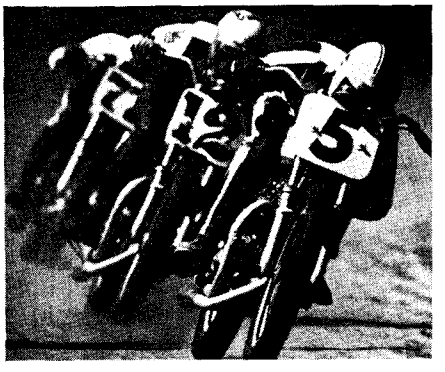
In the U.S.S.R., where film is a nationalized industry, documentary has enjoyed consistent sponsorship. Lenin's remark in 1922—"Film, of all the arts, is the most important to us"—served notice that films of fact were expected to fulfill an educational function: teaching the new ideology to the masses. Sergei Eisenstein, who belonged to the first wave of directors working in post-revolutionary Russia, made a "reconstructed" or staged documentary in 1925—*The Battleship Potemkin*. The film re-creates the events surrounding the 1905 mutiny on a battleship docked at Odessa, an important prelude to the 1917 Bolshevik Revolution. The film may be staged and fictionally "heightened," but it is a faithful attempt to present historical facts, and it was filmed on location. The most convincing sequence is a scene in which innocent citizens are shot as they run down the large outdoor Odessa stairway. The image of a lost baby carriage bumping down the stairs with its helpless cargo is one of film history's great moments. Paradoxically, the sequence is one that Eisenstein invented.

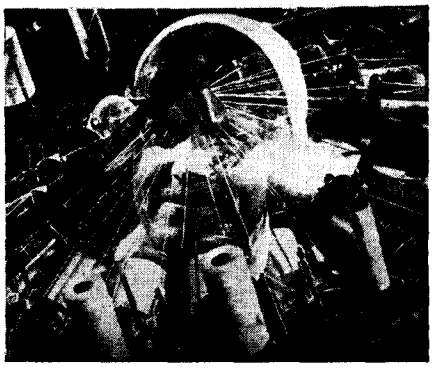
"Reconstructed" documentaries are out of fashion nowadays; more common at present is the fiction film that borrows documentary techniques. Gillo Pontecorvo's *Battle of Algiers* would be an exact contemporary counterpart of *Potemkin* except that Pontecorvo, unlike Eisenstein, invented wholly imaginary protagonists to symbolize the leaders of Algeria's long struggle for independence. Jean-Luc Godard, one of the "new wave" directors in France, began putting documentary touches into his fiction films almost from the first. His *My Life to Live* (1963) was a documentary-type story of the life of a French prostitute that incorporated statistical data and off-camera narration. *A Married Woman*, less a plot than a portrait, included long, semi-improvisatory "interviews" with its characters; Godard used this device again in *Masculine/Feminine* and *La Chinoise*.

Ingmar Bergman used the interview—differently, of course—in his recent *Passion of Anna*. Here the actors are questioned about their conception of the film and the characters they play, and the resulting footage is spliced into the fictional narrative. Haskell Wexler's *Medium Cool*, a love story, has actual shots of the 1968 Chicago convention demonstrations and police riots mixed in with the staged parts. *Joe* was fiction, even melodrama, but it attempted to produce a documentary feeling—a kind of case study of the working-class mind. John Cassavetes's films, all of them fiction, nonetheless reach for the illusion of extreme realism by incorporating the close-up, improvised patches of dialogue and action, and long takes. His best movie so far is *Faces*, a study of monied unhappiness in Los Angeles.

Dziga Vertov, a Russian contemporary of Eisenstein, squarely opposed the fictionalized reconstruction in documentary exemplified by Eisenstein's *Potemkin*. Vertov rejected exotic settings, scenarios, and actors in favor of candid-camera shots of the frenetic actuality of the modern city, with its crowds, machinery, and, above all, its *movement*. In composing his films, he used all the available extravagances of film dynamism—speed-up, slow motion, superimposition of images, divided screen, and abrupt cutting devoid of smooth transitions. His most characteristic film is *The Man with the Movie Camera* (1931), in which he records, in addition to his subjects, the very *process* of filming them. We see Vertov tracking an automobile, then we see the film being developed and cut, and finally the footage is projected. We are allowed to feel as though we have participated in the filming. The result is a film that destroys its own illusions. Godard has revived this "self-reflecting" technique; in *La Chinoise* he leaves in the identifying leaders for each take and shows the camera filming some of the scenes. The film, not really a documentary, nonetheless documents how a

Emotions run high in "The Sorrow and the Pity" (below, left), a documentary about World War II in France. Some other documentaries are (below, from the top): Bruce Brown's motorcycle saga, "On Any Sunday"; Robert Flaherty's 1922 Eskimo essay, "Nanook of the North"; and Dziga Vertov's "Man with the Movie Camera."





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Contemporary reality is bizarre and frightening. Documentarists need only capture the "truth" as it happens.

film is made—an interesting and, in some ways, provocative concept.

Probably because of the example of Soviet cinema, documentary has often been associated with leftist or revolutionary politics. In England John Grierson's documentary about herring fishermen, *Drifters* (1929), and Paul Rotha's *Shipyard* were notable among these. They were not "commercial" films, however, and would not have been made without subsidization. In this same period Joris Ivens made *The Spanish Earth*, a leftist documentary with narration written and spoken by Ernest Hemingway. It was filmed behind Loyalist (*i.e.*, socialist) lines during the Spanish Civil War and managed to capture the horror and even something of the anguished beauty of that time. Jean Vigo's *Apropos of Nice* (1931) is a scathing, brilliantly executed portrait of the wealthy bourgeoisie that visits this resort city, totally ignorant of, or indifferent to, the misery of the city's slum-dwellers.

Left-oriented documentaries account for a large percentage of those now being made. *To Die in Madrid* is a modern *Spanish Earth*. The list of Vietnam films is long—*Far from Vietnam* (a group film), Joe Strick's *Interviews with My Lai Veterans*, De Antonio's *In the Year of the Pig*, Raoul Coutard's *Hoa Binh*, and Winterfilm's *Winter-soldier* (Winterfilm is a collective of independent film-makers). In many ways the career and political evolution of Jean-Luc Godard has been emblematic of the development of a certain segment of contemporary film-makers and their audiences. He has stopped making fiction films altogether. His "Dziga Vertov Film Group" makes only documentaries, which he sees as the only revolutionary genre for film. His *Pravda* (1969) is a critical portrait of Czechoslovakian socialism, and *See You at Mao* (1970) examines social problems in England from a revolutionary perspective. "These films aren't intended for a bourgeois audience," Godard says. It is certainly true that they don't entertain. But they don't seem particularly well suited for working-class audiences either.

If Godard represents one outgrowth of Vertov's theories, *cinéma-vérité* ("movie-truth") is another. *Cinéma-vérité* attempts to capture as much unfiltered truth as possible; the film-makers want to avoid distorting their subjects in the process of filming them. The development of portable film and sound equipment places this candid-camera ideal well within the range of possibility. Richard Leacock says that when he was filming *Happy Mother's Day*, the family first "played" to the camera, then forgot about it, and became pretty much themselves. Albert Maysles (who collaborated with his brother David in making *Salesman* in 1969 and *Gimme Shelter* in 1971) has a specially built shoulder camera and unobtrusive sound equipment. Subjects never know when the camera is shooting, and, he says, people are so used to seeing cameras, they tend to ignore them anyway. Maysles is probably the most convinced contemporary practitioner of *cinéma-vérité*.

Andy Warhol's films can be described as a special case of *cinéma-vérité*. Since the early Sixties he has been documenting the bizarreries of the New York homosexual and transvestite subculture. His most monumental film is the *Chelsea Girls*, a staged survey of the inhabitants of the Chelsea, a bohemian New York hotel. The fictional element of the film is not what interests Warhol. Rather, he is after minute "truths"—little mannerisms and bits of fakery the "actors" reveal as they attempt to conceal themselves behind a smoke screen of words. He says, however, that the most interesting things happen just before and after each take, when "reality" is caught most off its guard. These films, with their merciless exposure of the tarnished silver plate of their stars, have created a new style in which failed glamour, sophistication carried to consciously absurd extremes, and various kinds of daffy posturing are cultivated by people who make pop art out of themselves.

So much of contemporary reality is either so bizarre or so frightening that documentarists can relax on the "heightening" problem. The rock films are cases in point. When *Monterey Pop* came out, the weird costumes and face paint, the "love-ethic" of the audience, and the antics of the performers (The Who's burning of an electric guitar,

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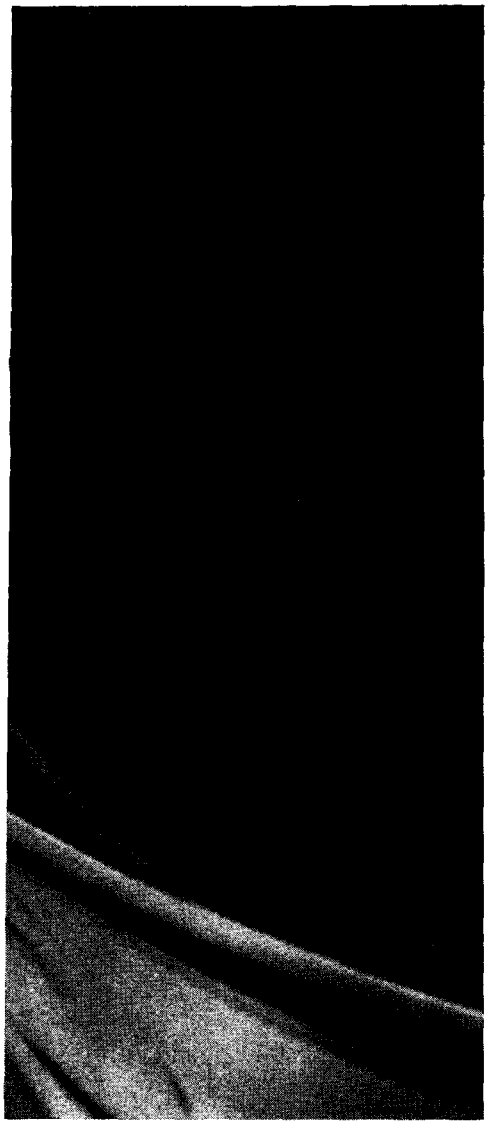

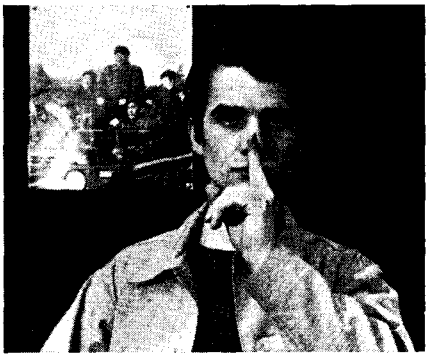

Mick Jagger (above, left) takes center stage in the rock documentary "Gimme Shelter." Above, from the top, Jean-Pierre Léaud plays a Parisian Maoist in Godard's "La Chinoise"; "The Spanish Earth" documents the Spanish Civil War; and a fictitious Dr. Hellstrom scrutinizes insects in "The Hellstrom Chronicle."

Janis Joplin's explosive performing style) were fun and interesting to watch. Similarly, the sheer scale of *Woodstock* was amazing. The filmed event was the largest assembly in human history, forming New York State's second largest if most short-lived city—a city that had no crimes or violence for an entire weekend. We had just digested *Woodstock* when the Maysles brothers gave us *Gimme Shelter*, a documentary of the Rolling Stones' 1970 U.S. tour. The Altamont festival seemed to invalidate all that Woodstock had apparently proved.

Gimme Shelter is an extremely *constructed* film (à la Vertov), with flash-forwards and self-reflection—we get to see the Stones' reaction to footage of themselves throughout the film. Jagger's comment on seeing himself at the New York press conference is "Rubbish!" The film's most exciting sequence is probably the New York concert. The legendary force of stardom is apparent in the sequences showing helpless fans climbing onstage, drawn like moths to a flame, acting despite the full knowledge that they will be thrown out for doing so, but unable to resist. And, then, the Altamont festival, with the offhand violence, the bum acid trips, Hell's Angels wearing fox headdresses and looking like Stone Age shamans, and, finally, the murder—the film seems to capture and epitomize everything wrong in the "new" culture. The Maysles film is the best rock documentary so far.

It may be that the rise of the documentary simply reflects some of the developments in other contemporary American arts. When they aren't swallowing the most preposterous fantasies, Americans tend to like hearing the "facts." Honesty and truthfulness are qualities we admire in people and in art. Two of our most famous novelists have abandoned fiction for a kind of heightened journalism—Truman Capote with *In Cold Blood* and Norman Mailer in *The Armies of the Night*. Recent American "confessional" poetry, launched by Allen Ginsberg and developed by W. D. Snodgrass, Robert Lowell, Anne Sexton, and Sylvia Plath, allows the writer to speak urgently out of his own experience. In music John Cage wants audiences to focus on random aural facts and hear them as music. Super-realist painting and sculpture strive for eye-deceiving verisimilitude. It is as though artists in all fields have decided that we need to be brought directly into contact with the unvarnished reality surrounding us. Film-makers may be reasoning along those same lines.

Finally, it is arguable that documentary is the "purest" or most authentic form of cinema. Many contemporary artists are concerned with what might be called essentialism—they want to emphasize what is unique to their own medium and throw out whatever doesn't belong to it. Essentialism in film-making can mean excluding all novelistic or theatrical devices—perhaps fiction itself. The late French critic André Bazin thought that the principal esthetic resource of film in general was its capacity to "lay bare the realities" and to give a sense of "having been there." He maintained that cinema can present reality more objectively than other media can. For Bazin, film was primarily a vehicle for truth, not simply a more efficient medium for fiction.

The current interest in "unvarnished" reality as a subject for art, then, is entirely appropriate for film, from the standpoint of authenticity and essentialism. The camera, with its close-ups, its zoom, telescopic, and microscopic lenses (as in *The Hellstrom Chronicle*), and its delicate recording equipment, can reveal more about our visual and auditory surroundings than is usually available to us. Film is intrinsically a truthteller. Moreover, one method of determining what is essential to an art is to examine the earliest practice of that art; for example, essentialists in theater stress ritual because theater was once part of religious ceremony.

Since the first films were documentaries of sorts, it isn't surprising that film-makers in quest of an authentic film tradition and esthetic have become increasingly interested in documentary. And the wide audience enthusiasm for these films, for whatever reasons, means that producers will be easier to find. It's a safe bet that we soon will be seeing even more documentaries than in the past. □

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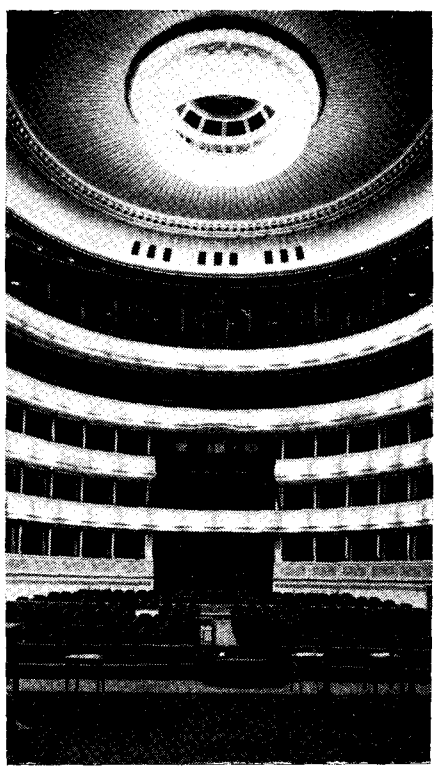
AUSTRIA: BIG SPENDER IN THE ARTS

A government that prizes culture sets a remarkable example for the United States



The Vienna State Opera House

An editorial in the April 22 issue of *SR* stated that the U.S. government spends considerably less on the arts than almost any other major nation in the Western world. Austria was cited, by contrast, as one of the most generous governments, a country that spends an average of two dollars per person on subsidies of the arts.

In point of fact, the arts in Austria are doing even better than that. Austria's annual expenditure on culture is closer to five dollars per capita. And that figure represents only the federal government's contribution. If one counts the additional funding provided by the various provincial governments and by such cultural centers as Vienna, Salzburg, Graz, Bregenz, and Innsbruck, Austria's grand total averages out to about ten dollars per person.

Vienna is particularly lavish in its arts subsidies. In 1970, for instance, the city spent $12.8-million on culture—an extraordinary figure for a population of only 1.7 million. In 1972 the Austrian capital will spend almost $3-million on music alone. As one of the world's great musical capitals, Vienna is zealously perpetuating its historic role as mother to melody. The city underwrites the Vienna Symphony and the Music Conservatory and partially subsidizes the Vienna Chamber Opera. And it gives prizes (up to $6,000 each) to young composers; their works are premiered at special open-air concerts that the city government arranges.

Equally outstanding is Vienna's support of the visual arts. In 1970 and 1971, for instance, the city commissioned 412 sculptures, 968 mosaics, and 61 fountains (among other assignments). Art galleries, too, receive support from the city of Vienna. The awards to privately owned galleries are allocated by a jury of art critics from Vienna's newspapers.

Young poets, playwrights, and novelists are awarded special prizes each year. Nor is the theater neglected. According to official city statistics, Vienna's large private theaters will receive grants amounting to more than $2-million in 1972, while the medium-sized and "off-Danube" stages will get close to $80,000. Finally, the city makes provisions for the motion picture industry and particularly provides financial assistance for short and experimental films. The Vienna Film Festival, called the Viennale, is run by the city administration and has been steadily gaining stature in the international film world.

Quite an impressive record. So impressive, in fact, that those Americans who are concerned about government funding of our own arts programs might well study Austria's in detail. Naturally there are differences between the two countries. Austria, as the minister of education and culture explained a few years ago to Howard Taubman of *The New York Times*, "inherited the cultural institutions of an empire, and when that empire disappeared and our territory shrank after World War I, we decided to maintain them. They give Austria a world image."

Indeed they do. But the United States is not altogether neglecting its own cultural "world image." The National Endowment for the Arts has been making excellent use of the limited funds at its disposal. Among many other exciting plans for the future, the endowment recently announced a long-range policy of assistance to the nation's museums, with a special and long-needed emphasis on conservation of works of art. In addition to money for conservation, the endowment will also provide funds for the maintenance and renovation of museum buildings and facilities. These new activities are an extension of one aspect of the endowment's first museum program, which was launched on a pilot basis in 1971. At that time graduate fellowships in conservation were awarded to two institutions, and the American Association of Museums was assisted in setting up a pilot conservation workshop.

More and more private citizens, corporations, and nonprofit arts organizations are becoming alert to the need for increased government funding. During the last decade the arts have been gaining recognition as an example of the kind of activities that must be publicly endorsed and supported. Perhaps the most comprehensive and provocative book to come along on the emergence of "arts power" has been written by Alvin H. Reiss, the editor of *Arts Management*. His book is titled *Culture & Company: A Critical Study of an Improbable Alliance*, and it will be released next month by Twayne Publishers. The "improbable alliance" of the title is, for the most part, the new relationship that has developed between business and the arts, but one full chapter and parts of others examine state, federal, and city funding of cultural activities. Not only does the book examine the past, but it also gives "the most detailed and comprehensive blueprint for the still-struggling movement's future," as Arnold Gingrich has written. Gingrich, the publisher of *Esquire*, is himself an eminent authority on arts funding.

Despite the advances the United States has made, however, it is far from being in the admirable position of Austria, where legislators vie with one another to give money away to the arts and where the public as a whole recognizes that a nation gets only the cultural life it is willing to pay for.

—The Arts Staff

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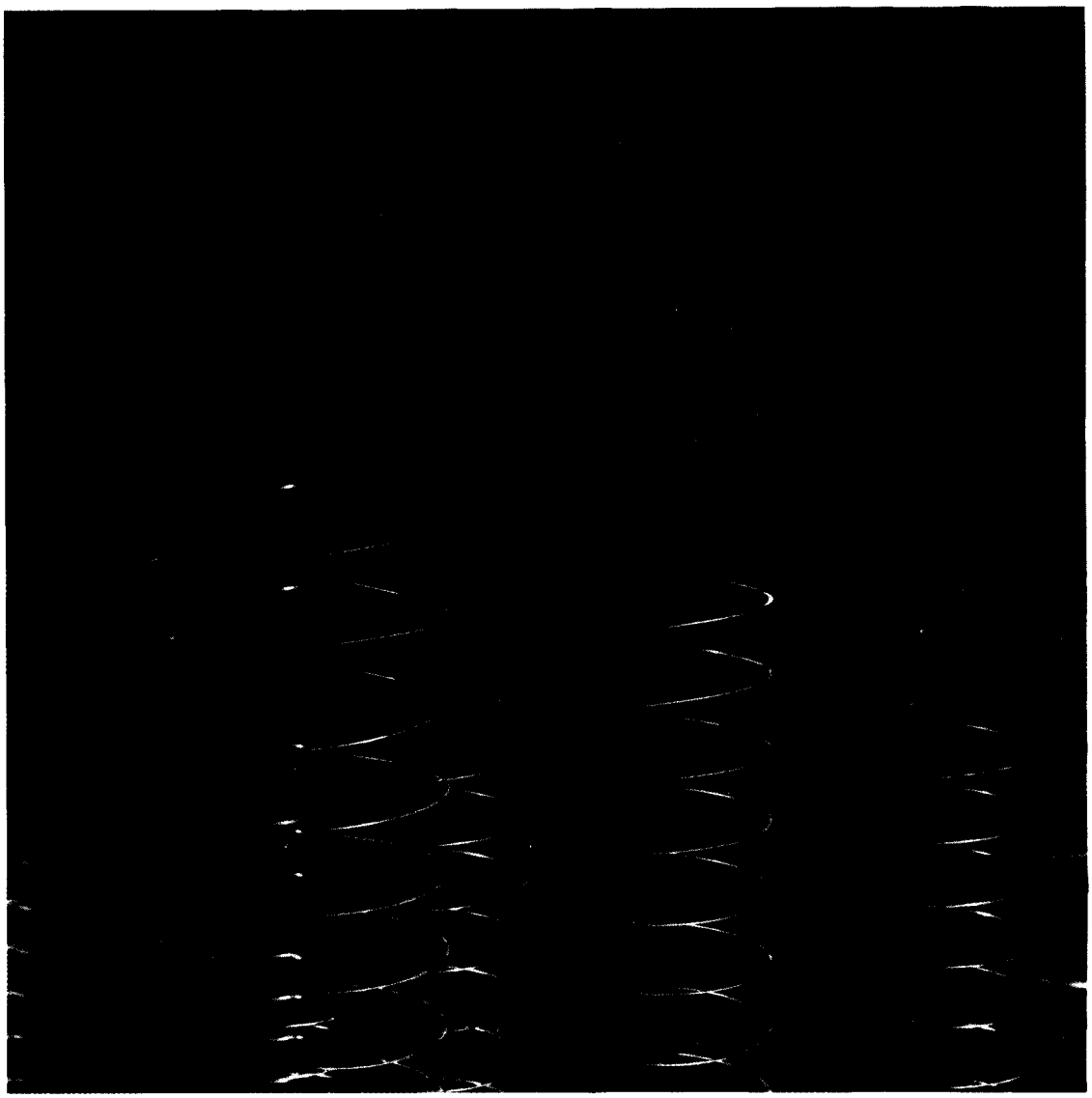
Something new: the hairy, woolly, slinky, knotty forms of

FIBER SCULPTURE



Claire Zeisler's "Red Slinky" (shown above in detail) has fifty-two metal coils, each thickly wrapped at the center with cotton fibers. They respond to touch with bouncy action.

BY MIMI SHORR

Fiber has long been a dramatic medium. Penelope held her 108 suitors at bay by weaving (and unraveling) a never-ending garment until Odysseus returned from his wanderings to save her from all their attentions. Haughty Arachne challenged the goddess Athena to a weaving contest, won it, and promptly hanged herself, so fearful was she of her rival's wrath; Athena graciously turned her into a spider.

Mimi Shorr is on the staff of the American Crafts Council and has written for *Craft Horizons* and *American Artist*.

Recently, textile art has produced only slightly less exciting results. Throughout the world increasing numbers of artists are creating dynamic new forms out of fiber—wool, silk, linen, rope, horsehair, synthetics, and a host of other exotic or everyday materials. They are employing a multitude of techniques—weaving, knotting, wrapping, twisting, plaiting, knitting, and crocheting. Their three-dimensional constructions are often considered a form of craft but are best described as "fiber sculptures."

These are not small, functional

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Colombian artist Olga de Amaral (above) stands before her wall-sized textile construction, a woven and plaited hanging. Neda Al-Hilali's sixteen-foot high wall hanging (opposite, shown in detail) is an elaborately knotted and complex arrangement of wool, sisal, rayon, and nylon fibers.

The most innovative textile constructions are not woven, but are made entirely without a loom.

woven objects but are often startlingly large works of art. Some are gossamer veils of hand-spun thread, others are bulky entanglements of ready-made rope. They may hang like tapestries against the wall; they are just as likely, however, to be suspended from the ceiling, or draped like hammocks from the walls, or flung out across the floor.

Thread and yarn are used generally to make flat planes of fabric. But the desire to create three-dimensional forms, to alter space, or to surround the viewer has been the greatest motivation behind the recent burst of activity in fiber art. Faced with the problem of how to give depth to what is flat, artists have found ingenious solutions by building up texture into mass, by juxtaposing one plane against another, and by constructing undulating, wall-sized surfaces that are themselves textured, layered, or shaped.

Whereas someone looking at a traditional tapestry thinks, not about thread, but about the pictorial content, anyone viewing these new works is always conscious of materials and methods. Most fiber art exploits the expressive potential of the fiber itself, playing up the hairiness of rope, emphasizing the sleekness of plastic yarns, or revealing unexpected qualities in wool.

The new fiber sculpture is frequently called (collectively and inaccurately) "weaving." But the label "weaving" refers specifically to the interlocking of horizontal and vertical threads on a loom, and much of the most innovative new work, particularly among Americans, is done entirely without a loom or by combining weaving with one or more other techniques such as knotting, plaiting, or wrapping.

During the past ten years, the fiber movement has become international. So many different cultures have contributed to the mix that today even an expert might have trouble identifying the source of a particular fiber work. Western Europeans, for example, have been able to build upon their strong tradition of virtuoso tapestry making, which may account for the control, complexity, and subtlety of contemporary work in such countries as France, Germany, the Netherlands, and Switzerland. Eastern Europeans are making use of the coarse yarns and unspun wool that their ancestors favored for centuries. Americans, by contrast, have not been able to build upon a true tapestry tradition, but they have turned this lack into an asset. Unhampered by preconceived notions, they have invented new approaches to fiber and freely borrowed ideas from every culture, including some American Indian techniques. An exciting cross section of European and American fiber constructions has been made more visible to Americans recently by New York dealer Ruth Kaufmann, whose gallery is devoted exclusively to this versatile medium.

Although no one knows exactly when and how the international fiber movement began, Lenore Tawney, a New Yorker, is generally regarded as the single most influential figure in its development. Originally trained as a sculptor, she had been weaving for about ten years when the works she called "woven forms" appeared in 1962. They were mysterious black or white pieces, about eight feet long, that were suspended from the ceiling. Although composed of thin, narrow strips, the overall works were shaped so that they encompassed space within a gently curved form. Producing a curved form on a loom was, and continues to be, a remarkable technical achievement. The poetic impact of Tawney's work was impressive. She left groups of

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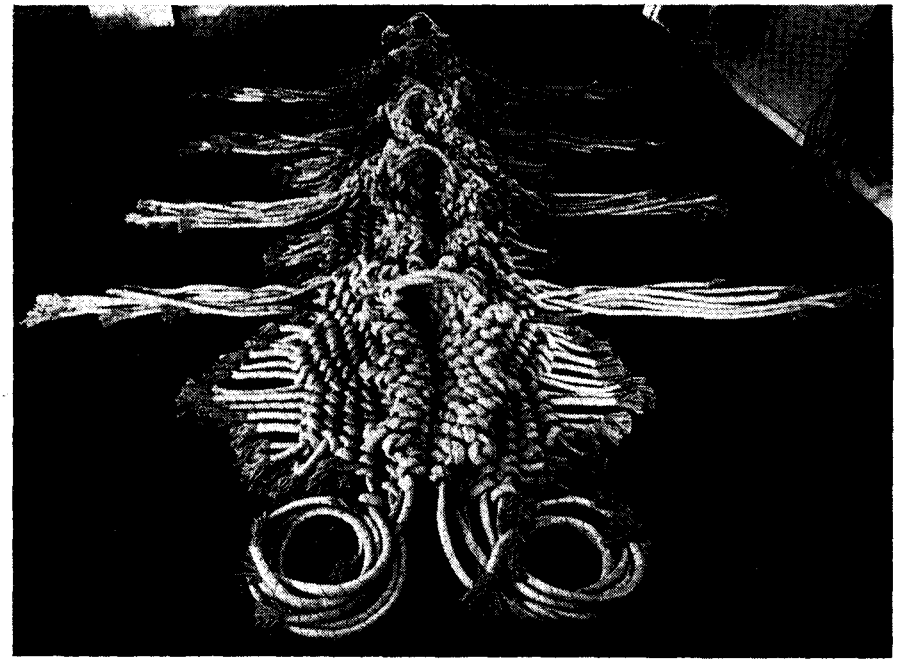
Much new work in fiber exerts an elemental, primitive, disquieting power on the viewer.

threads hanging free in places and sometimes attached small feathers or pre-Columbian beads to these end threads with delicate knots. Her recent work in fiber continues to impart a serene, almost religious feeling to the space it occupies.

Taking the term from Tawney, the Museum of Contemporary Crafts in New York organized, in 1963, a provocative exhibition called "Woven Forms" that traveled throughout Europe. This exhibition, which included Tawney's work and that of four other Americans, profoundly affected young European weavers and is still often cited by them. It featured Sheila Hicks and Claire Zeisler, both influenced by the fiber work of ancient cultures.

Sheila Hicks, who now lives in Paris, hangs her "Prayer Rugs" on a wall, each rectangular plane of deep pile bearing a profusion of tassels. The rugs are completely white except for the colorful yarn that binds the tassels. In other works she arranges separate elements in different ways, hanging and draping them in various combinations on hooks. An element can be as long as fifteen feet and is composed of slender strands of yarn in many colors, tightly wrapped at various points. Claire Zeisler, a Chicagoan, creates three-dimensional works that are so rigid they can support themselves. Recently, she has been wrapping yarn around wire coils, stretching each coil from floor to ceiling, and grouping them together so that the overall sculpture becomes a forest of "slinkies" where, despite the fact that the coils are stationary, the space between them seems alive with movement.

Although some of the new fiber constructions are small enough to be held in the hand, most of them are too big to be contained in an average room. The most monumental works of all have been done by Polish weaver Magdalena Abakanowicz. Her works are usually oval and are ventilated by large slits or holes around which the woven fabric billows. They are hung in such a way that their weight causes them to bend in and out. Abakanowicz uses sisal in tapestry-weave to create a coarse texture (sisal is a natural fiber used in rope). Although each panel is a complete work in itself, she may cluster several together or install one at an oblique angle to another. These intensely compelling environments were recently exhibited in a major one-woman show at the Pasadena Art Museum as part of the International Fiber Symposium cosponsored by the University of California at Los Angeles. Among the other artists represented were Jagoda Buic from Yugoslavia and Olga de Amaral from Colombia, both of whom also create wall-like works of imposing presence. Buic's pieces are perforated by "windows" or large open areas that let one see beyond the "wall." De Amaral's walls are rectangular and multilayered. In addition to weaving, she wraps, twists, and plaits, thus confronting the viewer with varied textures and surfaces ranging from horsehair to plastic strips.



Lenore Tawney (opposite) meditates amid her box sculptures and her woven and often feathered textile hangings. Françoise Grossen's twenty-foot-long "Inchworm" (above) is made of knotted lengths of cotton piping cord.

The new work in fiber exerts an elemental, primitive, disquieting influence on the viewer. Visitors to a recent exhibition of "Sculpture in Fiber" at the Museum of Contemporary Crafts remarked upon the unsettling, "creepy" quality of the works on view. One piece, Françoise Grossen's *Inchworm*, did appear to be literally creeping across the floor. Created through the repetition and building up of knots in a thick cotton rope, it represented a new direction for this young Swiss-born artist, whose large-scale knotted hangings are among the most lively works currently being done. Another large work came from Neda Al-Hilali, a Czech now living in California. Startlingly intricate despite its mammoth proportions, this piece hovered between the primitive and the baroque.

Despite a taste for the primitive among many of the artists working in new fiber forms, the results are not always totemlike. Some pieces are rather coolly intellectual, some serenely beautiful, and many quite playful. The work of Berkeley professor Ed Rossbach, for example, investigates the structure of such interweaving techniques as lace making and basketry. He ingeniously applies them to new materials, usually manufactured fibers such as rayon, synthetic raffia, polyethylene tubing, and newspaper. Other artists, notably Moik Schiele of Switzerland and Kay Sekimachi of California, use synthetic materials to create elegant geometrical configurations. The great beauty and simplicity of New Yorker Susan Weitzman's work is achieved through her use of hand-spun wool in vertical strands to form one or more planes. Humor and sophisticated whimsey characterize the work of several artists, among them Jean Stamsta of Wisconsin, whose brightly colored stuffed pillows stand on skinny legs.

Today's *avant-garde* artists consider any material fair game, so it is no surprise that some are using fiber. What is surprising is that the new breed of weavers is concerned with the same formal and technical problems that preoccupy many painters and sculptors. Fiber artists have already racked up impressive achievements, and they are deservedly attracting widespread recognition, even from people who formerly shunned anything having to do with "crafts." Fiber art, whether aggressive or whimsical, totemic or elegant, monumental or intimate, may well become a significant force in the international art scene of tomorrow. □

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Distal and Proximal Bite

The Lincoln Center Repertory Theater's revival of *The Crucible* demonstrates the monstrous injustice in the Massachusetts of 1692 when more than thirty people were executed for witchcraft. In 1953, when Arthur Miller wrote the play, we were seeing the persecution of many individuals whose past included association with other individuals who had some affiliation with the Communist party. Ironically, some former Communists who recanted were excused, but many who denied ever having been Communists were punished.

The parallel was obvious in 1953. But today, when our Chief of State is consorting with Mao and Brezhnev, the McCarthy experience is past history. True, we are fighting a war against the unification of Vietnam under a Communist regime, but it is possible now to speak out against this war with more impunity.

Therefore, *The Crucible* must succeed on its own intrinsic merits. In a rather slow first scene, we meet two of the chief characters. One, Reverend Hale, is a deeply religious man determined to be absolutely fair in his investigation of the devil's presence in Salem. The other, farmer John Proctor, is more concerned with making a hard living than he is with worshiping in a church where the minister preaches fear and buys gold candlesticks with the parishioners' money. He has also committed adultery with Abigail Williams, who wants to supplant his wife.

Now the play jumps into action and the drama begins. Proctor's wife is charged with witchcraft, and Proctor reacts angrily. Unfortunately, his honest anger is interpreted by Deputy Governor Danforth and the court as an indication that he is trying to subvert their authority, thus demonstrating a more omnipresent danger of establishment-dispensed justice. Which is more important, respect for the truth or respect for authority?

Whatever the situation may be today, *The Crucible* infuses both attitudes, as represented by Proctor and Danforth, with passion. And even Reverend Hale, who is caught in the middle, is passionate about his inability to make common sense prevail.

For this production designer Jo Mielziner has utilized more of the open stage area than has ever been used before and has put the focus on the actors by constructing modestly proportioned scenic elements. He has also beautifully set the mood for each scene by projecting sunlit silhouettes on the stage floor that seem to come through one of the window frames that hang above. And he has teamed ingeniously with director John Berry to cover the scene shifts with such successful dramatic devices as having a congregation stand at the front of the stage and sing a hymn while their figures are lit eerily from below.

Outstanding in the cast is Stephen Elliott as the stern Danforth, who reveals that high principles and good intentions can be just as destructive as their opposites. Philip Bosco gives us an intelligent and sensitive Reverend Hale, always driving to the heart of the matter with controlled precision. Robert Foxworth takes some of the stuffiness out of Miller's Pilgrim prose by using British North Country inflections, which has the added virtue of making Proctor seem more a representative of the working class in a struggle against greedy land manipulators and better educated lawyers and ministers. Martha Henry makes Mrs. Proctor into an anguished woman who blames herself for her failings as an uptight wife. Similarly, Pamela Payton-Wright portrays a somewhat sympathetic Abigail Williams, impelled into action by her love of Proctor and then into continuation of her evil by his open denunciation of her. And Aline MacMahon and Sydney Walker offer beautifully disciplined portrayals of Rebecca Nurse and Giles Corey.

In short, this is a very respectable revival of a significant American drama. Equally important, it demonstrates that with the proper use of the Beaumont's stage facilities and with shrewd casting, a good repertory company at Lincoln Center can be achieved.

In *An Evening with Richard Nixon and . . .*, Gore Vidal has tried to write not a play but "A Political Circus," and he has made shameless use of political figures and his cynicism about them.

Vidal says that his play is not about Nixon, but the fact that "you cannot maintain a republic, certainly not a democracy, if you intend to become a military empire. It can't be done. This is what's gone wrong. The institutions just can't survive the weight of the Pentagon. With a lot of fun and games, I'm trying to get that over."

Vidal's avowed project is an interesting one, but his theme becomes virtually invisible behind the topical political fireworks. He begins with a debate between "Pro," a character who looks and sounds like William Buckley, and "Con," a sober-minded chap who, unfortunately, does not at all resemble Gore Vidal. They agree to an examination of Nixon's career, with George Washington as the judge and John F. Kennedy and Dwight D. Eisenhower as commenting assistants. We are told that everything Nixon and those around him say is taken from the public record, and that only when Kennedy and Eisenhower take off their masks are their comments invented.

The circus traces Nixon's career from one inept accident to the next. As remarkably imitated by George S. Irving, he emerges as unattractive ("Even as a little boy you didn't want to pick him up"), devoid of ideas

Jo Mielziner's splendidly spare settings enhance the revival of "The Crucible."

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(Eisenhower asks for a week to try and think up one idea he contributed during his four years as Vice President), and stupidly insensitive (the most damning moment is when he meets with some protesting students in Washington and after a few harmless platitudes asks them about "surfing" and other ways they spend their time in college). However, he is never malicious, only compulsively eager to succeed and to cancel out his many failures. This makes him human and sympathetic. Furthermore, his weathering of past mistakes gives him invulnerability to criticism. As he says, "It takes an awful lot to embarrass me!"

The hoopla is at its best when it is being funny. Buckley's languid composure, Eisenhower's formula of playing golf and avoiding decisions, and J.F.K.'s dry assertion that his sex life has been "highly exaggerated by the envious and the impotent" get chuckles. And there are deftly humorous devices, such as having an unseen Howard Hughes reply from offstage to a question about his loan to Nixon's brother, and having Agnew's blunt pronouncements followed by Nixon's placing a butterfly net over the Vice President's head while he corrects the damage.

However, too much of the evening is not very funny, nor does it accomplish Vidal's deeper purposes. Indeed, insofar as he is able to search out the culprit for our present problems, it is less Nixon than J.F.K. who is to blame. Near the end of the evening, George Washington turns to J.F.K. and says, "Others will finish what you began."

Vidal proposes no solution. Presumably he finds no force in the government or in the electorate capable of implementing the policy he favors. As a result, his political circus depresses more than it amuses or provokes.

A play that profusely uses mental acrobatics to confront the Establishment, Gunter Grass's *Uptight* has been thoroughly entertaining Washington, D.C., audiences in its American premiere at Arena Stage. *Uptight* is a neatly constructed series of quick conversations between five characters living in present-day Berlin. One of these is a clever dentist who feels that the hope for the future lies in the doing away with systems and substituting a Global Sick-Care Plan, which will give us all leisure for our infirmities. His patient is a liberal teacher who is having a problem with his favorite student. This radical student, who has turned down the editorship of the student newspaper because he believes "you can't reform an absurdity," now wants to set his pet Dachshund afire in front of the people lunching at the Hotel Kempinski as a protest against the napalming of civilians in Vietnam.

The teacher sets out to stop the student from taking such a rash action, which will probably get him killed by angry, dog-loving Berliners and which will not have any discernible effect on the war. Because the teacher is a liberal who feels guilty about his lack of strong action in the past yet is skeptical because of his understanding of history, he needs help from someone who is surer of himself, so he turns to the dentist. The dentist first advises the teacher to point out to his student that public burnings are not a deterrent but merely satisfy a craving. The student rejects this as being only true for burned humans, not for burned dogs. The teacher continues by suggesting compromise plans and is dismayed when his student stubbornly refutes his arguments. However, the dentist is optimistic because all this is keeping everyone talking, and talk prevents action. "And," says the dentist firmly, "I am a radical advocate of prevention."

What finally does prevent the burning, and gets the student to accept the editorship of the newspaper, is the dentist's discovery that the student needs a protracted course of treatment to correct his distal bite. Somehow this makes the student see that life is a long-term proposition after all.

With Paul Benedict and Richard Bauer bringing their great talents for twinkly-eyed high intelligence to the roles of the teacher and the dentist, the main plot of *Uptight* works delightfully. More difficult and less fully achieved is a secondary plot involving two women who represent the more emotionally radical attitudes of the World War II and present generations. However, director Alan Schneider, with the help of a rock combo, bicycles, and Santo Loquasto's multileveled setting, has sustained a fluidity and liveliness that prevent us from getting bogged down in Grass's philosophical complexities.

At the Kennedy Center's Eisenhower Theater, the American College Theatre Festival has offered Washington audiences ten samples of some of the best work being done in college theater. The festival, which is made possible by donations from American Airlines and the American Oil Company, selects productions from regional competitions involving more than 200 colleges. Because it tries to pick the best work, the ACTF inevitably ends up with a program consisting mostly of revivals of classics and recent Broadway plays. While this is eminently fair and demonstrates that conscientious and technically satisfactory work is being done in the colleges, it does not make for a consistently exciting theatrical event.

This year's festival, for instance, offered eight revivals: *The Roar of the Greasepaint; The Smell of the Crowd* (United States International University), *Oedipus the King* (Southern Methodist University), *The Price* (Montana State University), *The Little Foxes* (North Carolina School of the Arts), *The Misanthrope* (Portland State University), *Home* (Southern Illinois University), *Of Mice and Men* (Southeastern Oklahoma State College), and *The Boy Friend* (University of Miami). These were balanced by one new work, *365 Days* (University of Minnesota), one American premiere, *Black Dragon Residence* (University of Hawaii), and two programs presented by some visiting Polish theater students.

365 Days, reviewed earlier in Minnesota (*SR*, Feb. 26), is an ideal presentation for official Washington to see at this moment in history, for in a most gentle way it delineates the grotesque horror of Vietnam from the viewpoint of the unprotesting soldiers.

Black Dragon Residence is an astonishingly skillful re-creation of the techniques and traditions of a kind of Chinese opera that is no longer performed anywhere except Taiwan. As directed by Daniel S. P. Yang, it amusingly narrates the story of a court official who is foiled by his mistress. The use of makeup that accentuates the expressiveness of the eyes, the formal gestures that require the actors to shake their hands loose from long flowing sleeves—all make possible a high degree of humor that verges on parody. And the musical accompaniment of four young ladies with gongs and woodblocks adds to the charm of the delightful presentation.

Finally, one of the two programs performed by Poland's Aleksander Zelwerowicz State Theatrical Higher School, *Exercises in Shakespeare*, appropriately challenges American drama schools with its inventiveness and extreme theatricality. In it director Aleksander Bardini uses original music and lively actors to put together a number of scenes and lyrics from Shakespeare's plays and sonnets. The students, dressed in rehearsal clothes, work together beautifully and are moving in their disciplined but good-natured simplicity and free imagination. The most dramatic scene is Richard III's wooing of Anne; it is played with the utmost physicality, with Richard emerging as an unabashedly despicable male chauvinist pig. And the most charming moment is the company's version of "The rain it raineth every day," which they build into a delicious crescendo.

These three contributions suggest that the festival in the future should offer, for better or worse, the five best new plays it can find, the five best revivals of classics rarely seen in this country, and a visiting presentation by a leading drama school from abroad. □

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A Study of Conglomerate Powers That Transcend Nations

BY SEYOM BROWN

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TRANSNATIONAL RELATIONS AND WORLD POLITICS

edited by Robert O. Keohane and Joseph S. Nye, Jr.

Harvard University Press,
428 pp., $15; paperback, $4.95

On any political map of the modern world the so-called "nation-states" are demarcated by heavy lines. Much popular discourse about world politics and most of what we think of as diplomacy follows the 300-year-old convention of attributing to such distinct territorial units the role of authoritative actors in the global arena. The most onerous restrictions on our freedom, as also the most vital necessities of life, appear to emanate (directly or indirectly) from the institutions of these nation-states. The power of their governing bodies to give and to take away earthly permissions and privileges seems to be unmatched by any other secular or sacral institutions. Revolutionary movements aim to get control of the central state apparatus. Democrats try to make legislatures and executives responsive to majority preferences. Socialists work to subject the economy to comprehensive national administration. Anarchists attempt to render national governmental control ineffective. World wars are fought and peace treaties negotiated between employees of contending nation-states.

The editors of *Transnational Relations and World Politics* frontally challenge this nation-state view of world politics and find it an outdated "paradigm." What they are attempting to do to our standard perceptions of world politics is no less than what the Keynesians did to economics or what the cubists did to the plastic arts and the psychoanalysts to the healing arts. While none of the essays in this volume demonstrates the passion of conviction and power of simple analysis needed to magnetize a popular movement, their tough-minded look at the transnational networks operating below and above visible nation-state controls and their exposure of the profound contradictions between the world's official political system and its socioeconomic reality deserve major notice.

When a respectable group of nonradicals produces such a radical book it is a sign that the times, and not simply the perceptions in the heads of a few academics, are indeed changing. The young editors, Robert O. Keohane of Swarthmore and Joseph S. Nye, Jr., of Harvard, both professors of political science, are prudent men highly regarded in the American academic and foreign policy establishments. The eighteen contributors to the symposium have similarly solid reputations. Scholarly in tone throughout, the book is the end product of the 1970 Conference on Transnational Relations, sponsored by Harvard's Center for International Affairs. Before being published by Harvard University Press it appeared as a special issue of the meticulous academic journal *International Organization*. The volume obviously was not conceived as a best seller, yet its central premises and the details adduced to support them are too massive in their implications to be confined to the graduate seminar.

The cumulative picture that emerges is one of governments losing their controlling influence over important transnational flows of people, material, money, and ideas, while other organizations—corporations, professional and trade associations, quasi governments—gain in ability to allocate resources, privileges, and penalties across national boundaries. Increasingly, as Cold War policies and the management of military alliances are eclipsed by

Seyom Brown, a senior fellow at the Brookings Institution, is completing a book on new forces in world politics.

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economic issues, the everyday stuff of world politics is found in the negotiations among relatively autonomous oligarchies and in these groups' negotiations with particular agencies of national governments. International (meaning top-level intergovernmental) relations among the non-Communist industrial nations are frequently little more than ratifications of agreements, conflicts, truces, and conspiracies among the powerful, and largely private, transnational oligarchies.

The weightiest of these private actors are the multinational business enterprises, of which at least eighty-five each have assets larger than some fifty members of the United Nations. These enterprises, as described in the essays of Raymond Vernon, Robert Cox, Peter Evans, and Louis Wells, are clusters of corporations of different nationalities joined together by a "parent" company, which almost invariably is located in one of the advanced industrial countries. General Motors, Unilever, and IBM are typical examples. (Not surprisingly, about three out of four of these parent companies are located in the United States.) They can move large amounts of resources across international boundaries, in Wells's words, "to fulfill objectives that may be at variance with those of a particular country in which a subsidiary is located. These firms have at their disposal many tools for frustrating governmental policies, but the policies they frustrate may be those of the host government or those of the home government." The primary "tools" are the standard operating equipment of the advanced firm—high-speed communications and transportation services—which allow for rapid transcontinental mobility of physical resources and products and practically instantaneous transfers of capital (in the form of an account book number that can be transmitted via an electronic signal).

One cause for concern is the lopsidedness, in terms of power and flexibility, of the parent firms on the one side and less mobile subsidiaries on the other. This transnational relationship often looks like a postcolonial form of private economic imperialism. As Peter B. Evans puts it: "With the growing predominance of the multinational corporation, increasing numbers of a poor country's economic actors become responsible to superiors and stockholders who are citizens of other countries. If a similar chain of command existed in public organizations, the poor country would be deemed a colony." Even affluent countries can suffer this kind of neocolonialism, the relationship of sectors of the Canadian economy to United States industries providing many cases in point. The extent to which powerful transnational enterprises can go in manipulating events in host countries is now being investigated by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in the wake of the international embarrassments caused by columnist Jack Anderson's exposure of alleged ITT political activities in Chile.

Another troubling factor is the extent to which the mobile multinational corporations can undermine the countervailing power that national labor unions have built up during the twentieth century. The ability of labor to bargain effectively with management has rested on the control exercised by labor unions over the availability of workers. In an illuminating chapter on labor and transnational relations, Robert Cox writes:

> Trade unions are now worried that corporations will shift production from home-based factories to foreign countries in which labor is cheaper. The issue is no longer one of competition in world trade but of internal corporate decisions regarding the location of certain types of production. . . . The prospect is that certain types of jobs may become extinct in the United States as big corporations find it more profitable to transfer certain types of production to less developed countries. This can be seen as part of a general trend in the world market economy in which manufacturing will gradually shift to lower wage, less developed countries, while the higher productivity, more advanced countries move into a postindustrial phase concentrating on the production of knowledge and sophisticated technologies.

Segments of organized labor have begun to realize that a nationalistic-protectionist response to this threat—namely, support of tariffs and other barriers to foreign imports—is self-defeating. Some far-sighted union leaders, therefore, have started to work toward the goal of collective bargaining on a transnational basis. Progress toward reversing the current slippage of union control over terms of employment in multinational corporations will require the development of coordinated bargaining strategies among trade unions of the same type in countries in which a multinational corporation has operations. The transnational mobilization of labor is probably inevitable over the long run; but the prospect for a decade or so is serious tension between the nationalists and the transnationalists within and among national labor movements, with bargaining power meanwhile shifting by default even further toward management.

While segments of the corporate economy engage in their maneuvers and confrontations on the global stage, what happens to the public interest? Who is to ensure that the transnational conflicts between industry and industry and management and labor will be conducted in a way that protects the rights of ordinary citizens—say, the travelers on international airlines caught up in conflicts between the air controllers and management? And who is to subject price-fixing agreements and other combinations in restraint of trade to the kind of controls that now prevail in some of the advanced democracies? Before anyone gets too enthusiastic about the erosion of national sovereignty heralded by the growth of transnational relations, one should ponder the effect of these trends on the traditional frameworks for ensuring democratic accountability. As the West German political scientist Karl Kaiser writes: "The most likely and most threatening result of the intermeshing of decision-making in multinational politics [as, for example, in institutions of the European Economic Community] and of the growing transnational links is technocratic rule" removed from parliamentary control.

Although not all the authors represented in this volume agree with one another or with the editors on the larger implications of their specialized contributions, the editors are substantially correct, I believe, in their claim that the political map they have assembled does severely challenge some of the most hallowed premises of Western scholarship and statesmanship—such as:

1) *The belief that the best way to understand the power realities of world politics is to focus on the strategies, capabilities, and interactions of national governments.* This "state-centered paradigm" was never more than a convenient simplification of a complex scene. But in today's world it actually inhibits meaningful political analysis, and it may be deflecting the attention of statesmen away from the equally important sources of injury and insecurity to the populations they are supposed to be representing.

2) *The assumption that when the interests advanced by the government of a powerful nation clash with subnational or private transnational interests, the national government almost invariably will win.* The trouble with this assumption is not that it is false, but that, even if substantially true, it diverts our attention from an important development: The cost of clashing with powerful nongovernmental interests has risen to such a degree that specialized agencies of even the most powerful governments tend to avoid such confrontations. (As Robert Thornton notes in his essay, the oligarchy of transnational airlines exercises great control over the price and conditions of travel between countries and often

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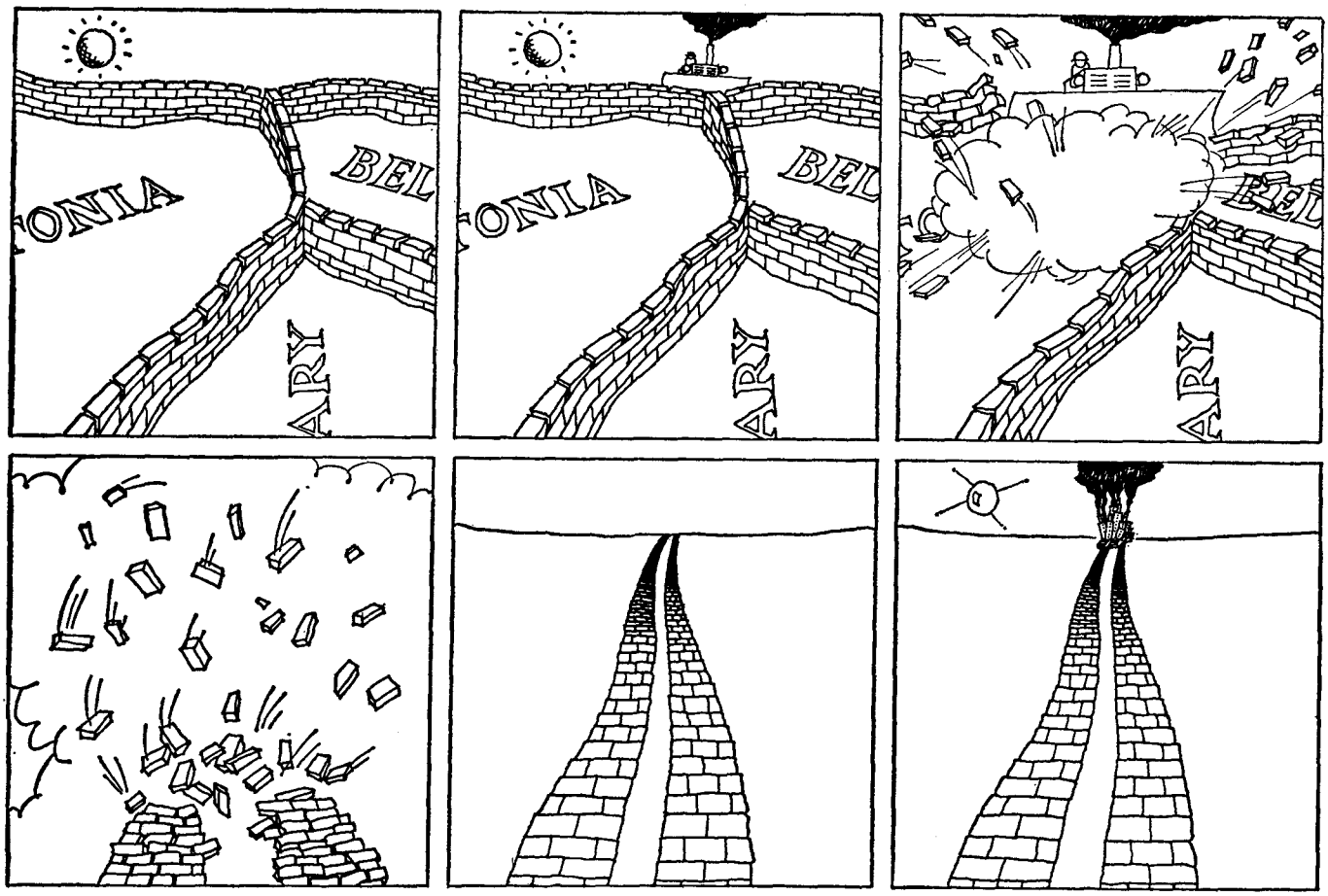

intimidates the government agencies set up to regulate this increasingly important activity.)

3) *The liberal belief that the creation of a single global economy within which goods and services can be exchanged freely on the basis of comparative advantage would be the optimum way to allocate the world's resources.* The editors are compelled to conclude that where large disparities in income exist, "The transnationally mobile are rewarded at the expense of the nationally immobile." It is a tough conclusion for them to swallow for, like many of the authors contributing to their symposium, Professors Keohane and Nye seemed to have been attracted to the subject of transnationalism by a hope that the growing ease of long-distance travel and communication might be forging a true global community. Rather than a just world order gradually evolving out of expanding socioeconomic intercourse, the prospect now seems to be one of increasing socioeconomic conflict on a worldwide basis.

The beliefs of important twentieth-century egalitarian movements are also clearly outdated if the cumulative thrust of the Keohane-Nye volume is accepted. Except for members of certain Communist parties outside of the U.S.S.R. who persist in their loyalty to the Kremlin, most socialists, labor organizers, and Left-populists have been among the staunchest nationalists, seeing a strong central government subject to control by a popularly elected legislature as the best means of redistributing wealth and power. Now, however, they must face up to the fact that the ability of capital to use the advances in communication and transportation to bypass national regulation is substantially neutralizing the domestic gains of the parties of the Left.

All in all, this volume superbly punctures prevailing myths about world politics. The introduction and conclusion, both written by Keohane and Nye, must be regarded as seminal essays on the phenomenon of transnationalism. And the more specialized contributions, particularly Ivan Vallier's chapter on the Roman Catholic Church and Diana Crane's chapter on transnational networks among scientists, are for the most part responsive to the central analytical questions posed by the editors. But when it comes to ideas for constructively counteracting the adverse aspects of transnationalism, the symposium offers little guidance.

Lawrence Krause advocates flexible international monetary mechanisms sufficiently responsive to changes in flows of capital and goods to avoid unilateral protectionist power plays of the kind resorted to by the United States government this past August 15. However, Krause refrains from offering any substantial solution to the problem he discusses: the growing immunity of large-scale private transnational finance from government control.

Similarly, Edward Miles's description of the complicated network of intergovernmental agreements and organizations concerned with fishing and ocean commerce does not provide much hope for those who would rely on strengthening the standard instruments of diplomacy to serve the public interest. The Intergovernmental Maritime Consultative Organization—highly touted as an outstanding example of international cooperation to regulate commerce on the seas—is seen to be little more than a legitimating cover for "gentlemen's agreements" among the dominant shipping cartels and liner conferences to restrict competition.

In the space-telecommunications field, the need to allocate frequencies and preferred "parking slots" for broadcasting satellites provides an opportunity for vesting a degree of limited supranational authority over the pertinent public and private enterprises; but here too, as the essay by Miles shows, the new decision-making structures are far removed from the cognizance, let alone the control, of democratically selected bodies.

Where does this leave us? Clearly without any illusions that the new transnationalism is creating among nations a new interdependence conducive to peace and justice. To be sure,

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the shattering of illusions is often the necessary precondition for the formulation of realistic goals and strategies; yet whatever marginalist suggestions can be found in this symposium for subjecting the growing transnational economy to a bit of public interest regulation would seem to be much too weak to contain the emergence over the next few decades of a cartel-dominated world.

The prescriptive weaknesses of *Transnational Relations and World Politics* do not detract substantially from its value. It is by design primarily an analytical effort; and as such it is definitely a blockbuster. World-order designers now will have to try to pick up the pieces. □

A SECRET WAR: Americans in China, 1944-1945

by Oliver J. Caldwell

Southern Illinois University Press, 218 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Miles Copeland

■ The first Central Intelligence Agency "school," formed in about 1950, was a dull place. Staffed mostly by pedants, leftovers from the wartime Office of Strategic Services, it was brightened from time to time by a guest lecturer: Crane Brinton down from Harvard to lecture on revolutions; Howard Roman, also from Harvard, on the Germans; Harry Rozitske from Columbia, on the Russians. The brightest star of all was Oliver Caldwell, or "Captain Caldwell" as he was known to his friends, lecturing on China.

Caldwell's lectures were standing room only because they were like nothing else at the CIA. Indiscriminately mixing bombshells with trivia, Caldwell was funny when he didn't mean to be, and his intentional jokes fell flat. He spoke in clichés. But he convincingly demonstrated the "stupidity" of American generals who, he insisted, had backed Chiang Kai-shek uncritically and had committed us to a "disastrous China policy." Even sophisticates like Richard Helms, presently director of the CIA and at that time head of the Western Europe division, came three or four times to hear the same talk.

Now Mr. Caldwell has put it all into *A Secret War: Americans in China, 1944-1945*, billed by its publisher as "a triple agent's personal chronicle of America's secret, and still classified, activity in China during World War II." The material is as good as ever; it may even have improved with age.

Caldwell is the genuine article—he has "been there." Writing reports on whatever he saw, he worked directly with General Tai Li, head of Chiang Kai-shek's secret police, maintained contact with the three main Chinese secret societies, taught in Chiang's National Central Political Training Institute, and went back and forth across the battle lines. Caldwell was close enough to the leaders of the many factions in the Chinese civil war to bear witness to the fact that they were more interested in fighting each other than in fighting the Japanese. His book, which is utterly without scholarly pretensions, reads like a tape recording of fireside reminiscences. Even his stabs at political punditry add charm:

> . . . It is essential [Caldwell writes] that American policies should be based on a thorough knowledge of the economic, social, and political realities. Unfortunately, we have consistently based our policies on ignorance and on wishful thinking. We have consistently backed the status quo, the rich, and the landlords, on a continent undergoing a social and economic revolution. This has led us from one tragedy to another.

Caldwell says that old hands like himself were not trusted by the U.S. Army high command in China. Apparently, he does not realize that, as a matter of standard practice, intelligence officers directly in contact with their "targets" are rarely allowed to know their own organization's intentions toward those targets. This practice is meant to protect the officers; not being told anything of interest to the target, they cannot be suspected of having passed information. A "double agent," as the term is used by popular writers (and by Caldwell), is virtually unknown in the modern intelligence game.

Caldwell claims that General Hurley, then ambassador to China, "insisted on a blind approval of the Generalissimo and all his works" and that "Commodore Milton Miles, the key American naval figure in China, seemed to consider himself independent of the American supreme commander and insisted on supporting his good friend General Tai Li." Had Caldwell been allowed access to top secret correspondence between these two officers and with Washington, he would have known that Commodore Miles was even more suspicious of Tai Li than was Caldwell himself. One more detail that Caldwell did not know: Commodore Miles and General Hurley and all the other senior officers at diplomatic and military missions in China were avid readers of Caldwell's reports. Although then the innocent wisdom was deleted by humorless aides, they made marvelous reading. Just like this book.

Miles Copeland was an officer of the wartime Office of Strategic Services and a management consultant to the C.I.A.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

WEDDED OR PLIGHTED

Can you identify each heroine from the account of her husband's or lover's actions as they relate to her? Maurice J. Quinlan of Brighton, Massachusetts, helpfully lists the authors of the literary works in which the characters appear and asks you to make all the right connections. Or consult the marriage counselor on page 78.

1. A repentant suitor, he won his bride just after escaping from the gallows. ( )
2. They fell in love after she found him unconscious on the shore of her father's island. ( )
3. He sold his wife to a sailor for a paltry sum. ( )
4. She eloped with her lover after he materialized at her bedside from her dream of him. ( )
5. He escaped from a strange country in a balloon, along with the native girl he loved. ( )
6. At a ball before leaving for his fate at Waterloo, he neglected his loving wife for this adventuress. ( )
7. She fell in love with him after listening to him tell her father of his adventures. ( )
8. He had his wife murdered because she smiled too freely at others. ( )
9. He married the boss's daughter, but she died before ever really growing up. ( )
10. He married his beloved after her release from the asylum in which she had been falsely confined. ( )

A. Arowhena
B. Becky
C. Desdemona
D. Dora
E. the Duchess
F. Haidée
G. Laura
H. Madeline
I. Sophia
J. Susan

a. Browning. b. Samuel Butler. c. Byron. d. Wilkie Collins. e. Dickens. f. Fielding. g. Hardy. h. Keats. i. Shakespeare. j. Thackeray.

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ROOTS OF WAR:
The Men and Institutions Behind U. S. Foreign Policy

by Richard J. Barnet

Atheneum, 350 pp., $10

COLD WAR AND COUNTERREVOLUTION

by Richard J. Walton

Viking, 250 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by E. Berkeley Tompkins

■ The United States emerged from World War II as the mightiest nation in history. Ostensibly pursuing peace in the last quarter century, the nation has been embroiled almost continuously in conflicts, of which the war in Vietnam is only the latest and most devastating. In *Roots of War: The Men and Institutions Behind U.S. Foreign Policy*, Richard Barnet explains this paradox by pointing out that "for more than a generation American society has been organized for war rather than peace." Barnet, who is codirector of the Institute for Policy Studies and the author of several previous books on related topics, identifies three sources of our trouble: the national security bureaucracy, the capitalist economy, and the vulnerability of the public to manipulation in foreign policy matters.

World War II and the Cold War gave rise to a vast national security bureaucracy in the United States, staffed, Barnet writes, by a self-defining, self-selecting, and self-perpetuating elite. "As a group," he observes, "the national security managers have probably wielded as much power as any group of mortals in history." Drawn primarily from law and banking, they were well-educated and power-hungry. Barnet views them as amoral, insensitive, ruthless, and hypocritical men with a predilection for violence and "fascinated by lethal technology." The portrait is somewhat overdrawn, but it possesses substantial truth.

Barnet believes that the national security establishment is strongly influenced in its penchant for expansion by the American business community. Noting that the national security policy is "managed by an elite largely recruited from the world of business," he writes in histrionic tones of a sinister, subtle alliance that promotes "our national economy of death." Although he rejects the thesis that "wars cease when capitalism is overthrown," Barnet still thinks that the capitalist system has been a prime cause of disequilibrium and conflict in both domestic and international affairs.

Finally, Barnet laments the apathy of most Americans toward foreign policy issues, since this encourages the national security managers in their "magnificent contempt for the general public" and their pursuit of clandestine goals. At the end of his book, Barnet calls for a major reconstruction of the American social and economic system as a prerequisite to the creation of a new "generation of peace." Unfortunately, his apocalyptic formulas for the future do not possess the cogency of his critiques of the past.

Richard Walton, a journalist, is equally intense in his criticism of American policy, but in *Cold War and Counterrevolution* he narrows his focus to the performance in foreign affairs of President John F. Kennedy. In a fast-paced, succinct narrative, Walton recounts and analyzes the salient international issues and crises of the Kennedy era. While the material is familiar, Walton's interpretation of it is quite different from the well-known works of Schlesinger, Sorenson, and Hilsman, among others, whom he dismisses as apologists. In fact, Walton insists, "liberals simply had not listened to Kennedy's own words," which reveal a generally hawkish bias.

Walton totally demythologizes Kennedy. He sees the late President's approach to foreign policy as a dangerous combination of bravado and ignorance. Beginning with Kennedy's campaign against Richard Nixon, which "had been dominated by a hard-line, get-tough attack on communism," Walton views Kennedy's handling of foreign policy as a virtual disaster. He claims that Kennedy, not understanding the real world, saw rather "a construct of fact, fear, and fantasy." In every major crisis—Laos, the Bay of Pigs, Berlin, the Cuban missile confrontation, Vietnam—Kennedy acted precipitately and unwisely, according to Walton. During the three years of his administration, Kennedy "was an entirely conventional Cold Warrior," and the Vietnam War is his "most enduring legacy."

If John Kennedy had his prejudices and viewed certain complex matters superficially, so does Mr. Walton. The martyred President was not the saint that some people recall, but neither was he quite the blundering sinner depicted here.

"Harvey Donaldson, how come you preach liberalism but practice conservatism?"

E. Berkeley Tompkins, the author of *Anti-Imperialism in the United States*, is director of historical and cultural affairs for the state of Delaware.

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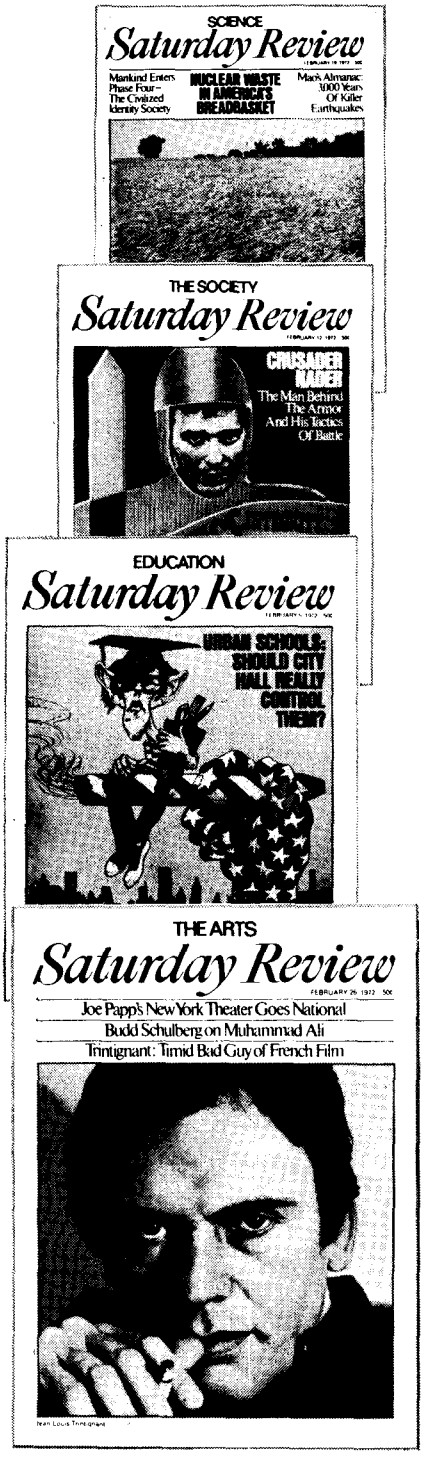
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Saturday Review
Mankind Enters Phase Four – The Civilized Identity Society
NUCLEAR WASTE IN AMERICA'S BREADBASKET
Mack Almanac: 1000 Years Of Killer Earthquakes
THE SOCIETY
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THE ARTS
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Joe Papp's New York Theater Goes National
Budd Schulberg on Muhammad Ali
Trintignant: Timid Bad Guy of French Film

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In *The Arts:* ▪ French film star Trintignant speaks candidly about actors, acting, sex and violence. ▪ Robert Craft describes the life and art of Stravinsky's widow — did Igor's genius affect Vera's painting? ▪ Scotty Reston — the one, the only, and the last?

In *Education:* ▪ Should we be teaching cooperation or competition? ▪ Education in China today — what can *we* learn from it? ▪ Educating children in a hippie commune.

In *The Society:* ▪ What do welfare recipients really want and what will their militants do to get it? ▪ What happens to former college radicals when they go to work for the establishment? ▪ How to cut through the red tape of Blue Cross.

In the *Science* issue: ▪ Cloning — how it will be possible to grow another *you* from the nucleus of one of your cells. ▪ The sex pill — will chemical sex be so much fun people will give up "natural" sex? ▪ Are there little green men out there? — fact and fancy on the possibilities of extraterrestrial life.

And in addition to all this, you'll still be getting the popular weekly columns by Irving Kolodin, Horace Sutton, and Goodman Ace — and the cartoons and games which have also become a *Saturday Review* tradition.

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*Changed from "cloudless" to get the "b".

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DADDYJI

by Ved Mehta

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 195 pp., $6.95

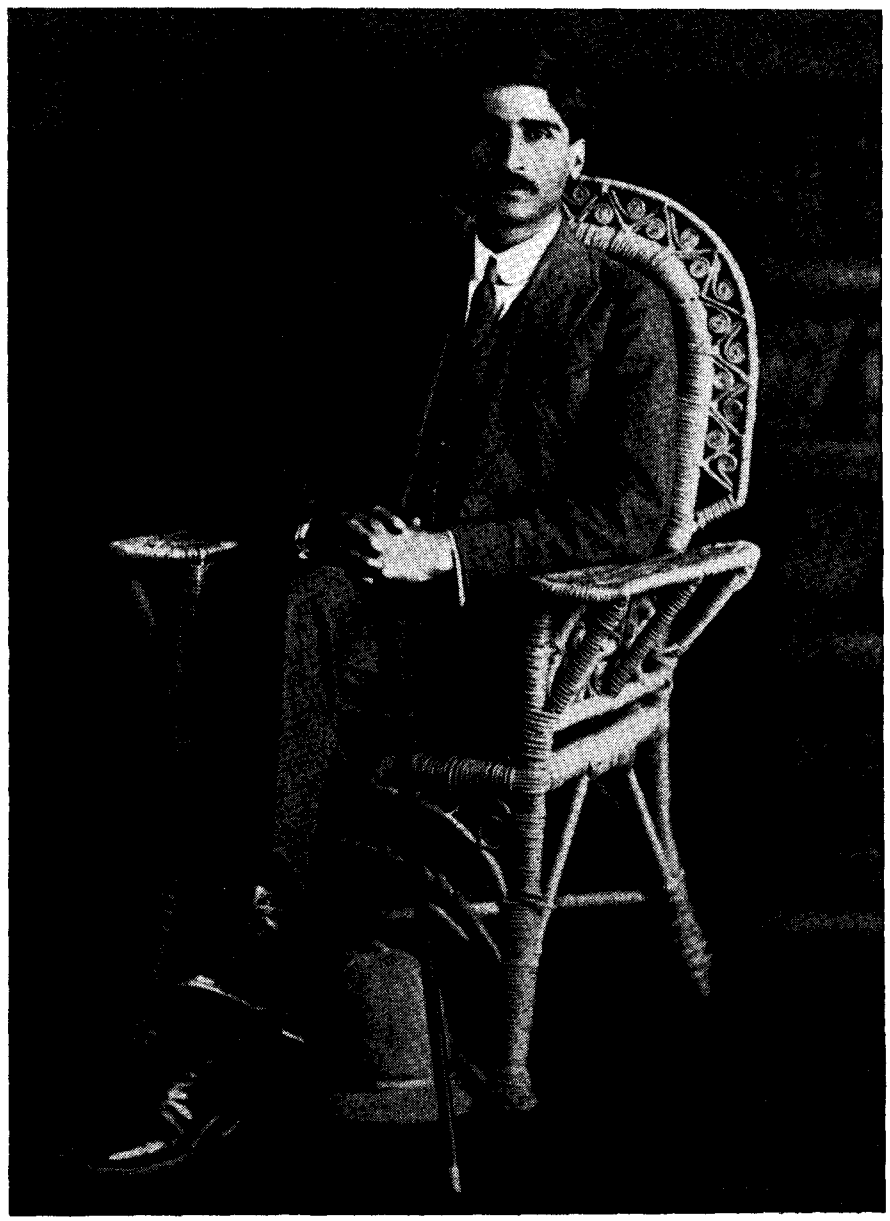
Reviewed by P. K. Sundara Rajan

■ In Ved Mehta's own words, *Daddyji* is a revisit to the worlds described in *Face to Face* (1957), the first of his autobiographies. This new work, however, is not merely a fresh look at Mehta's own past; it is also a search into the complex personality of his father, Amolak Ram Mehta, the eldest son of the Mehta clan and a British-trained physician.

Daddyji tells the familiar story of the Indian joint family of the 1930s, in which the oldest grandparent presided over the destinies of three—sometimes four or five—generations. The grandparent's word was final in all matters, be it the education of a son or nephew, or the marriage of a daughter or niece. It is not surprising, therefore, that Ved Mehta's grandfather, Lala Bhola Ram, dominates the first half of the book. Like any Hindu father, Lalaji is the major contributory influence on his son's character and personality. From him Daddyji inherits tenacity of purpose, a capacity for hard work, and the ambition to hear people say of all the Mehtas: "Look where they started and how far they have come."

In his descriptions of Lalaji and Daddyji, Ved Mehta brings out beautifully the seldom-evident but ever-present tension between the Hindu father and his eldest son. Daddyji, with the advantage of a formal education, develops attitudes at variance with his father's authoritarian code. Daddyji's parental reverence pertains to his mother, Bhabiji, as well as to his

Amolak Ram Mehta—"Daddyji" emerges, in his son's memoir, as "a remarkable man."



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father. Within the family hierachy, however, the lady of the house is vastly inferior to Lalaji and is treated accordingly:

Because Bhabiji had been guilty of some trifling oversight (Daddyji has never been able to recall what it was), Lalaji went into a rage, like a horse with the devil astride. He started shouting at Bhabiji, heaping curses on her and her ancestors, calling her every foul name in the language. She sat with her head bent over a pot of lentils she was cooking for his dinner; she was crying silently. He must have railed at her for an hour. Long before Lalaji's rage had been curbed, Daddyji decided that he would never again sleep under his father's roof.

Such tension is not altogether absent in the next generation either, although the author skillfully, if not quite successfully, attempts to conceal certain conflicts—in particular, those between himself and his father. The absence here of a critical perception of Daddyji's character is caused primarily by Mehta's strong adherence to traditional Hindu thought, which holds somewhat summarily that all elders in the family deserve reverence. The picture of Amolak Ram that emerges from this memoir is that of a remarkable man, one possessed of great courage and virtue.

Daddyji remains the chronicle of an obscure Hindu family, and its central character moves in the happy realms of anonymity, of total immersion in the world of Lalaji, of Indian summers and English winters, which the author lyrically describes. The book's value lies in the fact that Ved Mehta transforms an individual experience into one that is universal.

P. K. Sundara Rajan is a graduate student in English at Simon Fraser University in Vancouver.

THE STORY OF HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

by Gerard Willem van Loon

Lippincott, 399 pp., $10.

Reviewed by Alden Whitman

■ Who these days remembers Hendrik van Loon? And who these days reads *The Story of Mankind*? Or *Van Loon's Geography*? Or *R.v.R.: The Life and Times of Rembrandt van Rijn*? Or *Van Loon's Lives*?

I suspect the number is few indeed, for Hendrik Willem van Loon was one of those unlucky writers and personalities whose fame is interred with their bones. Yet fifty years ago everyone was reading his delightfully illustrated *The Story of Mankind*, a children's book

Hendrik Willem van Loon (above) flanked by his sons, and (below) with pianist Grace Castagnetta—behind van Loon's dazzling facade, a tortured personality.

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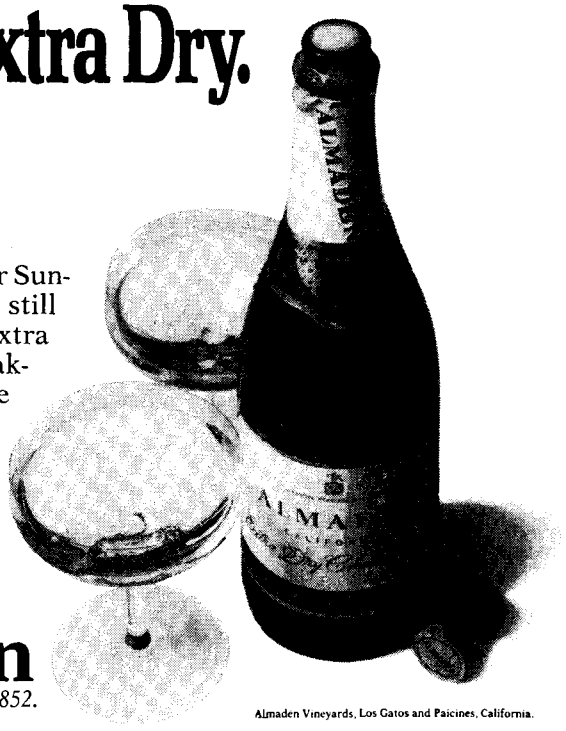

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WIT TWISTER NO. 271

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

She hears the stream that — — — — — down the hill

And sings through wooded — — — — — its sweet psalm.

The — — — — — and turmoil of her life grows still

As city — — — — — give way to country calm.

A.S.

(Answer on page 83)

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1506

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1506 will be found in the next issue.

KSBF BFZ TSVVSE TSSPK;

KSBF BFZ KDFGX TSSPK; GZR

SDCFVK TFQ HVFKFZDGDWSZ

ASHWFK JVSB DCF GYDCSV.

—VSACF

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1505

You are not crippled at all unless your mind is in a splint.

Scully

sufficiently adult to engage the interest of grownups. And when he died in 1944, at the age of sixty-two, the New Haven Railroad was obliged to run two special cars from New York to Old Greenwich, Connecticut, where his funeral was attended by 400 notables from the literary and social worlds.

What accounts for the swift collapse of van Loon's reputation and interest in him as a man? Two things primarily. His books, chiefly popularizations, were neither profound nor original. They managed to capture the moment, thanks in part to the author's talents as an illustrator, but there is little in them to pass on to another generation. Secondly, van Loon himself was something of a Roman candle—or so he seemed at the time—endowed with a capacity to bedazzle, but lacking in staying power: Once the candle's pellets had lost their glow, the memory of them faded, too.

Yet van Loon turns out to be more worth remembering than the sum of his works, and certainly more fascinating. For behind his books and behind his exhibitions of conversational brilliance lay one of the most tortured (and tortuous) personalities I have ever come across—a man whose life was so much of a shambles that it is a wonder he managed to achieve anything at all, let alone enduring friendships and the love of his sons.

I do not envy the task Gerard van Loon set himself in writing about his father, for he was faced with the problem of how much to tell, how many skeletons to bring out of the closet, and how much pain to inflict on himself. Wisely, I think, Gerard decided to hold back nothing, or almost nothing. (Some of the women with whom his father was involved are not named, but that is perhaps just as well.) The result is an admirably candid, altogether absorbing portrait.

Dutch-born, van Loon came to the United States as an ambitious youth, attended Cornell, married Eliza Bowditch (of the Boston Brahmin Bowditches), worked for the Associated Press in Washington and Eastern Europe, and took his doctorate in Munich before World War I. Egotistical, a spendthrift, sexually fixated on women's feet and shoes, a hypochondriac, a manic-depressive, an adult who wanted to be babied, Hendrik Willem obviously was not cut out to be Eliza's husband for long, and she divorced him shortly after Gerard, the younger of their two sons, was born. Van Loon's infidelity was the least of the couple's differences; yet, despite his storms of abuse, his wife maintained enough regard for him not only to be on friendly terms with his subsequent wives and mistresses but also to attend his funeral.

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Having shucked one Eliza, van Loon married another Eliza—the proprietor of a Greenwich Village coffee shop—who was familiarly known as Jimmie. Their relationship, as peculiar as anything out of an analyst's casebook, persisted through a third marriage and into a common-law status that persevered through a couple of dozen liaisons until van Loon's death. He was as horrible—there is no other word for his totally self-centered behavior—to Jimmie as he was to all the other women in his life. Yet she stuck with him, typed for him, coddled him, endured his lack of compassion. They were linked, it would seem, by a mutual need that superseded love and passion, and that, for both partners, made existence possible, if not always bearable. Indeed, after van Loon's death, Jimmie became an alcoholic.

Van Loon's relationship with his sons—the elder an architect, Gerard a dancer—tended to be casual. "It was my summer vacation," Gerard relates in this biography. "Eliza [his mother] and I were standing on the Place de l'Opéra waiting for the traffic when an open taxi came around the corner. 'Why look,' I said, 'isn't that Father?' I shouted and waved. Hendrik stopped the cab and had a cup of coffee with us."

Gerard, though, did come to love his father. In one of the most moving sections of his book he tells how this happened. "The man who stepped from the train that rain-drenched morning [in 1928] was a Hendrik I had never seen before. It was as though something—or someone—long hidden behind that octopus ego had suddenly escaped and came rushing toward me, longing to be recognized and known. For one unguarded instant I saw Hendrik Willem real, loving and wanting love, concerned not only with himself but me." In that split second was born Gerard's biography.

It is said that a friend is one who knows all your faults, yet loves you nevertheless. This is precisely what gives *The Story of Hendrik Willem van Loon* its special merit. Hendrik Willem's son has not tried to re-create a famous man, nor a profound writer, nor a perfect father; but, with clear-eyed affection, he has recounted a man's life in all its baffling complexities, in all its awkwardness, in all its few better moments. He has done this, moreover, with commendable skill and considerable style.

We may never go back to read *The Story of Mankind*, but I strongly believe that readers shall have missed something quite important if they skip this fine biography.

Alden Whitman is a frequent contributor to *SR*.

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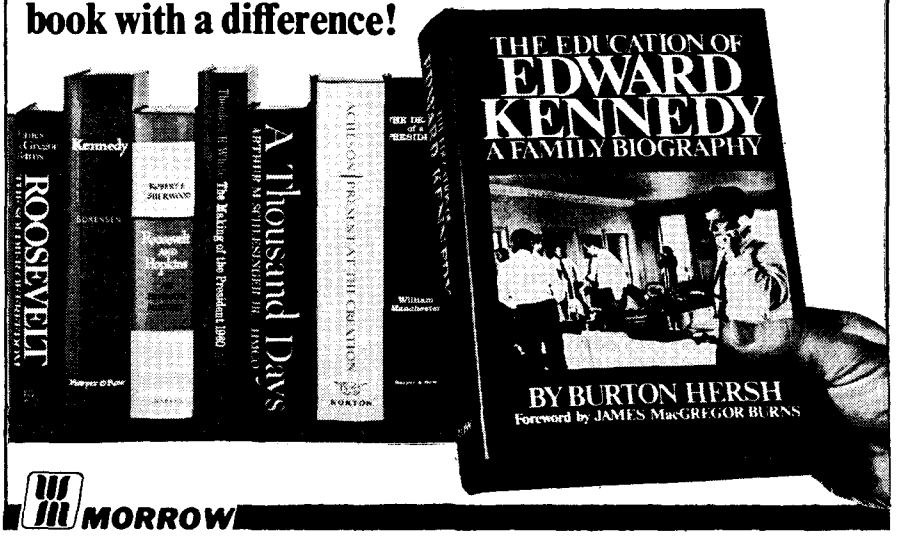

MORROW

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MEMOIRS OF AN EX-PROM QUEEN

by Alix Kates Shulman

Knopf, 274 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Lucy Rosenthal

■ This remarkable first novel is in many ways a break-through book, innovative both in its rendering of the feminine experience and in its quite perfect marriage of thesis to art. In giving us the story of narrator Sasha Davis, the ex-prom queen of the misleadingly self-deprecating title, the author has incorporated all the points of the Women's Liberation movement and given them rare fictional life. The story is an original, artistic marking of certain of the key turning points of emotion, biology, and intellect in a woman's life. The identification for women here should be strong, but the insights bridge the gender gap. One can read *Memoirs of an Ex-Prom Queen* without thinking of the movement. Moreover, a woman can read it with the keen pleasure and astonishment that comes from seeing what one believed were her own private thoughts and secret experiences set down on paper.

Sasha Davis is a typical child out of what is for many of us a well-remembered time and place, born in or just before the Depression, coming of age in a middle-class suburb—in this case, Baybury Heights, near Cleveland.

In a pointed evocation of Sasha's childhood, the roots of the feminine dilemma are traced back to age five:

> My arms were just long enough to reach bottom branches and I quickly took to the trees. But even then, a carefree tomboy roaming free, I longed to be pretty. Every girl did. . . . Even though it hurt when my mother brushed my hair each morning before school, it was worth it to have braids in which to tie pretty matching ribbons. I hoped the ribbons wouldn't get dirty as I climbed Auburn Hill to school past the boys waiting in the vacant lots to pelt us with snow or mud, depending on the season.

The boys did these things to girls, Sasha learns, "because they hated us. . . ." She becomes "adaptable."

> Though in my summers and on my street I had wandered freely, taking to the woods and the very tips of the trees, in my first weeks of first grade I learned to stay uncomplainingly in my place on the steps or in the shadow of the school. I learned masculine and feminine.

And:

> By the third grade, with every other girl in Baybury Heights, I came to realize that there was only one thing worth bothering about: becoming beautiful.

Having what it takes, beauty is what Sasha opts for, and finds the road is forked:

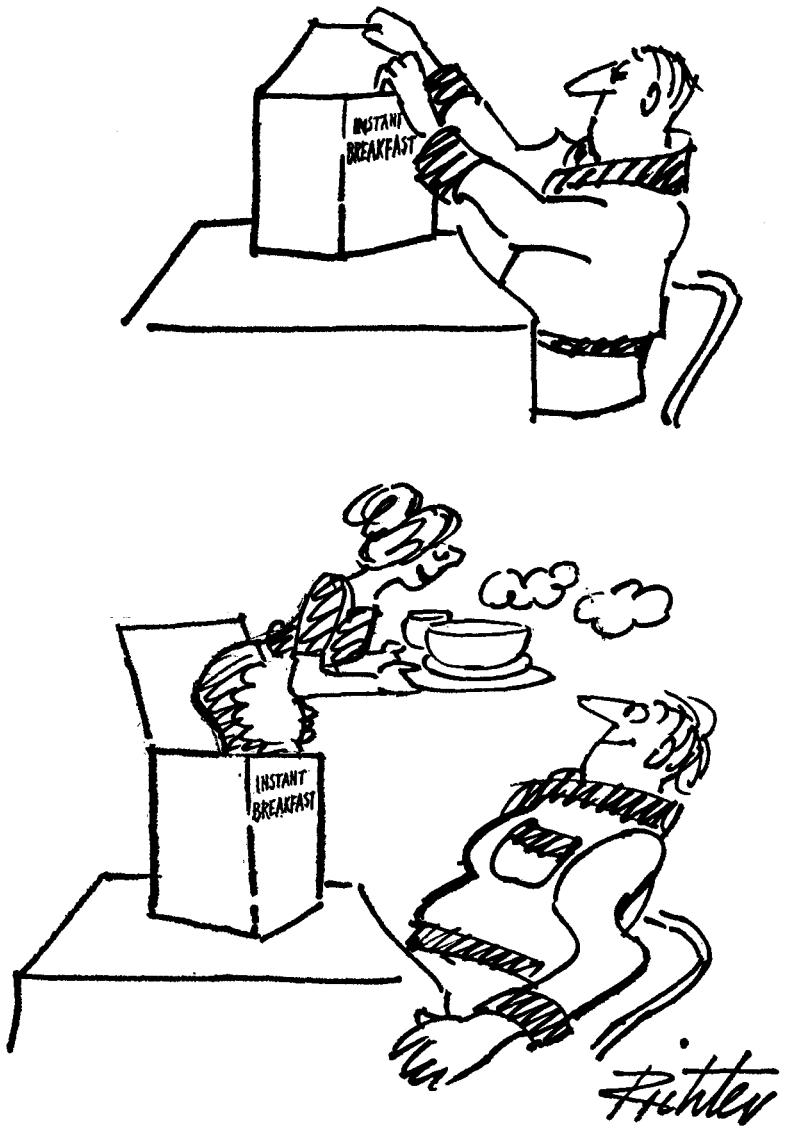
> They say it's worse to be ugly. I think it must only be different. If you're pretty, you are subject to one set of assaults; if you're plain you are subject to another. Pretty, you may have more men to choose from, but you have more anxiety too, knowing your looks, which have really nothing to do with you, will disappear.

Years later, keeping a journal on her own infant daughter's progress, Sasha makes this entry with what must be an unconscious ruefulness: *"October 28:* First word: *pity* (pretty)."

Before the coming full circle of this insight, that beauty is two-edged and "pity" is an infant's pun on "pretty," Sasha loses her virginity at fifteen on the night of her prom-queen coronation; goes to college and discovers philosophy; marries an academic stiff ("He's the Haversham Ellis History Fellow at Columbia," I said, instantly ashamed of the pride in my voice. "I'm a receptionist," I added for penance); betrays and leaves him; falls in love; suffers abortion; remarries, and becomes a passionately committed mother only to discover: "The conspiracy of silence about motherhood was even wider than the one about sex."

The author has broken this silence, and in fact the most striking passages of the book have to do with the exploration of the biological milestones—e.g., ". . . I would have this awful bleeding. People would know." The consciousness behind this character is quite large. If the book has shortcomings, it may be that its men are given short shrift and coexist in the book no more successfully than they seem to in life. Also, as the work progresses it becomes less a formally composed novel than arranged jottings from a notebook. But these jottings have unusual emotional resonance, and the open-endedness of the technique may be an appropriate accommodation to a record of a life that is ongoing.

Memoirs of an Ex-Prom Queen is probably the first important novel to



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emerge from the Women's Liberation movement. Whereas works by Sylvia Plath and Joan Didion unconsciously prefigured the movement, *Memoirs* knowingly incorporates its points. And it does not take away from the achievement of the sister books to note that Sasha, who has been and done so much, may speak for more of us because she is neither marginal nor doomed.

Lucy Rosenthal, a freelance critic, has held a Pulitzer Fellowship in critical writing.

SCORING:
A Sexual Memoir

by Dan Greenburg

Doubleday, 223 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Haskel Frankel

■ For much of his career Dan Greenburg has been a humorist in search of something to be funny about, and too often he has settled for one-joke books. Take, for example, the work that launched him, *How To Be a Jewish Mother*. The title page just about supplied the whole laugh. Or *Porno-Graphics*, a book that allowed the reader to dress or undress (depending on which way one flipped the overlays on which clothing was painted) selected masterpieces of art. When the reader had dressed or undressed one, he or she had dressed or undressed them all.

Now Mr. Greenburg has come up with *Scoring: A Sexual Memoir*. The title is ominous, suggesting that, since sex is "in," the author promptly set out to cash in on it by bringing out yet another one-guffaw work. I am delighted to report that this book is more than that. For *Scoring* is not just a memory of early fumblings at blouses, of the yearnings of a homely, scrawny Jewish lad to get to first base with a date. This "sexual memoir" may start out as a chronicle of women-the-author-never-knew, but it evolves into a warm and very touching tale of growing up unsure—and didn't we all?

Mr. Greenburg makes us remember the hell of being young, when every rejection was earth-shattering. And he depicts the growth of a boy into a young man, then into a full-fledged man, in a fashion so deft that the transitions are almost as imperceptible as in life itself. The adolescent Greenburg's needs change from a compulsion to "score" to a longing to love and be loved. The humor becomes stronger because it seems less deliberately sought after here than in the author's previous works. Also, although a number of the girls who appear early on in this book seem contrived, Bonnie—who moves in with him and whom he

illustration from *Turning the Guns Around*

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comes close to marrying—carries conviction.

An added plus for *Scoring* is the vivid picture Mr. Greenburg creates of Ralph Ginzburg, publisher of *Eros*. Greenburg worked for a while—day and night—helping Ginzburg put out the magazine that eventually sent him to prison. The author took the job in the hope that *Eros* would prove to be a passport to sexual nirvana. He found it led only to overwork.

Haskel Frankel, a fiction critic, has long been a regular contributor to *SR*.

AN ABSENCE OF BELLS

by Michael Rubin

McGraw-Hill, 198 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by J. D. O'Hara

■ Traditionally, the author of a love story creates two characters poorly suited for this world and for each other. He then obliges them to batter through all the obstacles raised by common sense, convention, chance, morality, and right reason—into each other's arms at last. A traditional love story ends with a wedding; one more chapter, and the couple and the readers alike would be racked by sobs.

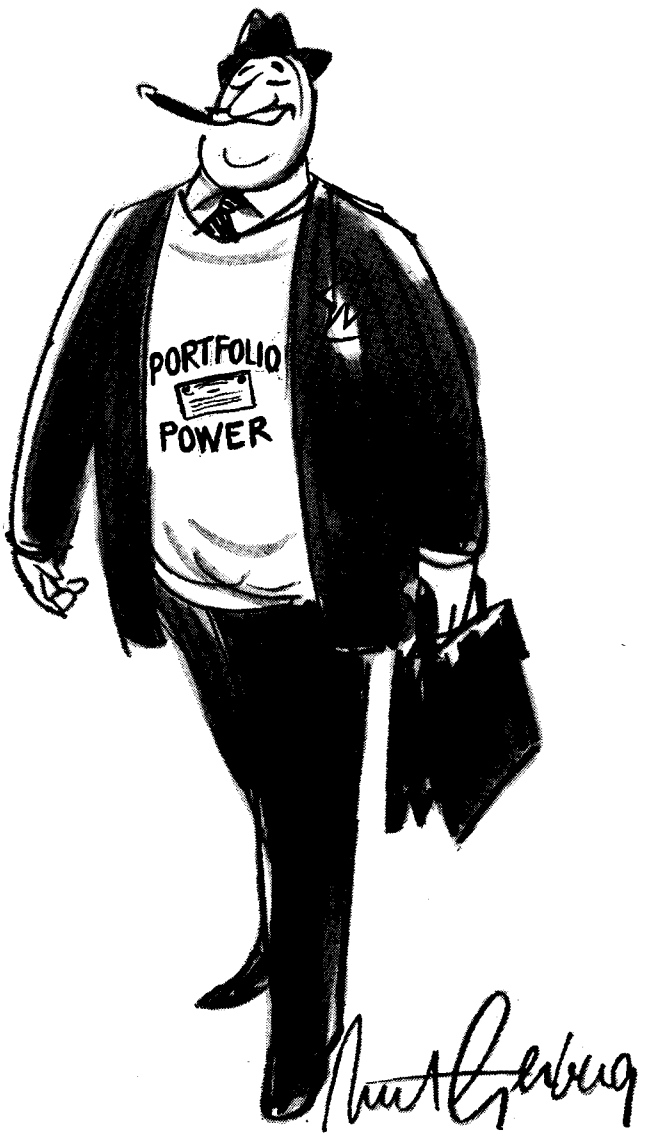
But nowadays mod mates eschew weddings and even courtship; they become embedded in each other even before they can spell each other's name. What's the poor writer to do? Since *An Absence of Bells* is Michael Rubin's fourth novel, and because he teaches creative writing at Stanford, presumably his solution to the problem will carry some weight.

Lynn Adler, the buggy wife of a psychiatrist, meets Donald Collins, a dull-witted high school shop teacher who lives with Momma in the Bronx. Like any sensible novelist, Rubin struggles to keep his leading characters apart, but could Ruby Goldstein keep Louis from Schmeling the second time around? Donald and Lynn both have heavy troubles, and the novel quickly threatens to bog down in issueless redundancies of woe. But then Rubin cries havoc and lets slip his trick—a villain (of sorts).

Well, it's not quite that exciting. We hear, on page 95, of "a strange sickly sweetness"; ninety-eight pages and seventeen repetitious clues later, the villain is finally unmasked. While the culprit's identity is too delightful to give away, I may say that rarely in the annals of star-crossed love has a writer been driven to such straits to keep a plot moving. It makes the blood run cold (hint).

An Absence of Bells is painful testimony to the hazards of teaching (or taking) a creative writing course. The teacher must dwell on mechanics—clarity, meaning, and vivid writing—and the effect of such emphasis can be heard creaking in Rubin's own writing. His characters are exposition nuts, given to long, clear autobiographies and self-analysis. Even the minor characters are always on tiptoe, ready to Contribute to the Plot. A student has been working with Donald for two years. Donald thinks of him as deciding between college and cabinet-making. No sooner has Donald finished that thought than the student begins to talk to him. About what, after two years? Right. Then the student disappears until—at just the right time—he sends Donald a Meaningful Letter. Thereafter he vanishes—this time, forever. Similarly, an abandoned dog avoids the couple for two months; then the plot whistles for him, and he literally hurls himself against the kitchen door. Seldom has *deus* slid so often and so efficiently *ex* his well-greased *machina*.

The techniques and materials of Rubin's novel have a writing-demonstration arbitrariness about them; they are parts of no organic whole. Donald's enslavement to his bigoted Catholic family comes out of Sean O'Faolain's realism, Lynn's grappling with psychiatry comes from R. D. Laing's *Knots*, and the styles don't mix. Then there's the vivid writing: "As usual she'd lined up all his packaged cereals on the sideboard like a display of pornographic books." Like in what way? And student writing has proved contagious: "With wild longing and terrible caution, with amazing tenderness and the most harrowing sense of despair, again and again they were driven to making love in the stifling August heat."



J. D. O'Hara teaches at the University of Connecticut.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 74: races, acres, scare, cares.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1If (*Tom Jones*), 2Fc (*Don Juan*), 3Jg (*Mayor of Casterbridge*), 4Hh (*Eve of St. Agnes*), 5Ab (*Erewhon*), 6Bj (*Vanity Fair*), 7Ci (*Othello*), 8Ea (*My Last Duchess*), 9De (*David Copperfield*), 10 Gd (*Woman in White*).

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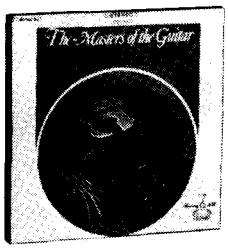

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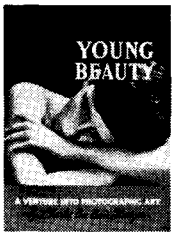

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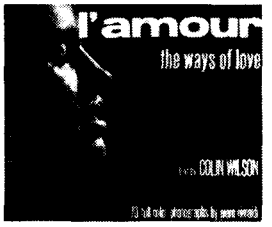

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Children's Books for Spring

But Few Are Chosen

by Zena Sutherland

It's spring, and all over the literary landscape laurels are being passed out, some of the nicest going to the authors of the best children's books.

In this year's round of ceremonies, the first bash, held in Chicago, was the annual meeting of the Catholic Library Association. Zilpha Keatley Snyder and Scott O'Dell, both eminent authors, came from California to be the main speakers. Mr. O'Dell, who was there with his wife, Elizabeth Hall, also a children's book author, had just been announced as a winner of the Hans Christian Andersen Award, which is given each year to one writer and one illustrator for the totality of their work. I asked O'Dell how he had felt when the news arrived, expecting a tale of a midnight cable or telephone call. Not at all. He heard about the prize on a television news program—no drama in that. It seems that an alert American newsman, vacationing in Europe, had picked up the story and cabled it home.

Meindert DeJong, an indefatigable collector of literary honors, was at the meeting in Chicago to receive the association's Regina Medal. Like the Hans Christian Andersen Award, the medal is given for an author's whole work. In his acceptance speech, Mr. DeJong told his audience that during his own early childhood in the Netherlands, he had been given few books to read. When he came to the United States as an eight-year-old, he discovered the public library, and that's where his reading began in earnest. His parents disapproved of fairy tales as not "true," so Meindert read those right in the library. To the delight of his Chicago audience, DeJong produced a batch of letters he had received from American and Australian children. Most of the letters were touching assurances of eternal affection, but my favorite was more businesslike: "Please, Mr. DeJong, if you have any information about yourself, send it to me."

Every spring in New York, the announcement to the press of the winners of the National Book Awards seems much more exciting than the awards ceremony later on. This year, in all of the ado about whether or not *The Whole Earth Catalog* was a real book, the by no means unanimous decision on *The Slightly Irregular Fire Engine: Or the Hithering Thithering Djinn,* by Donald Barthelme (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.95), as winner in the children's books category was only a small disagreement. It seems to me that this is a book to intrigue adults rather than children; the marvelous collages of Victorian engravings and the ornate type faces demand a sophisticated reader with some frame of reference. The text could have been contrived to fit the pictures, unless the author actually planned a story with a pirate in a rocking chair, a catseller on a camel, and a wine list.

Back in Chicago, Mrs. Mary Ørvig, director of the Swedish Institute for Children's Books, gave the Arbuthnot Honor Lecture. She gently took to task the children's book world of the United States. We must not assume, she said, that a child who reads a story about France will forever after feel at home there. There are barriers of ideology, custom, and language among the children of the world. We need to learn more, understand better, and become familiar with other languages, she told us. Her talk was entitled "One World in Children's Books?"

New York again, for a first-time event. The Children's Book Council mounted a Children's Book Showcase at the new Bank Street College of Education. Thirty-three books of the past year were chosen by a jury of illustrators and art designers for the high quality of their graphics and design. Jane Byers Bierhorst, Marcia Brown, Hilda Scott, and Maurice Sendak were the judges. The emphasis of the exhibit was on the combined effort of artists, editors, and designers that goes into making books of the highest graphic standards. The council hopes that other groups throughout the country will also have shows and base them on the Showcase catalogue. If you're interested, write to John Donovan, director of the Children's Book Council, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010. It's a smashing show.

The Sly Old Cat. *Written and illustrated by Beatrix Potter. Warne. 35 pp. $2.50.* Beatrix Potter first wrote *The Sly Old Cat* in 1906. Publication was initially postponed, then dropped. Appearing now for the first time, the book is simple, slight, and ingenuous, but amiable in its good-versus-evil appeal. Invited to dine by Cat, Mr. Rat watches his host's every move, preferring not to be consumed. Rat traps Cat's head in a jug, has a hearty tea, and disappears jauntily. No moral, but a satisfying finish. Ages 3-5.

Over in the Meadow. *Illustrated by Ezra Jack Keats; text based on the original version by Olive A. Wadsworth. Four Winds Press. 24 pp. $4.95.* This old counting rhyme, taken from a folk song, uses meadow creatures to introduce the young child to one turtle, two fishes, three little birdies, and so on. Children can enjoy both the counting and the animals, whose prompt obedience is more cheery compliance than a lesson. (" 'Buzz!' said the mother. 'We buzz,' said the five. So they buzzed and they hummed, near the snug beehive.") The illustrations are colorful and lively, and the little creatures are easy to see for the counting. Ages 3-6.

Hide-and-Seek. *By Renate Meyer. Bradbury. 25 pp. $4.95.* First published in Great Britain, this book without words tells the story of two children playing a game of hide-and-seek. Through the garden, into the house, and out again, the girl in pink pursues the boy in blue, who is tantalizingly glimpsed through the shrubbery, behind a drapery, under a chair, racing across the lawn—caught! The story is clear, although the intricate patterns of the paintings sometimes make the children hard to see; color is the clue.

Frog and Toad Together. *Written and illustrated by Arnold Lobel. Harper & Row. 64 pp. $2.50.* A sequel to *Frog and Toad Are Friends,* which was a finalist for the National Book Award and a Caldecott Honor Book last year, *Frog and Toad Together* comprises five stories of the two friends earnestly solving problems and helping each other. The illustrations and text are blithe and ingenuous. Especially funny is Toad reading poetry and playing music to his newly planted seeds to make them grow. For reading aloud to younger children, as well as for the beginning independent reader. Ages 6-7.

Smoke. *Written and illustrated by Ib Spang Olsen. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. 36 pp. $4.95.* The Danish writer who has just been awarded the Hans Christian Andersen Medal proves that there are no international boundaries to the pollution problem. There is about as much sense as nonsense in this tale of a family that goes out to enjoy the country air only to find smoke in one place after another. In each spot they give their all to stop the smoke. The chimneys of a factory are capped by Auntie's hat, a coffeepot, some stockings, etc. The family has its own car fixed so it won't make smoke, and they all can enjoy fresh air and sunshine at last. Ages 5-8.

Anansi the Spider: A Tale From the Ashanti. *Adapted and illustrated by Gerald McDermott. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 46 pp. $5.95.* This folk tale is illustrated with strikingly stylized, boldly colored designs based on the traditional geometric forms of Ashanti art. (The film version of the book won the blue ribbon at the 1970 American Film Festival.) The story combines two episodes, one about the origin of the moon, and the other the tale of six spider brothers, each with a special talent, who rescue their father Anansi by pooling their resources—a familiar theme in the folk literature of many countries. Ages 5-8.

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"Frog and Toad Together"

Fiorello La Guardia. *By Mervyn Kaufman. Illustrated by Gene Szafran. Crowell. 48 pp. $3.75.* Fiorello La Guardia's blazing integrity and charm come across even in this blandly done biography. The writing is static but well gauged to the ability of the primary grades reader, the tone is admiring rather than adulatory, and the book gives balanced attention to all the periods of La Guardia's life. Ages 7-9.

The Treasure of Topo-el-Bampo. *By Scott O'Dell. Illustrated by Lynd Ward. Houghton Mifflin. 48 pp. $4.50.* This is the story of one of the poorest of Mexican mountain villages of two hundred years ago. A silver mine in the village is owned by three greedy and selfish brothers who send the silver off to the coast on the backs of burros and eventually to the King of Spain. Tiger and Leandro, two of the burros, once belonged to the mayor of Topo-el-Bampo, but he had to sell them because they ate so much. When a wagon train is attacked by bandits, the two little burros run off and head for home. The four bars of silver they return with bring wealth to the village. The drama is strong, the burros are appealing, and the writing is stylish. The book is somewhat weakened by a shifting emphasis, from an opening section about the mayor and his nine children to the wider setting of the silver mine and the whole village. Ages 8-10.

Tales of a Fourth Grade Nothing. *By Judy Blume. Illustrated by Roy Doty. Dutton. 120 pp. $4.95.* Illustrations that are reminiscent of the cartoons of Gluyas Williams capture the humor of Peter Hatcher's stories about the agonizing life of a boy with an obstreperous two-year-old brother, Fudge. The weekend Dad takes over and they all go to the movies and little Fudge disappears; the day Fudge eats Peter's turtle; a trip to the dentist when Fudge refuses to open his mouth—it's lightweight stuff but children will love it, especially if they have a younger brother or sister. The episode structure makes the book a good choice for reading aloud. Ages 8-9.

The Almost All-White Rabbity Cat. *By Meindert DeJong. Illustrated by H. B. Vestal. Macmillan. 116 pp. $4.95.* The city is strange and new to Barney, who has just moved there from a small town in the mountains. What Barney misses most are his white rabbits. So when an almost-white cat appears in the apartment, it seems a sort of miracle. The cat gets out and Barney runs after her, locking himself out. Barney's parents become involved in a wild chase, and their first-hand experience with the urban crush convinces the reunited family to return to the wider spaces and freedom of the country. A new book by an author who has won almost every award is greeted with interest; this story is competently written, but the slender plot is a bit labored, and many of the minor characters (a hippie, various tenants who keep a wallaby, a lion cub, and a huge snake) seem contrived. Ages 9-11.

The Magic Moth. *By Virginia Lee. Illustrated by Richard Cuffari. Seabury. 64 pp. $4.50.* There hasn't been a book quite like this before. Mark, a six-year-old, is the youngest child of a family in which one of the older sisters, Maryanne, has a heart condition. Mark is too young to understand fully what his parents try to explain—that Maryanne will die. When the small gifts he brings his sister no longer interest her because she is too ill, Mark knows there is not much time. Written with gentle compassion, but neither saccharine nor morbid, the book is realistic and sensitive enough to make the death of a child comprehensible to a young reader. Ages 9-11.

The Future of Hooper Toote. *By Felice Holman. Illustrated by Gahan Wilson. Scribners. 138 pp. $4.95.* Hooper is a perfectly normal boy except that he doesn't walk; he skims. It isn't flying, just skimming, and the people in his home town are accustomed to the idiosyncrasy. Then the Tootes move to New York, where Hooper's skimming attracts a lot of attention—and that annoys the Tootes. The problem isn't solved until Hooper meets Professor Smith, an inventor who at first thinks Hooper has a pair of levitational shoes, the very thing he is working on. The nonsense of this story is nicely set up by the bland earnestness with which Hooper's skimming is accepted by everyone, including members of a NASA investigating committee. A sprightly style and amusing dialogue add zest to a fanciful tale. Ages 9-12.

Australian Marsupials. *By Peter Crowcroft. Illustrated by Colin Threadgall. McGraw-Hill. 32 pp. $4.72.* First published in Great Britain, *Australian Marsupials* is one of a series of science books that serve as an introduction to the forms of animal life. This book describes the habits and habitat of each species, includes a section on American marsupials, and discusses extinct types as well as conservation of living species. The writing is static, but the fascination of the subject compensates amply, and the information given by both text and pictures is accurate. Ages 9-12.

The House of Wings. *By Betsy Byars. Illustrated by Daniel Schwarz. Viking. 143 pp. $4.95.* "Get away," Sammy screams at his grandfather. "Let me alone! Dirty liar!" His grandfather can't be telling the truth; his parents couldn't have gone off and left him. But they have gone, promising that they will send for him when his father gets a job in Detroit. The boy fends off every friendly gesture his grandfather makes—until they find a wounded crane, and Sammy sees the old man's kindness and affection to the bird. This gentle story by the 1971 winner of the Newbery Medal has an unsentimental and potent message about wildlife and draws a telling portrait of a human relationship. Save for the brief appearance of the parents, Sammy and his grandfather are the only characters. The book's spare construction makes it strong. Ages 9-12.

The Secret of the Crazy Quilt. *By Florence Hightower. Illustrated by Beth and Joe Krush. Houghton Mifflin. 232 pp. $4.95.* Jerusha, thirteen, and her brother Freddy eight, spend the summer of 1926 in Massachusetts with Grandfather and Aunt Edith. For Jerry the most intriguing mystery of Grandfather's old house is a quilt that Grandmother had disliked. The story, told alternately by Edith and Jerusha, con-

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from "The Henchmans at Home"

cerns their discovery of a message coded into the quilt that leads them to another mystery. Filled with sharply drawn characters—rumrunners, rascals, and dupes—the book abounds in action and suspense. Ages 10-13.

The Bright and Morning Star. *By Rosemary Harris. Macmillan. 254 pp. $4.95.* The third book in an outstanding trilogy by an English writer, *The Bright and Morning Star* continues the tale of Reuben, Prince of Canaan, and his role in the affairs of the young king who is his lord and friend. Here the intrigue in King Merenkere's court, in an ancient land beside the Nile, and the illness of Reuben's child are interwoven with skill. The land is called Kemi, but the lore is Egyptian, and the use of psychological techniques in treating the sick boy is as practical as the talking cat Cefalu is fanciful. The intriguing setting, strong characters, and humor make for a charming and vital story. Ages 10-13.

The Watchers. *By Barbara Rinkoff. Knopf. 130 pp. $4.99.* What can you expect from a boy whose parents fight all the time? the neighbors ask. Chris Blake knows, bitterly, what they mean, and he himself tells the story of his troubles: acrimony at home, censure at school, and no friends except this new kid, Sanford, a real loser. Weak and uncoordinated, Sanford is overprotected by his parents and bullied by other boys, and his loyalty to Chris, who defends him, is unshakable. Little by little, Sanford learns independence and gains courage. Chris, torn by the separation of his parents, learns the joy of giving security and thereby gaining it. The book is written with conviction, depth of characterization, and realism in its relationships. Ages 10-13.

A Whole World of Cooking. *Written and illustrated by Rebecca Shapiro. Little, Brown. 70 pp. $4.95.* More for the young amateur than for the beginner, these recipes call for uncomplicated cooking procedures and, despite the international flavor, only standard ingredients. Breezy writing introduces each dish, but the instructions that follow are clear and businesslike. The table of contents is arranged by country, the index by type of dish. Puerto Rican butter cookies, Armenian pilaf, Pennsylvania carrot mold, Japanese tempura, Navaho fry bread, Canadian fish chowder . . . . Hungry, anyone? Ages 10-14.

Famous Mexican-Americans. *By Clarke Newlon. Dodd, Mead, 187 pp. $3.95.* These brief, vigorous biographical sketches are written in an informal style that is punctuated only occasionally by banalities. The foreword by Uvaldo Palomares, a psychiatrist and teacher, gives some historical background and discusses the derivation of the word "Chicano." Books about Mexican-Americans have been scarce, so this collective biography should be welcomed by both Anglos and Chicanos. Ages 11-14.

The Henchmans at Home. *By Hester Burton. Illustrated by Victor G. Ambrus. Crowell. 182 pp. $4.50.* One secret of Hester Burton's success as a writer of historical fiction is that her details are so casually right, her dialogue so faithful to an era, that the reader can plunge in with confidence and simply enjoy the characters. Here the three Henchman children, who live in a Suffolk circle of proper Victorians, are described in six related episodes that can be read as short stories, each using one child as protagonist. Warm, humorous, imbued with the primness of the time, the episodes are lively and varied. Ages 11-14.

Black Pilgrimage. *Written and illustrated by Tom Feelings. Lothrop. 72 pp. $5.95.* A major children's book illustrator describes his life and work, particularly his decision to leave the United States and live in Africa. Tom Feelings grew up in Bedford-Stuyvesant, served in the army, and went to art school. He drew and painted the life he knew, but it was not until he worked for a time in Ghana that Feelings saw how much the oppression suffered by his people was evident in his pictures. Feelings's candor and his bitterness about the stultifying treatment of the black artist in America (white publishers, he says, have recently issued books by and about black people only for profit) give his book an application and implication broader than the experience of one man. The illustrations, some in color, are beautiful. Ages 11 and up.

Village of Outcasts. *By S. R. Van Iterson. Translated from the Dutch by Patricia Pitzele and Joske Smedts. Morrow. 192 pp. $4.95.* In a smooth translation that preserves a distinctive style, the story of a boy who comes to a Colombian leper colony with his sick, elderly father is told with brilliant restraint. Although Claudio is perfectly healthy, he is unwelcome outside the colony, and it is only by lying that he gets a job at a nearby hacienda. He falls in love with the daughter of the house, Pilar, but when he must choose between silence and disclosing his knowledge of a murder that will reveal the truth about his father, he opts for justice and the end of his tender, young love affair. The characterizations, especially of the lepers, are powerful, the intricacies of the relationships lucid, and the setting and plot dramatic. Ages 12-14.

Racism. *By Robert Froman. Delacorte Press. 157 pp. $4.95.* As a background for his examination of racism, Robert Froman discusses genetics, the biological meaning

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of race, and the physical differences among the races. In a history of racism, Froman emphasizes white American attitudes toward blacks in the past and now. He also describes racist attitudes toward non-black minorities and the struggles against "underground racism." Thoughtful and objective, the book avoids generalizations and melodrama. It includes an extensive bibliography. Ages 12 and up.

Beyond the Vicarage. *By Noel Streatfeild. Watts. 214 pp. $4.95.* The last volume of Noel Streatfeild's autobiography, written in the third person, is a detailed, humorous, and thoughtful record of her life in England during the Second World War. The author had a career as an actress on tour, and then success as a writer. The blitz in London was particularly dangerous and dramatic. Noel Streatfeild is a storyteller par excellence, as the many readers devoted to her stories already know. This book is exciting and sad and funny and touching. Ages 13 and up.

A Siberian Encounter: A Journal of Russian Travels. *By Gaia Servadio. Farrar, Straus, & Giroux, 241 pp. $7.95.* This report of a 1969-1970 journey is divided into sections on Russia, the Volga and the steppes, Central Asia, and Siberia. Gaia Servadio, a novelist and journalist, includes interpretive material with objective observation, and her narrative is spiced with some highly diverting personal encounters. Because she had friends in Russia, she was able to see places and learn facts denied the ordinary tourist. For young adults.

Squaw Point. *By R. H. Shimer, Harper & Row. 225pp. $5.95.* "One of the least interesting islands in Western Alaska," a scientist called Squaw Point, but what goes on there is far from dull. Nels Borgesen, a Coast Guard ensign, searches the area for the hijacker of a load of seal pelts. Miro Tokin is looking for anything that makes money. Gusti Lundt the schoolteacher, isn't looking for a man but she finds one. Mrs. Kalugin sees into the future, and Preacher White sees too much, perhaps, since somebody sticks a fishing knife into his chest. While there is mystery in this rip-roaring adventure, it is almost submerged in the robust episodes, the salty characters, and the untamed frontier atmosphere of one of a chain of islands off the Alaskan Peninsula. For young adults.

Died on a Rainy Sunday. *By Joan Aiken. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 123 pp. $4.95.* Jane Drummond's husband is extravagant and irascible, and the McGregors, for whom he works, seem to have him under their thumbs. Jane, who has taken a job with a London film company to pay their debts, is particularly uneasy because her four-year-old, Caroline, seems so frightened by Mrs. McGregor. Caroline has changed from a happy, self-reliant child to a tense, nervous little girl who starts wetting her bed again. Joan Aiken, with her usual skill, builds an atmosphere of mounting terror. The McGregors are as convincingly nasty a pair as ever appeared in print, and the plot moves steadily toward its denouement, to disclosure and death. For young adults.

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1506

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SUMMER SESSION for bright students with messy scholarship past. Under thirty students. Innovative program of Vermont approved secondary school. Beautiful area. Community, nature, gardening, work, livestock, recreation and learning. AC 802-685-2239.

(Continued on page 89)

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

(Continued from page 88)

ROCKY MOUNTAIN EXPERIENCE—Backpacking, climbing, camping, horsemanship, survival. Wilderness recreation and conservation credit course. Three sections, 14 days each, July-August. Students and professional people welcome. Contact Lethbridge Community College, Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada.

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PERSONALS

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APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

(Continued from page 90)

SPECTACULAR 5-BEDROOM CHELSEA DUPLEX, NYC. Terrace, garden, laundry-playroom, country kitchen, 2 fireplaces, 32-ft. living room. Furnished or unfurnished, from June 15th until fall of '73. Asking $850. Owner, 212-924-0547.

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THE POOL is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

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THERE IS ALSO A SMALL HOUSE consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

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CAMPS

JOIN A MARINE ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION. Come help excavate an ancient sunken ship. Our professional staff will teach you how. Live aboard ship and on our land base in Bahamas and Florida Keys. Send for brochure: UNDER SEA ACADEMY, 1060-S Wildlife Road, New Kensington, Pennsylvania 15068. 412-335-8844.

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Arts & Music Center for Children, Elmer 24, New Jersey 08318.

THE PUTNEY WORK CAMP provides an experience that integrates work and recreation, the arts and current concerns. A vitalizing summer with well selected contemporaries in a country setting. Coed, ages 13-17. The Putney School, Putney, Vermont 05346. 802-387-4212.

LIVING SPANISH in the land of eternal spring. Family atmosphere in beautiful Colonial house. Coed 9-14. Girasol, Box 8-4820, San Jose, Costa Rica.

VACATIONS

WE'LL TRADE our four-color brochure for your name and address. High Hampton Inn and Country Club, Dept. S, Cashiers, North Carolina 28717. A mountain resort with superb scenery. 18-hole golf course. Tennis. Fishing. Lakes. Open early May through late October. Phone 704-451-2020.

THE 1661 INN, Block Island, Rhode Island 02807. Charming rooms, gourmet food. Opens May 26th. Brochure. 401-466-2421.

MAINE. Bogtrotters, botanists, birders, other boarders. Roam, read, relax by the sea. The Bucks, Craignair, Spruce Head, Maine 04859.

THORN HILL LODGE. Charming country inn on quiet hillside facing Mt. Washington. Swimming pool, lawn sports. $80 up weekly including your choice of 2 or 3 meals daily. D. Darville, Jackson, N.H. 03846.

GASCON RANCH. Rociada, New Mexico. Southwestern hospitality midst Alpine surroundings.

1780 LOG HOUSE — Superbly restored, furnished, equipped, charming Appalachian setting year round. Choppingdale Tree Farms, Deerfield, Virginia 24432.

COLONIAL ATMOSPHERE RESORT on lake in mountain area. Sandy beach, par 3 golf. Woodbound Inn, Box 190, Jaffrey, New Hampshire 03452.

PLYMOUTH ROCK—Take one home from our beach, a stone's throw from the original. 94 deluxe rooms, heated pool. Golf, restaurants nearby. AAA. Open all year. Governor Bradford Motor Inn, Plymouth, Massachusetts 02360.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $14-$24; 4 persons, $20-$24. Reserve by mail or phone.

SHELBURNE MUSEUM VACATION! Tour 45 acres, 35 buildings, plus breakfast, dinner, gratuity, tax, new air conditioned motel room, color television. All for $19.95 per person double occupancy, May 15th through June 30th and all September only. Shelburne Inn and New Motel, Box 4, Shelburne, Vermont, U.S. 7.

QUIET, ELM SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn and motel with or without meals. Open to November. Tuck Inn Lodge, Box 118R, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. 28771. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Secluded, informal, rustic-yet entirely modern. Southern hospitality amidst Alpine splendor. Recommended by AAA, Duncan Hines. American Plan only. Excellent cuisine. Late May to November. No children under 12. Brochure. Bob Stone & Bill Timmerman, Owner/Hosts. Tel. 704-479-3433.

UNCROWDED, UNSPOILED, WOODED Connecticut campsites. Swimming. Box 432, Watertown, Connecticut 06795.

WINDJAMMER VACATION—Sail from Rockland, Maine to picturesque islands and harbors in Penobscot Bay. $140 weekly. Brochure. Schooner RICHARD ROBBINS, West Bath, Maine. Phone 207-443-3805.

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VACATIONS

SUN VALLEY, IDAHO—Luxurious, split-level, 3 bedroom, fully-equipped condominium available for seasonal rental. Also for summer months. $600 month. Ideally situated, center of village, shuttle bus to lifts, free use of heated pool. Write SR Box G-433.

FAMILY VACATIONS! ALOHA MANOR, Vermont lake. ADULTS: bungalows (fireplace, bath). All meals or housekeeping. Canoeing. Sailing. Tennis. Near golf, Dartmouth, White Mountains. CAMPERS (2 years through 12): "Sleep Away" or Day Camp. Swimming. Boating. Pony. Climbing. Crafts. Cookouts. Square Dancing. Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, NYC, 10010. 212-GR 3-0222.

OVERLOOKING THE BLUE PACIFIC in San Francisco. Residential area. Seal Rock Inn Motel, 545 Point Lobos Avenue, 94121. Write for rates.

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

BEACH PLUM INN, Menemsha, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts 02552. Small, informal, overlooking sea. Beautiful accommodations, superb food, American Plan. All sports. $21-$31 daily per person. May 26th-September 25th. 617-645-9454.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine, In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

UP-ISLAND ON MARTHA'S VINEYARD you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling. Modern cottages (nonhousekeeping). $15 to $21 daily per person includes hearty New England breakfasts, Lobster Cookout Tuesday, bountiful Sunday Night Buffet. Special rates May 27th-June 16th and September 10th-30th. Booklet. O. R. Thompson, Owner-Manager. 617-645-2521. Menemsha Inn, Menemsha, Massachusetts 02552.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Don and Kathie Murray, Dept. 6, Jackson, New Hampshire 03846.

JOYCE'S COTTAGES—Quaint lobster village. L. V. Joyce, Swan's Island, Maine 04685. 207-526-2794.

PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys, immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, tennis, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle, Islamorada. Phone 305-664-2811. THE SHARY'S.

VERMONT—The Beckoning Country: Beauty, history, covered bridges, mountains, lakes, fishing, boating, auctions, antiques. Most charming, immaculate, well-maintained inn. Elevator, sprinkler, swimming pool, chip & putt greens. Exceptional food, beverages, air conditioning. 802-247-5766. Write Brandon Inn, A Vermont Resort, Box 206, Brandon, Vermont 05733.

LEARN TO SAIL. Beautiful Downeast Maine. Lester Rhoads, Boothbay, Maine 04537.

RELAXED ISLAND TROPADISE. Endless beach, pool. Caribe Adventure Inn, 158S, Sanibel Island, Florida 33957.

CAMPERS! ROUGH IT (GENTLY). Savor peaceful wooded island, unspoiled lake, Eastern Ontario. Cottages, $50. Barnes, Ompah, Ontario.

WILD LOONS CALL from Indian Lake's clear mountain waters, Adirondacks. American Plan, families, adults. Rustic, informal. Sailing, horses, guided canoe trips. Timberlock, Sabael, N.Y. 12864.

WHAT MAKES ME GREAT? The scent of pine, a breeze from the sea, a beauty spot 'neath friendly mountains. This is a gracious summer resort with sumptuous food. June 18th-September 18th. Asticou Inn, Northeast Harbor, Maine 04662.

VACATIONS

INDIA HOUSE, NANTUCKET, MASS. Attractive turn-of-the-18th-century residence, a comfortable home base for young and old lovers and discoverers of Nantucket. 8 clean, cheery rooms, private baths. 5 minutes to beaches, sailing, galleries, surfing, antiques, tennis. Singles $14, doubles $27 daily EP. Gourmet breakfasts, dinners from July 1st. Bar. Open April-September. 37 India Street. Tel. 617-228-9043. You'll love it!

TROPICAL ISLAND NEAR SARASOTA/BRADENTON: Near Walt Disney World. Send for free vacation guide. Chamber of Commerce, Box 188-SR, Longboat Key, Florida 33548.

CARIBBEAN—An intimate inn. Mary's Boon on Juliana Beach, St. Maarten. P.O. Box 278-A, Philipsburg.

NANTUCKET, Island of Enchantment, 30 miles at sea, less than one hour by air from New York or Boston. Sandy beaches, warm water swimming, surfing, golf, your favorite sports, varied evening entertainment. Well-equipped boat basin. Modern accommodations. Excellent restaurants. Advance reservations recommended for August. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 45 Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

COME AWAY—breathe our fresh air—rare combination of scented pine and ocean spray. Motels and efficiencies. Coffee Shop-Cocktail Lounge. Pool. Fishing. Golf. May into October. Brochure. 207-646-5662. Mr./Mrs. Maurice Weare, Cliff House and Motels, Box R, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

YOUR OWN PRIVATE FLOATING VILLA. Aquavilla is a new resort in Eleuthera Bahamas, where each couple gets a spacious private suite of rooms floating atop crystal clear Bahamian waters. Complete water sports center, brand new tennis court, and The Captain's Table restaurant. And all for about half what you'd spend at other island resorts. See your travel agent or write our reservations office: Aquavilla Reservations, Box N7535, Nassau, Bahamas.

SUITS-US FARM—Parents and children love it! Animals, pony and hay rides. Bonfires, fishing, heated pool. Tennis. Also, golf, auctions, antiques nearby. Private bath available. Brochure. Bovina Center, 3, N.Y. 607-832-4369. Always hot coffeepot.

SPECTACULAR SEASCAPE VIEWS overlooking the broad Atlantic. A distinguished resort on expansive, landscaped grounds. Broad lawns, flowers, big swimming pool, professional putting green. Social season mid-June to Labor Day—concerts, dinner dances. Near Playhouse and Art Galleries. Modified American and European Plans. Motor inn, cottages, efficiencies mid-May to mid-October. The Lookout Resort, Box 11, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

GRAND CANYON RIVER TOURS in single raft. Three days $295, six days $395, eight days $485. Limit 10 to party. Skilled boatman and helper for personal attention. Only outfitter with long-term Park Service contract and helicopter into canyon. Fort Lee Company, Dept. SR, P.O. Box 2103, Lee's Ferry, Marble Canyon, Arizona 86036. Phone 602-645-3111.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Secluded LAMBERT'S COVE INN. Pines, gardens, meadows. Delicious food. Walk to beach. May-October. RFD, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts 02568. 617-693-2298.

SCHOONER TIMBERWIND SAILS MAINE COAST. Your week includes island hopping, new friends, wonderful food and exciting sailing. $150 weekly—no extras. For brochure: Schooner Timberwind, Box 247B, Rockport, Maine 04856.

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box O, Luquillo, P.R.

BOOTHBAY HARBOR. Charming seacoast inn, motel, efficiency apartments on ocean. Informal. Modern. Modified American, European Plans. Seafood, lobsters featured. Cocktails. Scenic boat trips. Motel mid-May to late October. Inn late June-September. Ocean Point Inn, Box A10, Ocean Point, Maine 04557.

ERUDITE CLIENTELE, informal family vacations. Lake Shore Farm, Northwood, N.H. 03261.

VACATIONS

BEDS TURNED DOWN EACH NIGHT in one of the few small country inns left. Set in a tiny picture-book village. Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Open year 'round. Betty & Jim Lee, Barrows House, Dorset, Vermont 05251.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE. Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut. 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $80 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine Brochure!

STEAMBOAT INTO HISTORY—Cruise the Illinois River (Marquette and Joliet did it by canoe 1672). Visit great archaeological "find" known as Koster Site. Guided through the wonders of this 10,000-year-old Indian civilization by University of Illinois professors. 9-day trip begins July 5th, Cincinnati, and ends July 14th, Peoria. Minimum $333 includes meals. Write Delta Queen, Dept. SR, 322 East 4th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio 45202.

FOR PEOPLE WHO LOVE MOUNTAINS! A luxurious family retreat surrounded by White Mountain National Forest. Continental cuisine, select wines. Play tennis, swim, fish, hike, climb and golf nearby or browse in village shops and galleries. $14-$25 p.p., M.A.P., double occupancy. Housekeeping condominiums by day or month. Dana Place, P.O. 95-1, Jackson, N.H. 03846. 603-383-6822.

STONINGTON, CONNECTICUT—Furnished apartments by week or month. On the water—in the village. Write Sea Village, 17 Hancox.

FAMILY TENT CAMP—Bordering Colorado's Snowmass Wilderness. Everything provided. Singles welcome. Box 446, Aspen, Colorado 81611.

HARBORSIDE INN, Edgartown, on the storybook island of Martha's Vineyard. Delightful resort overlooking Edgartown harbor. Sail or fish in our fleet of pleasure boats. Swimming pool. Bicycling, golf nearby, interesting shops surround us. Famed Navigator Restaurant and Boathouse Bar. European Plan. Edgartown, Massachusetts 02359. Tel. 617-627-4321.

SINGLE PARENTS, CAPE COD—Beachfront house, dorms for kids. Great food, M.A.P. Weekly rates. Our second summer. Orderly Withdrawal, P.O. Box 1074, Hartford, 06101.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

WRITERS' WORKSHOP, July 31st-August 11th, 1972. At York University's Centre for Continuing Education. Fifteen novelists, poets and playwrights including Hugh Garner, Tom Hendry and John Colombo will conduct seminars. Write: Writers' Workshop, 2275 Bayview Avenue, Toronto, Canada.

VERMONT SUMMER ARTS CENTER for amateurs and professionals. Chamber music, arts, crafts, dance, yoga. Weekly session, or longer, June 25th-August 20th. Creative vacation on a college campus in Vermont's Northeast Kingdom. Write: Anne Allen, Executive Secretary, Lyndon State College, Lyndonville, Vermont 05851.

ADIRONDACK SUMMER WORKSHOPS. Ceramics, weaving, sculpture. Brochure (SR), Brant Lake Arts Center, 3083 May Road, Wantagh, N.Y. 11793.

CONFERENCE CENTER, Berkshires. Available for small groups. Weekends or longer. All facilities including meals. Inviting informality; tennis, swimming. Box 88, Hancock, Massachusetts 01237. 413-738-5032.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

SUMMER ON A GREEK ISLAND Aegina Arts Centre happens on the Greek island of Aegina offering workshops in music, painting, poetry, theatre, photography, dance, archaeology, Greek. World-famous lecturers. Surrounded by sun, sea, wine, and friends of all ages. One month tultion $300. AEGINA ARTS CENTRE, 136 West 52nd Street, NYC, 10019. 212-LT 1-1150.

(Continued on page 93)

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SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

(Continued from page 92)

ROME, ITALY. Diversified curriculum. Outstanding faculty. Etruscan archaeological program. Classes June 12th-July 19th. $760. Trinity College/Rome Campus, Hartford, Connecticut 06106.

OXFORD, CAMBRIDGE, INTERNATIONAL Summer Schools, July 1st-22nd, Oxford, St. Peter's College "Shakespeare in His Age." July 8th-29th Cambridge, Caius College, "Modern Britain" (Economy, Politics, Education). July 29th-August 19th Cambridge, Caius College; "Modern English Literature and Drama." Lecturers include senior members of Oxford and Cambridge University. All ages may apply. Lectures, room and board at the college. Excursions, parties, dances. Write: Mrs. Pat Simpson, 560 2nd Street, (OR), Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215.

MEXICO PHOTOGRAPHY WORKSHOPS. Guadalajara, Guanajuato, Cuernavaca, Oaxaca. Brochure. Box 6356, Carmel, California 93921.

IRELAND OFFERS exceptional academic experiences for international college students. Write Institute of Irish Studies, U.S. Office, Franconia, N.H. 03580.

LONDON THEATRE WORKSHOP, 1972. Exciting vacation/study at Imperial College of London University. Theatre, Action Seminars, Cinema. Students and non-students. $545. July 29th-August 26th. Box 7124, Wauwatosa, Wisconsin 53213.

SUMMER SESSIONS AT SEA. World Campus Afloat accredited study cruises to South Pacific and Asia. Workshops, seminars, classes and travel for educators, businessmen, other adult groups. Brochure: Chapman College, CC13, Orange, California 92666, or phone 714-633-8821, Ext. 317.

HIGH SCHOOL SPANISH PROGRAM — One month in beautiful hacienda in Colima, Mexico. Write: Richard Hancock, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma 73069.

SUMMER ABROAD: Age groups 14-18, 17-22, 10-14. 4-6 weeks, from $595. Language-study-travel. Sports and camp; underwater archaeology. Programs in France, Spain, Switzerland, Austria, Mexico. Cost includes flights, much sightseeing, festivities. European Language Institute, SR, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10017.

STUDIES ABROAD

AMERICAN JUNIOR COLLEGE OF BARCELONA — Intensive two-year bicultural study in Spain. Credits transferable. Write: Jean Pinkham, 1525 41st Place, Des Moines, Iowa 50311.

LIBERAL ARTS IN ROME. Temple University's College of Liberal Arts offers full credit courses at its Rome campus for the academic year, '72-'73. Contact: Temple Abroad, Mr. Tarr, Temple University, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19122. 215-787-8444.

"AMERICAN EDUCATION IN SWISS TRANQUILLITY". —American College of Switzerland. B.A., B.Ss., A.A. degrees. American liberal arts college, four year, co-educational, boarding. American and International faculty. Liberal arts, science, languages, international business, and fine arts programs enriched by curriculum related tours; strong sports program; excellent transfer record to U.S. universities and V.A. benefits. Affiliated with Leysin American High School. Write: American College of Switzerland, 1854T, Leysin, Switzerland or Hans T. Spengler, U.S. Representative, 330 East 49th Street, New York, 10017.

STUDY PROGRAMS IN FRANCE—French, Dance, Music, Art-History, Painting, Cuisine, Sculpture, Theatre, Photography, Cinema. 1. Academic year, two semesters. 2. Interim program, January 4th-February 1st. 3. Summer in France, July 1st-August 12th. 4. Christmas in Paris and London, December 23rd-January 2nd. Eminent artist/professors. Write airmail (3 International coupons) to: PARIS AMERICAN ACADEMY, 9 Rue Des Ursulines, Paris 5, France.

ACADEMIC YEAR IN SPAIN — University Programs: Undergraduate, B.A., M.A. TOTAL, $1,985. (Semester $1,385.) Summer $485. FELLOWSHIPS, AYS, 67 Orchard Ridge, Chappaqua, N.Y. 10514. 914-238-4306.

STUDIES ABROAD

STUDY AT SEA. World Campus Afloat Semester sails September and February to exotic ports round the world. Accredited. Financial aid available. Write: Chapman College, Box CC17, Orange, California 92666.

SPANISH LANGUAGE and Latin American Studies in recognized binational institute with 21 years' experience. Instituto Cultural, Tolsa 300, Guadalajara, Mexico.

COLUMBUS INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE of Spain—A 2-year liberal arts college in cooperation with the city of Seville. Freshman Sophomore Curriculum, American Faculty, Dormitory Boarding Plan. Tuition $1,050 yearly, credits transferable. Write Columbus International College, Capitan Vigueras, 1, Seville, Spain.

TRAVEL

RUSSIA-SCANDINAVIA. 5 weeks. $350 inclusive. London departures. Small group camping travel (ages 18-30). Also Europe, Africa. Write: Whole Earth Expeditions, Ltd., Box 1497, Kansas City, Missouri 64141.

THIS AD + $7.00 per person, double occupancy entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$10.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

EUROPE THIS SUMMER? Ages 22-35. Looking for a low-cost coed trip combining a magnificent ten country itinerary with loads of free time, theatre tickets, fine hotels and all meals? Eight weeks, $1,675; six weeks, $1,475; four weeks, $1,150; WITH NO EXTRAS. Dr. S. M. Lutnick, 313 Post Avenue, Westbury, N.Y. 11590. 516-WA 1-7898.

MARINE ARCHAEOLOGY: Participate in the excavation of a 16th century wreck off the coast of Bermuda, August 1st-21st; cost $1,275 plus air fare; scuba certificate required. Survey and excavate the port of Sparta on the coast of Greece, August 8th-29th; cost $1,175 plus air fare. Write Educational Expeditions International, 68 Leonard Street, SR5, Belmont, Massachusetts 02178.

INCREDIBLE 30-DAY WILDERNESS TRIP! Combination white-water rafting, pack trip, backpacking, bicycling in Sawtooth Mountains. Salmon River Expedition for small coed teen group. Free brochure on many unique trips. MNYC, American Youth Hostels, 535 West End Avenue, NYC, 10024. 212-799-5810.

LONDON NIGHTLIFE GUIDEBOOK. Complete guidebook, special emphasis upon after-dark adventurings. $2.95. Pactolus Press, Box 0, Newhall, California 91321.

CHAMPAGNE TASTE ON BEER BUDGET? Freighter cruises are your bag. Go first class all the way—to Hongkong, Norway, South Africa—you name it. Occupy lavish suite, dine with officers. Be a welcome guest, not just another passenger. Rates? Less than half of regular liner. Our bimonthly Bulletins tell all. Complete freighter travel service. Mail $1.00 for sample Bulletins, list of member-recommended trips, details. TravLtips Freighter Association, 40-21 ZC Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

SUMMER SKIING-ANDES. 17 days, $599. Miami-Santiago. Box H-123.

BASKETVILLE—World's largest basket stores. In Vermont—Putney (Rts 5 & 91); Manchester (Rt 7); In Massachusetts, 200 Hudson Street, Northboro; Florida, Venice (Rt 41). Browse among our incredible selection of baskets, bucketware, woodenware, gifts. Beautiful artificial flowers, foliage. Imported and domestic. Write: Folder.

SHOOT THE RAPIDS of the Colorado River and jeep the back country. A quality experience in Utah's Canyonlands National Park. Free brochure. Tag-A-Long Tours, Box 1206H, Moab, Utah 84532.

CAMPING THROUGH EUROPE and/or Scandinavia. Cycle in Holland, climb glaciers in Switzerland, backpack in Sweden, pony trek in Norway. Small groups. Leaders of calibre, taste and wit. 15th year. Students Abroad, 771P West End Avenue, NYC, N.Y. 10025. 212-928-7878.

TRAVEL WISE—A B C's OF TRAVEL. Emphasis on Europe. Suggests what to wear, unusual things to see or do. Increases trip enjoyment. $2.95 from Travelwise, Box 7686-S, Dallas, Texas 75209.

TRAVEL

LIVELY FRENCH FAMILY welcomes guests. Ultramodernized house, outstanding cuisine. $175 week. Thevenin, Solignac, Haute Vienne, France.

NICHOLSON'S INTERNATIONAL YACHT CHARTER Shopping Service. For details apply: V.E.B. Nicholson & Sons, 5 Lynch's Quay, Cobh, County Cork, Ireland.

MONUMENTAL BRASS RUBBING TOUR of England, including Scotland and Wales. Rub oldest known medieval brasses and return home with a truly unique remembrance for your private collection. Stay at centuries-old coaching inns and manor houses, enjoy London theatre, Palladium, 16th century dining, attend spectacular "Military Tattoo" at the Edinburgh Festival, learn English history from journalist/lecturer. Travel in small group with instructor/tour escort, September 2nd-16th, 1972. $895 from New York. For brochure, contact Catherine Klos, Boersma Travel, 12 Nickels Arcade, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48108. 313-769-5300. Collect calls accepted.

AUTO BABYSITTERS—INDOOR parking. Rates LOWER than outdoor airport/pier parking. Pickup/delivery. Branches throughout NYC. Savoy Garages, 827 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11216. 212-493-9800.

BICYCLING-HIKING-CAMPING trips through the countrysides of the world for 14-17 year olds. Europe, New England, West Coast, Canadian Rockies, Nova Scotia. Free Brochure. Student Hosteling Program of New England, Inc., Rochester, Vermont 05767.

OFFBEAT EUROPE GUIDEBOOKS. "Castle-Hotels," 500 castles, monasteries, palaces offering accommodations, 16 countries, 250 illustrations, maps. (20,000 sold.) "EUROPE'S FLEA MARKETS," 80 markets, 10 countries, drawings, maps. "WHERE THE ANTIQUES ARE," shops described, 70 towns in Britain, Ireland, dollar-pound prices, shipping, maps, index. $3.10 each postpaid. Robert Long, 634s Bellmore Avenue, East Meadow, N.Y. 11554.

AFRICAN ADVENTURE—New York/Timbuctu, the fabulous Sahara capitol. 17 days,, all inclusive, $595 land portion. Ouagadougou Express through Africa's most remote lands. 19 days all inclusive, $695 land portion. Write for brochures. African Explorers, Dept. SR, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

STUDENT SUMMER TOUR—Departs June 30th, 30 days, Italy, Greece, Israel. Directed by Salvatore Galioto and his professional staff. Call 516-599-5882 or write Box 236, Jericho, New York 11753.

"TRAVELLER'S PLAN-IT-YOURSELF GUIDE." Fascinating, informative, saves you money. Send $2.00 Berkley, 2 Charlton Street, NYC, 10014.

EUROPE CAMPING—Small, coed student trip. Three Roads, 1118 Avenue P, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11229. 212-375-8609.

ADVENTURE IS AROUND THE BEND, on bicycle, in a canoe, on foot. Small, coed teen groups find summer excitement in travel/camping. New England, West Coast and beyond. Free brochure. MNYC, American Youth Hostels, 535 West End Avenue, NYC, 10024. 212-799-5810.

HOTEL TUDOR. New York at back-home prices. Singles from $12, doubles from $15. On N.Y.'s fashionable East Side. Near UN, theatres, Empire State, Radio City and famous 5th Avenue shops. Comfortable rooms with TV, phones, air conditioning. Cocktail lounge and English Pub. Write for brochure. 304 East 42nd Street, New York, 10017. 212-YU 6-8800.

SINGLES CRUISES & TOURS—Bachelor Party, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, 10022.

SAILING VACATION ABOARD popular sailing ship MAVERICK in the Virgin Islands. $215 all inclusive. Free folder WESTINDIAMAN CRUISES, 95 Idlebrook Lane, Box S, Matawan, N.J. 07747. Phone 201-566-6416.

WORLD OF ADVENTURE at your fingertips . . . safaris, treks, cruises to five continents, fully described and photographed in catalogue. Send 25¢. Mountain Travel, Dept. SR, 6201 Medau Place, Oakland, California 94611.

COMING TO SWEDEN? DENMARK? You can meet university students and professionals through our unique program. Write: FRIENDS OVERSEAS, 17 Penfield Drive, East Northport, N.Y. 11731.

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NOTE TO DOUBLE-CROSTIC FANS: Due to an unfortunate error, the diagram for puzzle 1989 appeared with last week's puzzle 1988. Therefore, we are reprinting puzzle 1988 with the correct diagram on this page. On the facing page, we are printing this week's puzzle 1989 with the correct 1989 diagram.

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1988

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Am. sculptor (1830-1910; "Indian Hunter", "Freedman"; first and last names)	38 75 129 144 209 7 21 56
B. Shortened	58 72 136 157 182 69 99 103 115 126 150
C. Fashionable health and holiday resort of Gloucestershire, England	155 174 190 13 27 35 64 151 203 19
D. Christopher Morley novel (2 wds.)	142 161 180 1 74 102 119 200 149 28
E. Stuff and nonsense, applesauce (comp.)	83 105 121 145 199 3 172 185 207 71 43 55
F. Beyond one's power	175 39 85 100 123 196 15 50 66 152 189 80 111
G. Sydney is its capital (3 wds.)	114 135 146 177 194 168 188 30 54 67 92 101 128
H. Carped at	134 156 204 6 18 62
I. Play by Chapman, Jonson, and Marston (2 wds.)	70 84 139 163 9 26 124 160 181 20
J. Kern-Harbach song from "Roberta"	93 96 11 29 61 127 170 210 107
K. "Is there no pity sitting in the clouds, / That sees into ___ my grief?" asks Juliet. (3 wds.)	16 41 73 198 23 33 45 108 166 120 179
L. "The daughter of Zion is left . . . as a lodge ___ of cucumbers." (3 wds., Isaiah 1:8)	197 8 31 51 87 138 186 206 25
M. Corresponded; was equal to	104 130 36 122 184 79 117
N. 3 wds. after *the*: date in 1775 when Dawes, Prescott, and Revere made their famous ride	137 81 132 60 91 113 154 169 98 2 147 193 208 176 5 14 106
O. Renunciation	40 78 94 192 201 133 90 112 140 187 59
P. Estonian city on the Gulf of Finland	76 37 88 125 47
Q. Legendary spirit of the sea (2 wds.)	65 143 158 183 49 4 32 89 48
R. Gave as due or merited	53 118 165 202 110 159 77
S. Brassicaceous herb, *Camelina sativa* (3 wds)	205 171 17 131 167 109 86 57 82 12 52 148 24 22
T. Daughter of Zeus; goddess of evil, infatuation, and mischief	10 162 191
U. County town of Argyllshire, Scotland	178 97 153 116 68 42 195 63 211
V. County town of Norfolk, England	95 164 141 46 44 173 34

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

							1 D	2 N	3 E		4 Q	5 N	6 H	7 A	8 L		9 I	
10 T	11 J		12 S		13 C	14 N	15 F	16 K	17 S	18 H		19 C	20 I	21 A	22 S		23 K	
24 S	25 L	26 I	27 C	28 D		29 J	30 G	31 L	32 Q		33 K	34 V	35 C		36 M	37 P	38 A	
	39 F	40 O	41 K	42 U	43 E		44 V	45 K		46 V	47 P	48 Q		49 Q	50 F	51 L	52 S	
53 R	54 G	55 E	56 A		57 S	58 B	59 O	60 N	61 J	62 H		63 U	64 C	65 Q		66 F	67 G	
68 U	69 B	70 I	71 E		72 B	73 K	74 D	75 A	76 P	77 R		78 O	79 M	80 F	81 N	82 S	83 E	
	84 I	85 F	86 S	87 L	88 P	89 Q	90 O	91 N	92 G	93 J		94 O	95 V		96 J	97 U	98 N	
99 B	100 F	101 G		102 D	103 B	104 M	105 E	106 N	107 J		108 K	109 S		110 R	111 F	112 O	113 N	
114 G	115 B	116 U	117 M		118 R	119 D	120 K	121 E	122 M	123 F	124 I	125 P	126 B	127 J	128 G		129 A	
130 M	131 S		132 N	133 O	134 H	135 G		136 B	137 N	138 L	139 I	140 O	141 V	142 D		143 Q	144 A	
145 E		146 G	147 N	148 S	149 D	150 B		151 C	152 F	153 U	154 N		155 C	156 H	157 B	158 Q	159 R	
160 I		161 D	162 T		163 I	164 V		165 R		166 K	167 S	168 G	169 N	170 J		171 S	172 E	
	173 V	174 C	175 F	176 N	177 G		178 U	179 K		180 D	181 I	182 B	183 Q		184 M	185 E	186 L	
187 O	188 G		189 F	190 C	191 T	192 O		193 N	194 G	195 U	196 F	197 L	198 K	199 E	200 D		201 O	
202 R	203 C	204 H	205 S	206 L	207 E		208 N	209 A	210 J	211 U								

Solution of the May 6 Double-Crostic 1987 will be found on page 72 of this issue.

Saturday Review

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1989

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Hit; was up at the plate	58 160 72 163 227 69
B. Apparently, seemingly (5 wds.)	70 99 119 146 159 207 229 4 17 34 95 111 133
C. Wealth	176 197 213 2 11 40
D. Enterprising; green light (comp.)	185 205 20 223 44 59 91
E. Have a mental image of; look forward to	93 112 149 183 201 219 5 18
F. Eng. author, b. Scotland (1736-96; "Fingal")	23 35 46 139 143 165 190 211 225 19
G. Fishing port and seaside resort of Co. Cork, Ireland	81 98 138 221 53 110 167
H. Soft; not firm; weak and ineffective	14 48 78 113 145 157 196
I. King who loved Esther and made her his queen	200 212 22 42 56 74 116 154 179
J. Flat; without liveliness or spirit	193 41 166 208 61
K. Past the most difficult part or period (3 wds.)	82 103 120 128 169 182 24 55 6 174 216
L. Eur. freshwater fish of the carp family	228 10 47 64 85
M. Looper	122 156 118 171 27 96 195 215
N. Become ragged	222 90 106 137 150 7

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Experience vicariously the feelings or thoughts of another	50 126 226 115 170 73 144 188 3
P. Suggestive; pointing out	16 60 141 210 36 117 180 28 67 87
Q. "Madam, you had _____ when you married me," says Sir Peter (2 wds.; Sheridan, "School for Scandal")	130 153 181 175 218 12 54
R. Young child	84 102 158 51 89 125 45
S. Name one by one	63 204 25 186 224 75 155 32 88
T. Fastened firmly	105 131 77 178 191 65 198
U. Sailor (Brit. sl.)	109 189 37 68 101 132 202
V. Dauntless	39 220 1 80 108 127 148 62
W. Hit the road; beat it; *scram* (2 wds.)	124 114 214 15 100 187 162 83
X. Made light of, belittled	57 79 92 147 164 177 194 38
Y. Terrifically; something awful; something fierce (4 wds.)	66 209 206 30 104 33 168 71 123 52 199 31 152
Z. Differently	13 29 107 172 121 142 140 173 192
Z^1. Cemetery, esp. a large one	184 135 21 97 161 26 129 49 76 151
Z^2. Acid bath to halt the action of a developer (photog.); Baseball position	94 134 217 86 8 136 43 203 9

		1 V	2 C	3 O		4 B	5 E	6 K	7 N	8 Z^2		9 Z^2	10 L	11 C	12 Q		13 Z	14 H
	15 W	16 P	17 B	18 E	19 F	20 D		21 Z^1	22 I	23 F	24 K		25 S	26 Z^1		27 M	28 P	29 Z
30 Y		31 Y		32 S	33 Y	34 B	–	35 F	36 P	37 U		38 X	39 V	40 C	41 J	42 I	43 Z^2	44 D
45 R		46 F	47 L	48 H	49 Z^1	50 O	51 R		52 Y	53 G	54 Q		55 K	56 I	57 X	58 A	59 D	60 P
61 J		62 V	63 S	64 L	65 T	66 Y	67 P	68 U	69 A		70 B	71 Y		72 A	73 O	74 I		75 S
76 Z^1	77 T	78 H	79 X	80 V	81 G		82 K	83 W		84 R	85 L	86 Z^2	87 P	88 S		89 R	90 N	91 D
92 X	93 E	94 Z^2		95 B	96 M	97 Z^1		98 G	99 B	100 W		101 U	102 R	103 K	104 Y	105 T		106 N
107 Z	108 V		109 U	110 G	111 B	112 E		113 H	114 W	115 O	116 I	117 P	118 M	119 B	120 K	121 Z		122 M
123 Y		124 W	125 R	126 O	127 V	128 K	129 Z^1	130 Q	131 T	132 U		133 B	134 Z^2	135 Z^1		136 Z^2	137 N	138 G
139 F	140 Z	141 P		142 Z	143 F	144 O	145 H	146 B		147 X	148 V	149 E	150 N	151 Z^1		152 Y	153 Q	154 I
	155 S	156 M		157 H	158 R	159 B	160 A		161 Z^1	162 W		163 A	164 X	165 F		166 J	167 G	168 Y
169 K		170 O	171 M	172 Z		173 Z	174 K	175 Q	176 C	177 X	178 T	179 I	180 P		181 Q	182 K	183 E	184 Z^1
185 D		186 S	187 W	188 O	189 U	190 F	191 T		192 Z	193 J	194 X	195 M		196 H	197 C	198 T		199 Y
200 I	201 E		202 U	203 Z^2		204 S	205 D	206 Y		207 B	208 J	209 Y	210 P	211 F	212 I		213 C	214 W
215 M	216 K	217 Z^2	218 Q	219 E	220 V	221 G		222 N	223 D	224 S		225 F	226 O	227 A	228 L	229 B		

DIRECTIONS

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Solution of puzzle 1988 will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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What is U.S. Steel doing about

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the problem of trash collection?

We're part of an interesting experiment going on in Dade County, Florida.

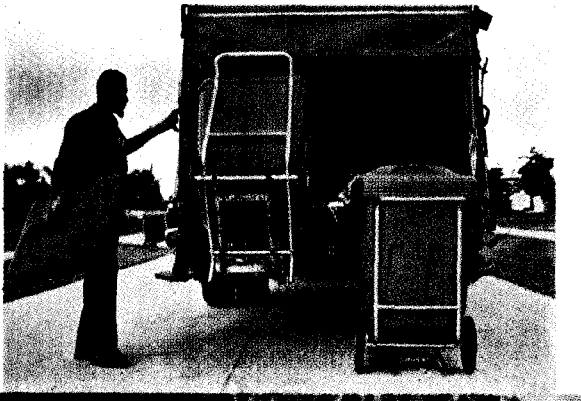
Maybe you and your town will benefit from it. Perhaps soon.

It's a new, semi-automatic system for collecting trash...and U.S. Steel is involved. A key part of the system is this 82-gallon plastic trash can you see here, which we developed specially for this test.

It holds up to a week's trash, can be wheeled easily to the curb and back. If a can gets knocked over, it won't spill...because we gave it a patented locking lid.

The system means fewer men collect this community's trash faster, at less cost. We're glad we could help make this system work...and hopefully, help America find a better way to collect trash.

USS is a registered trademark.



We're involved.

USS

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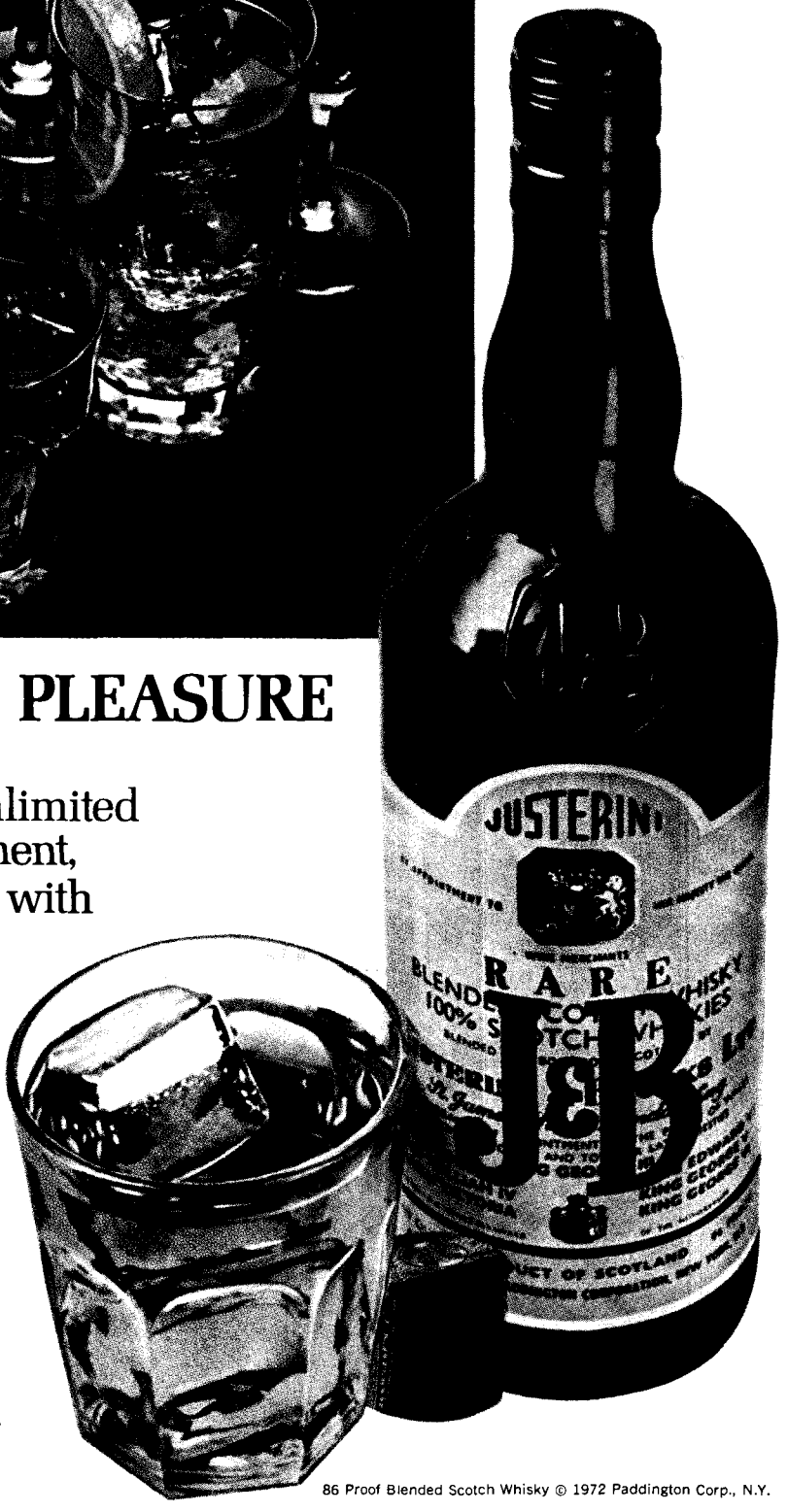
JUSTERINI
Founded 1749 & BROOKS

EXPERIMENTS IN PLEASURE

If a good scotch offers unlimited opportunities for enjoyment, imagine the possibilities with a great scotch.



J&B RARE SCOTCH
The Pleasure Principle.

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1972 Paddington Corp., N.Y.

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